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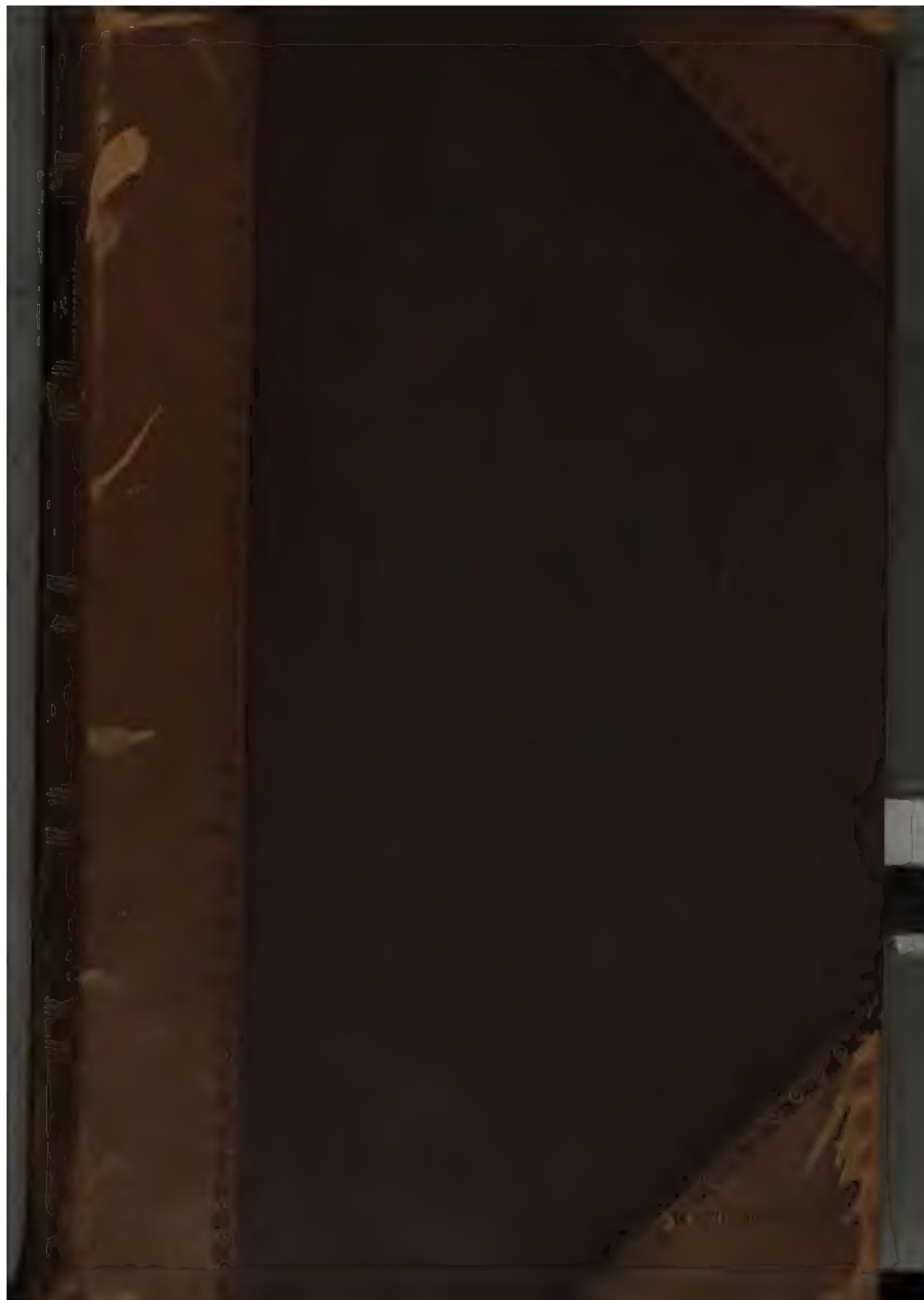
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A RUN
THROUGH
THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY MOYES AND BARCLAY, CASTLE STREET,
LEICESTER SQUARE.



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LEICESTER SQUARE.





MAJOR GENERAL SIR HENRY HAMILTON, K.C.B.

Governor of Hyderabad

Portrait by Sir James Watson, 1841.

A RUN
THROUGH THE
UNITED STATES,
DURING THE AUTUMN OF 1840.

BY
LIEUT.-COL. A. M. MAXWELL, K.H.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1841.



474.

the United States to my having been placed by your Excellency in a responsible situation at a moment of considerable difficulty to both countries, it is a matter of great satisfaction to me to be enabled to bring forward my remarks upon America under the sanction of a name so highly respected as yours is throughout the Union.

I have the honour to be,

My dear General,

Your most obedient and faithful Servant,

A. M. MAXWELL,

Lt.-Col. 36th Regt.

PREFACE.

THERE are very few books presented to the Public which do not need some apology from their Authors, and I frankly admit that mine is not one of them.

My ramble in the United States was made at railroad speed, during a short relaxation from military duty; and afforded me little opportunity of deeply and accurately investigating the character of the people. But, among many things which surprised and pleased me, there was none which made a more favourable impression upon my mind than the strong feeling of attachment and respect towards the mother country, which I perceived to exist in America; and this not in one place, and in one particular society, but in every city which I visited, and in every circle to which I was admitted.

In the following Letters, hastily and carelessly written, and in a great measure occupied by the

trivial subjects of an every-day tour over a beaten track, there will, I conceive, be found ample evidence that these sentiments exist: and it is the hope, perhaps arrogantly and unwisely taken up, that these pages may tend to augment the reciprocity of good feeling between the two countries, which has been my chief inducement to publish them. It will, I trust, be also received as my excuse for their manifold imperfections.

By the kindness of His Excellency Sir John Harvey, then the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, I was furnished with a letter of introduction to one of the most eminent and influential individuals in the Union—General Scott, whose command extended throughout the whole of the eastern division of the United States, and embraced a vast extent of frontier.

To the kindness of this gallant soldier and most accomplished gentleman, and to the numerous letters of introduction which he gave me, I feel that I am indebted for the marked attentions which I received from many of his most distinguished countrymen; and the circumstance of my having, under the orders of Sir John Harvey,

commanded on the disputed frontier during a period of considerable excitement, and having been so fortunate as to prevent any hostile collision between the two nations, was probably also in my favour.* But the opinion which I have

* The British Colonial Governments of Lower Canada and New Brunswick had heretofore maintained some degree of possession and jurisdiction over the disputed country. But, in the beginning of the year 1838, the Mainites, either desirous of new settlements, or from a scarcity of timber nearer home, actually proceeded, with a Colonel M'Intire at their head, who was the accredited Land Agent of the State of Maine, to survey, and make allotments, and cut timber. Some of the New Brunswick *Lumberers*, as they are called, had also gone out into the disputed country to help themselves to whatever trees they thought fit to take ; but under very different circumstances, as the latter were interdicted from so doing by the laws of the colony and the proclamation of its Governor.

Angry feelings arose, and the parties came into collision. The New Brunswickers broke open a store where government arms were kept ; armed themselves, and made prisoners the American Land Agent, and others of the party, and brought them to Fredericton. The Mainites made reprisals ; and Colonel Maclauchlan, who had been appointed by our Colonial Government as Warden over the disputed territory, was in turn seized, and marched prisoner to Bangor.

Previous to this, the Congress of Maine had held secret

An intimate knowledge of each other is, I conceive, all that is requisite to produce this happy — this most important result ; and my earnest advice, to all those of my countrymen who have the leisure and the means, is to *go and judge for themselves*. I have no doubt of what must be the result.

LONDON, August 1841.

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THE
UNITED STATES.

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*Boston, Capital of Massachusetts,
22d August, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

Many years ago I made you a solemn promise, over a bottle of most excellent Château Margaux at ——, that if ever I

visited the United States, I would send you a full, true, and particular account of all I saw in this most wonderful of countries, all I heard, and all I felt. You may have forgotten this: but I am resolved that you shall soon have good cause to remember it; for, lo and behold! here I am in America; and, what is more, here I am sitting down to indite to you a series of letters as numerous as the days of my ramble: for as the good old knight

“Summ’d the actions of the day
Each night before he slept,”

so am I resolved not only to sum up but to set down all my adventures, discoveries, speculations, and opinions, and to ship them off to you without remorse or intermission — *nec mora nec requies*. You cannot refuse to receive them; and you are too far off to hope to stop the flood-tide of correspondence, which will break in upon you so unexpectedly.

Although to-day, for the first time in my life, I have set my foot upon Yankee ground, my position in New Brunswick has lately made me acquainted with many things connected with the United States, of which I was previously ignorant; and has changed my opinions on a still greater number, on which, in common with the great mass of my countrymen, I had formed very erroneous impressions.

You are doomed, therefore, my dear friend, to become the repository of a most heterogeneous mass of transatlantic lucubrations; for I am resolved to be very political, very statistical, very philosophical, and very everything-else-ical.

Methinks I hear you exclaim, "This will never do, Master Archibald! You are all very well in your own line. Stick to military matters, my good fellow, and I will attend to you; but *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. What right have you, a mere soldier,

whose sphere of knowledge must be confined to a camp or a garrison, to discuss loftier topics—men, manners, nations?”

Now to this I answer, that I have the best possible right, the right founded on about as extensive a range over the different parts of this globe of ours as most men can boast of. Have we not, since the time that our acquaintance first began by the cheerful blaze of a midnight bivouac in Spain—an hour which I account one of the most fortunate in my life—have we not visited France, Italy, and Germany together?

Have we not run over the ruins of Rome—pranced in the Prater at Vienna—hunted in Hungary—feasted at Florence—imbibed the pure liquid at Carlsbad and Langen Swalbach—bathed at Lucca, Wisbaden, and Aix-la-Chapelle? Have we not promenaded the streets of Palermo—lived at Malta—masqueraded at Milan and Venice—ascended Etna and Vesuvius—been at Genoa

and Leghorn? ay, and Elba too, when it was the resting-place of Napoleon the Great; and where that ambitious and unsettled spirit remained just as long as it might be expected he would do in a place of exile so absurdly chosen?

Have you forgotten on what gallant horses Murat mounted us at Naples—our visit to that fair Princess, into whose presence we were ushered by *il bel* Bergami; whom, by the bye, I always considered a vulgar coal-heaver-looking fellow, with knocked-knees and red hair: *mais, chaque'un à son goût*—our standing together on the Bridge of Sighs, and striving to feel poetical in spite of a blazing mid-day sun—and then our embarkation for Trieste in the first steamer we had ever beheld; and the greatness of our surprise at being put ashore precisely at the hour named, in despite of a furious *Borer* that was blowing right in our teeth as we paddled up the Adriatic's gulf?

Then followed the hospitable reception we met with at Trieste—our gaieties at Laybach—our adventures at Gratz—and my travelling under the honourable surveillance of the police to Vienna, in consequence of my having talked too loudly at a *table d'hôte* of my visit to Napoleon, and my rencontre with Maria Louisa at Parma.

You abandoned me at Vienna, where I went to spend a week and stayed a year. Since that time I have visited various other parts of the old world, and, consequently, as a cosmopolite, consider myself authorised to give my opinion of the *new* ; which I mean to do in the most point-blank manner. And if I am somewhat too egotistical, you must pardon me ; for I propose to describe to you what I hear, see, think, and do : and bear this in mind, that I have never read any account of America, save and except the “ Life of Columbus ” and Robertson’s “ History : ” therefore, if my opinions differ

from the accounts given by former travellers, it is only a proof of the rapid changes which are going on in this hard-working, "go-a-head," improving, and extraordinary nation.

Captain M—— I have not the pleasure of knowing: many years ago, and before she turned authoress, I had the honour of spending a week in the same house with Mrs. T——: and Captain H—— I know, as having accompanied a gallant relative of mine to China, and greatly respect him. Various other productions from the pens of these talented persons I have perused with delight; but their remarks on the Americans have never come under my observation; and, ever since I formed the project of judging for myself, I have studiously avoided them.

Since you and I last met, I have been once quartered in the Mediterranean, and twice in the West Indies; where I saw a

hurricane, and had the yellow fever. About two years ago I was transplanted from the torrid to the frigid zone—leaving Barbadoes in the middle of November, with the thermometer at 85° ; and landing at Halifax the latter end of December, with the thermometer at 20° below zero. Thence I was hurried to New Brunswick, where I got into the very thickest of the frontier feud; and now behold me set out on my American voyage of discovery!

Moreover, I am travelling with a great Temperance chief. For let me advise you, as the mercantile man says, that after taking leave of my regiment at Fredericton (and a jovial leave-taking it was), I steamed it to Saint John's, on the magnificent river of that name; and there foregathered with two agreeable and accomplished friends and fellow-soldiers—one of them the said Temperance chief—who are to be my companions in my journey through the United

States : and after another leave-taking with our gallant friends of the ———, whose feelings and facings are as friendly and familiar to me as those of my own dear boys, we embarked for Boston on the 20th of August, in a large steamer crammed with a most heterogeneous mass of passengers.

The weather was splendid, and we passed Partridge Island, Mahogany Island, and a vast variety of islands as well as of rivers ; amongst others the Magaguadavic, now likely to figure in the Boundary line ; reached the grand Manan and Campobello, and entered the bay of Passamaquoddy on a charming evening and amidst enchanting scenery.

Indian encampments were seen on the different promontories, to which we passed so close that we had an opportunity of observing the various costumes of the wild wanderers of the West ; whilst others of their community were paddling canoes in

all directions around us, and numberless fishing boats were seen in the distance.

The course of the Scoudiac (which is, I believe, the real St. Croix) was pointed out to me, and the town of Saint Andrew's, situated about sixteen miles up this very large river. The anchorage, when you enter the bay, is excellent, both at Harbour de Lute on the Campobello side, as well as at Mouse Island; where is built the pretty Dutch-looking town of Eastport, which I perambulated during the short time the steamer halted, meeting several American middies with unsailor-looking but extremely dandified and comfortable togas.

An American squadron, commanded by Commodore Shubrich, being in the roads, consisting of the Macedonian and two sloops, the Erie and Levant, the New Brunswick passengers—a fine, hardy, loyal, and mother-country loving race—did not fail to

let me perceive that they knew their old frigate, and that the sight of Yankee colours on board her was not particularly gratifying to them.

There is at Eastport a piece of ground well adapted for a citadel: fortifications have been marked out upon it, and some guns mounted, with a barrack, &c. The plan was formed, and the works commenced, when in our possession in 1814; at which time, I am strongly inclined to think, the Boundary question might have been brought to a final and favourable issue.

We embarked some passengers at Eastport, amongst others the English Consul at Portland; who said he knew me by repute, my name having been often mentioned in his public despatches during the said Boundary blow-up. He introduced me to an intelligent American friend, with his beautiful young wife, who had visited Italy; and who agreed with me that Passama-

quoddy Bay, which we were now quickly leaving under the influence of a splendid sun-set, with Eastport and Lubeck in the distance, was not unworthy to be compared to the far-famed Bay of Naples! I must here observe, that the moment I was known to be a British officer, I was treated by the numerous Americans on board with the greatest respect.

Amongst our American passengers was a fair Philadelphian adventuress, beating up for recruits, in the shape of subscribers to a poetical work, composed or composing by a bed-ridden husband. This fair and clever dame I had seen at Fredericton; his Excellency the Governor, to whom she was recommended, having introduced her to me. I subscribed to her work then, which was only in embryo, I believe; although prompt payment was the order of the day. I endeavoured all I could to awaken the sympathies of my fellow-travellers, but in vain.

They avoided the poor lady as carefully as if she had been infected with the plague instead of poetry. I believe, however, she has made a very successful tour; and has, to speak idiomatically, "pretty considerably done" the Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers. I have never regretted the six dollars which this fascinating agent for the Muses extracted from me, as she was the means of my becoming acquainted with a most talented and agreeable literary man at New York, to whom she gave me a letter of introduction.

Yesterday we were at sea off Desart Island, with the mountains in the distance. This iron-bound coast seems well provided with lighthouses. As we steamed by I saw the mouth of the Ponobscot, which the ancient sticklers for England's rights term the commencement of the real boundary line.

This morning, soon after daylight, we neared the harbour and port of Boston, be-

studded with a hundred islands and receiving many waters. We passed Fort Warren and Fort Independence, which guard the entrance and separate the outer from the inner harbour. Close to the wharf was lying one of the great connecting links between the old and new worlds—the Acadia, commonly called “a part of Cunard’s Steam Bridge;” also the American line-of-battle ship the Columbia, and my old friend the little Grampus, with whose captain and officers I had become acquainted in New Brunswick.

The Custom-house visit was a short and civil one. We selected one of the numerous carriages which were in waiting; our trunks were quietly and quickly fixed on it, without pulling, hauling, or vociferation; and we were driven to the Tremont House.—a splendid establishment. Let any one who has steamed from Rotterdam or Amsterdam, or any other *dam*, and landed

at the Tower Stairs amidst a lot of d—ns, come here and judge of the difference.

Boston is the great commercial emporium of the New England States. Our forefathers, when they came to this place some centuries ago, bestowed on it the name of Tremont, from the three hills on which it stands ; on one of which is built the magnificent hotel, from which I am writing this epistle. But as my business is more with men and manners than with towns and townships, I shall not stop to count the number of the streets and lanes, nor to describe the beauty of the public buildings, nor the numerous villages that surround and almost form a part of Boston : neither will I venture a description of the various rivers that empty themselves into its port, with the endless variety of inlets, coves, noble bridges, and causeways, but proceed at once to narrate my adventures.

Well—and here be it known to you

that *well* is a great and never-to-be-neglected American word.

“Chi ben commencia fa la meta del’ opera!”

As luck would have it, before I had been many minutes landed in this strange land, I fell in with my old friend Sir John C——l, and was immediately ushered by him into the presence of Her Britannic Majesty’s Consul, Mr. Grattan, whose acquaintance I had made some years before at Brussels, and who struck me, for I had just then been studying phrenology, as having a highly intellectual head.

He told us, amongst other things, that the city itself contained between 80,000 and 90,000 persons, and that, including the environs, the aggregate might be about 120,000, and that he knew for a fact 25,000 of these were Irish. He was vastly agreeable, and invited us to Nahant, about ten miles distant, where his family then were,

to avoid the excessive heat of Boston, which is indeed intolerable, and greater than I ever experienced in the West Indies. I have already been trying to cool myself by sucking mint juleps, and swallowing sherry cobblers.

I think I hear you exclaim, “Mint juleps and sherry cobblers! what the deuce are they?” I will not be severe and say, with Milton,

“Not to know these argues yourself unknown!”

but will graciously dispel your ignorance on a very important subject. Be it known to you, then, that mint julep,—one of the best gifts of Providence in such a hothouse climate as this,—is a preparation consisting of sundry layers of mint leaves, placed among chipped ice, as pure and brilliant as crystal, and sprinkled over with two table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, with a *legère soupçon* of brandy—the smallest possible glassful—to crown the whole.

The gradual extraction of this compound, as it becomes fluid, through the medium of a quill or a macaroni pipe, is, I can assure you, a most refreshing and harmless recreation, when the thermometer ranges between 80° and 100°.

The only thing to be feared is, lest the *suspicion* of the brandy should by degrees become a certainty: if you doubt your powers of self-control on this point, sherry cobblers must be your resource. They are similar in their fabrication, but with two glasses of very old sherry substituted for the more dangerous alcohol. *Crede experto!* You have occasionally dogdays in England.

To-day I dined in the ladies' apartment; somewhat too much at railroad speed: but every thing was good, well-conducted, and agreeable. After this rapid repast I drove to Bunker's Hill, which I viewed with particular interest, from having heard that my father was wounded there.

This battle, which had considerable influence on the future fate of America, was fought on the 17th of June, 1775. The works on and around the spot where the monument now stands were, I believe, thrown up in one night by the Provincials. When this was known by General Gage, who commanded at Boston, he sent the 5th, 38th, 43d, and 52d Regiments, under Generals Howe and Pigott, to dislodge them. These troops were afterwards reinforced by some companies of Grenadiers and Light Infantry, as well as by the 47th Regiment. A Doctor Warren, who was killed, commanded the Provincials, and is said to have been a man of great talent and courage.

This was a hard-fought action, and much bravery and daring displayed on both sides ; and although the Americans lost their artillery, and were driven from their temporary works at Charlestown, which was

burnt, they contrived soon after to hem in the king's forces by throwing up works at the other end of the neck of land, which is only separated from Boston by the Charlestown river, and thus completely cooped up "His Majesty King George's troops, God bless him!" which caused Robert Burns to sing,

" Poor Tammy Gage within a cage
Was kept at Boston, ha' man ! "

From Bunker's Hill my two military friends and myself drove to Chelsea,—got a view of Brooklyne, Brighton, Cambridge, and Charlestown, crossing by a fine bridge the river of that name; and, returning by East Boston, were conveyed across the harbour on a steam pontoon.

The entire drive, with the exception of the three hills on which Boston stands, reminded me of a country, like Holland, snatched from the sea. Still it is very beautiful, with every thing breathing bustle

and activity in this restless, ambitious, fine, flourishing, “go-a-head” country; for as I sat in the carriage during the time we were crossing the port, two fine steamers were starting, the one for Portland, the other for Nahant; and a long train was at the same instant setting off on the Eastern Railroad. The thermometer was at 95°, and I got back dead beat.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

Separate *Feeding* Establishments of the Ladies and Gentlemen in America — General Miller — Trinity Church — Dr. Wainwright — Heat — Exertions of the Ladies to keep down the Temperature — The Fair Sex seen to great advantage on a Sunday — Religious Zeal at Boston.

*Tremont House, Boston, Sunday,
August 23d, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

At Boston every one breakfasts and dines in public: there are two distinct tables, and at different hours—one for the gentlemen and another for the ladies: the one coveted is, of course, the ladies' table; and to this their husbands, relatives, and particular friends are only admitted. We fortunately had procured the *entrée*, by having landed and come to the hotel in company with a very agreeable family from

New Brunswick, who were, like ourselves, travellers.

Soon after breakfast General Miller, the Peruvian hero, to whom our party had been introduced yesterday, called upon us, and kindly proposed to take us to Nahant, where the Bostonians at this season congregate of a Sunday to cool themselves. Major B—— accepted the offer, but Captain O—— and myself proceeded to Trinity Church, in hopes of hearing the celebrated Dr. Channing. The sermon was one of the most powerful and orthodox I have ever heard; but on inquiring who the very eloquent preacher was, we found that it was not Channing, but a Dr. Wainwright from New York.

The heat during the service was intense, although somewhat mitigated by the circulation of air caused by the never-ceasing motion of the flappers, *id est*, the fans, of the fair ladies; who handled their weapons

as adroitly as I have seen the Spanish dames do at a bull-fight.

Should you wish to contemplate to advantage the *beau sexe* of America, take your stand, on the Sabbath day, at one of the great cross streets of this town, and you will behold crowds of well-dressed women proceeding in four different directions, all bending their steps to some house of worship. Their present fashion does not do justice to their figures ; but they have interesting features, fine and fair complexions, and walk well.

There seems no lack of churches nor of persuasions, and church-going appears to be the rage. To suit the hours of afternoon service we were forced to dine at one P.M. —an hour earlier than usual, as no dinner could be procured later on this well-kept day.

I have much valuable information to give you on the subject of American mastication ;

but I shall reserve it until my thoughts are better *digested*. I am doing duty as Mons. Chabert, the fire-king,—Boston being a perfect oven. I find my pastime and resource in mint julep, imbibed by a macaroni-tube on one side my mouth, whilst I inhale delicious smoke from a real Havannah stuck in the other. My talented friend the Captain has already caricatured me in this happy attitude, making the most of transatlantic pleasures.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

Massachusetts Hospital—Lunatic Asylum—Mode of Treatment—Doctor Bell—General Miller—Old Days at Woolwich—Visit to the Playhouse—Power and Dennis.

*Tremont House, Boston,
August 24, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

Again our kind friend General Miller came to us, bringing with him a Mr. Emery, a trustee of the Massachusetts General Hospital; into whose carriage we all got, and were first carried to inspect the lunatic part of the establishment. This asylum is called M'Clean's, and is clean, airy, and admirably arranged. There seems to be little or no restraint, which, in my mind, is a principal secret in governing the human race. I have ever discovered, in my small way, that kindness is better than coercion;

that mankind are all more or less mad, and require, occasionally, to be humoured and coaxed.

Two of the patients appeared to me to be very sensible fellows; one of them was playing the fiddle very gaily, whilst the other was dancing to it with all his heart and soul.

The same free and unrestrained system was adopted in the female apartments, which we also visited; and conversed with some old and young dames; the former apparently very sensible, the latter very pretty.

Doctor Bell, an extremely clever man, attended us round this part of the establishment, and gave us some most pleasing and satisfactory information. He has a great turn for the developement of skulls, and had a fine opportunity of expounding to us his doctrines in the vast variety of living subjects by which he was surrounded.

We next drove to the General Hospital, where a Captain Sumner was most attentive to us, and where the numerous patients appear to be attended to with great kindness, and to be in possession of every possible comfort.

Not being a great sight seeker, I came home tired and hot; cooled myself with soda mead; and made my toilette: but got late to the *table d'hôte*,—a serious misfortune where the whole affair is a scramble. I placed myself alongside our kind cicerone, the gainer of the battle of Ayacuha, and a field-marshal in the Peruvian service, in which he was often and severely wounded; and on comparing notes, we soon found we had both sprung from the same military stem.

We laughed together over the recollections of old times. “Milk without water! Royal Artillery! None of the dashings of the pump for that noble corps!” How well I

remember the old woman who used to scream out this compliment every morning as she strutted up the Woolwich parade !

I was induced this evening to accompany our St. John's friends to the theatre, to see "John Bull" and "the Irish Lion." On entering the box, seating myself, and looking around, I found I had placed myself next an old brother-soldier, Major D. of the Royal Horse Artillery, who had taken a run across by the Cunard connecting line, which now draws so near to each other the old world and the new.

I ought, perhaps, to be ashamed to acknowledge that I was somewhat disappointed with the great Mr. Power ; and I wondered at the Americans, with their boasted delicacy and extreme moral refinement, tolerating the representation of "John Bull:" for, with all its merit and all its sentiment, it is but a vulgar play ; and Tom Shuffleton's giving an old sinner's address to a

young and innocent girl, is enough to d—n it. Dennis was good ; but his appearing, as it were, drunk and sober almost at the same instant, was preposterous.

The “Irish Lion” is perfectly ridiculous, and I wonder that Mr. Power condescends to perform in it. The hat off (an old white castor) and the heel up, I thought the best part of it : his knocking other people’s hats off from his shop-board, and his knocking his customers down, is rather out of order in a tailor. He certainly brought to my mind the great Tommy M——e, as I recollect him many years ago at Florence, when I looked upon him as a tremendous lion.

The Bostonians were in great good humour, and all the actors and actresses appeared to give unbounded satisfaction to a very crowded house ; and a most absurd Yankee song, ridiculing themselves, was encored.

On our return we were almost carried off our legs by the tremendous rush made to the bar of the Tremont House. My party adjourned to the supper-table—a very business-like operation in this country—and I stole to my chamber to indite this epistle.

Adieu.

LETTER IV.

Dock-yard—Ships of War—Receiving Ship—Acadia Steam-ship—Visit to a Banker's Cottage—Politics—After-dinner Philanthropy—Advice and Loans—A Combination of the Two very desirable—One good Letter of Introduction sufficient in America.

*Tremont House, Boston,
August 25, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

This morning Captain Payne, of the American navy, whom my two friends and myself had previously known at St. John's, came by appointment to take us to the dock-yard. He first led us through the ropewalk, which is long enough for a horse to gallop in ; and afterwards shewed us the process of manufacturing the hemp, from its first crude state to a cable of seven inches diameter.

Thence we proceeded to visit two noble ships of the line, the Alabama and Vermont, both shut up in their waterproof preservers; as also the Concord and Columbia, and the Constellation frigate, fitting for China. Afterwards we went on board the Columbus, of eighty guns, a receiving ship, and were presented to the captain and officers, who took us through every part of this noble vessel. What breadth of beam! what fine high 'tween decks! the orlop one I could have danced in! the sick bay and boys' school admirable! Captain and Mrs. Storer were amiable, quiet, well-bred people: the former a rigid disciplinarian, although with a mild eye and a meek brow—not an unusual thing, as every military man knows. After resting for some time in a well-arranged cabin, and being regaled with a glass of cool champagne, we took our leave, highly delighted with our visit.

After another hurried repast, we went with

a large party of ladies and gentlemen, in various carriages which were provided for us, to view the Acadia steam-ship. As soon as we stepped on board this splendid traverser of the Atlantic, this defier of winds and waves, which was crowded with visitors, we were ushered down below, where we found her commander distributing brimmers of champagne to the admiring groups. To my great satisfaction I beheld the merry face of Mr. Grattan—got four glasses of the sparkling liquor, and expected speechifying; but the consul's disappearance put an end to that. We now viewed the saloon and sleeping berths, and were then taken to the hold of the vessel, to have her powerful and beautiful machinery explained to us by her intelligent and apparently scientific captain.

I was introduced to several American officers, and received a pressing invitation from a very gentlemanly person to meet Captain Millar and the British consul. This

fascinating personage I found was the landlord of a renowned inn, ycleped the *Mavarick House*, a Major B——.

I now was carried off, *bon gré, malgré*, by Mr. F——, a great Bostonian banker, to his cottage residence; where I had a second, I should rather say a third, ordeal of champagne to undergo—with a bottle of most excellent château margaux added to it. The only penalty I paid—and I paid it willingly—was to listen to the politics of the day: the great chance General Harrison had of being elected; with the certainty that the mercantile interests of the country would be ruined, if the Van Buren party continued to hold power.

Our host got somewhat elevated, and on our return home touched a tender chord: one of the party being an amiable, kind-hearted person, who had left New Brunswick in consequence of misfortunes, and whom I had known in better days, the worthy

banker was just in that state which inclines a man to sympathy, and he began to condole and counsel his poor friend : which led to an affecting scene.

My plan, when a youngster, was never to allow any one to give me advice who would not lend me money ; and I have no doubt the kind-hearted Bostonian was inclined to make this double expenditure. I know, at least, that he has given *me* the cash I needed, on the faith of my being a British officer : for I am not provided with letters of credit for any part of the Union, having come unknowing and unknown, save and except one single letter of introduction, which Sir John Harvey has given me to his esteemed friend General Scott, and which he assures me will be a passport every where.

Adieu for the present.

LETTER V.

Commencement-day at Cambridge University—Breakfast at the Hotel—Importance of a Fair Start—Military Procession—Academical Examination—Doctor Wainwright—Mount Auburn—Washington's Head-quarters—Judge Story—Good feeling towards England—Boundary Question—Fête Champêtre—American Ladies—General Dearborne.

*Tremont House, Boston,
August 26, 1840.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Here I am again burning the midnight taper to enlighten you. This has been “Commencement-day” at the University of Cambridge; and I yesterday received a card of invitation couched in the following terms :

THE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
IN BEHALF OF THE CORPORATION,
REQUESTS THE FAVOUR OF THE COMPANY OF
COLONEL MAXWELL
AT THE EXHIBITION, AND AT DINNER IN THE
HALL ON COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Cambridge, August 25, 1840.

Grown wise by experience, I took care this morning to get down in good time for the gentlemen's breakfast, which presented a well-filled table, surrounded by guests who, in spite of the previous evening's dissipation, were in excellent trim to enjoy the good cheer laid before them, and which I must enumerate when I have more leisure. No dyspeptic patients seemed to be present ; although the established system, of first bolting your food and then bolting off, must, one would think, produce the disease eventually.

The excellent comestibles disappeared in an inconceivably short space of time, as did the consumers of them ; and I was left "alone in my glory" until aroused by the sounds of music ; and, on going to the window, I saw the procession, which I was soon to join, pass by, escorted by well-appointed and well-mounted cavaliers bestriding gallant greys ! These were a troop of Boston-

ian Lancers, and could bear a comparison with the best Polish ones I ever saw.

This military force was to escort the Governor of Massachusetts, his excellency Marcus Morton ; to whom, at a later period of the day, I was presented, and opposite to whom I was placed at dinner : he had no outward decorations by which the governors of most other countries are distinguished, but he had the manly and commanding bearing of a person who knew his position.

The President of the College of Harvard, "Honorandus Josias Quincy, Armiger, LL.D.," as he was styled, rode in a pre-eminent position. Throughout the examination of the students in elocution, and of the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he displayed great talent and urbanity ; and I was charmed with his engaging manners and agreeable conversation, not only in the Hall but at the festive board, and afterwards in his own mansion, where his lady

held a levée, at which was assembled all the beauty and fashion of Boston.

But as this was my first introduction to the *élite* of this capital, it may be as well to go regularly to work, and describe every thing exactly as it took place on this very interesting day.

Well, I guess, myself and friends got into a jarvey and were driven to Cambridge. We arrived at the Hall just as the procession was entering it. By some mismanagement we did not get good places at first; and crowds of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen filled all the vacant space not occupied by the exhibitors. I was soon, however, invited into a pew; and, at a later period of the day, we had places assigned us on the platform, where sat the judges and examiners.

I was much pleased with the appearance of the juvenile orators, and with the manner in which they handled the subjects allotted to them. In their declamations I did not

discover a vulgarism, and rarely a provincialism ; the English language seemed to be pronounced with great purity ; and during the various addresses, admiration, honour, and reverence were continually shewn to our best and most classic authors.

Having had enough of this, we retired to breathe the fresh air ; and, whilst standing at the chapel-door, I was accosted by a gentleman, who flattered me by saying my name was well known to him, and very obligingly offered me his assistance. I at once recognised the open, kind, intellectual features of the clergyman I had listened to with so much pleasure and profit on the previous Sunday.

I explained to Doctor Wainwright that myself and friends, both of whom had left me in search of our vehicle, were contemplating a visit to Mount Auburn, the Père la Chaise of Boston. As the scholastic business would occupy a long time, he kindly

volunteered to accompany us ; and he also introduced us to a friend of his, a Mr. P—n, whose carriage was in waiting, and who, half way, gave us a hearty lunch and a hearty welcome at his very elegant residence.

We had the beauties of the last resting-place here below pointed out to us, and were shewn the tombs of the most interesting of its tenants, of whom I observed Spurzheim was one. The sacred enclosure of Mount Auburn seems well selected and tastefully ornamented, and the Charlestown river winds slowly along at its base.

Our attention was also called to the house which was the head-quarters of the immortal Washington during the revolutionary war. I viewed it with almost as much interest as I had done that of Napoleon at Point Brique, near Boulogne.

We returned before the examinations were concluded. I was taken to the platform and presented to the President, and also to the

talented and celebrated Judge Story, who gave me a pressing invitation to dine with him on the morrow, at the same time handing me a ticket of admission.

The degrees conferred and the ceremonies concluded, I joined the procession and marched with my new friend Dr. Wainwright, who presented me to several other persons, and took my place (Major B—— and Captain O—— going to another part of the Hall) between Dr. Homer, the oldest of the *alumni* as he informed me, and a Mr. Armstrong, an ex-lieutenant-governor. Old Homer was excessively chatty and agreeable, and gave me much valuable information.

I had a long and interesting conversation with my new acquaintances opposite, President Quincy and Judge Story, and we agreed that we belonged to the same great national family, and were bound to consider ourselves near relations. The Boundary question was

brought forward, and they all seemed to be aware of the responsible part I had played in it. Other topics were introduced, all breathing respect, good feeling, and affection for our mutual fatherland.

A hymn was now sung by the whole party, each man having a copy placed before him ; after which we started for a *fête champêtre* and ball, given by Mesdames Laurence and Shore ; and I have seldom been present at a more elegant or delightful party. There was dancing in the house and on the lawn, where was a large tent containing every delicacy ; whilst in the dining room a long table groaned under the weight of ices of all kinds, peaches, grapes, pine-apples, blanc-mange, jellies, &c. &c., iced champagne and hock, and half a hundred other choice and rare wines.

The ease, grace, and good feeling with which the two ladies did the honours, made every one feel quite at home. I was over-

powered with kind expressions from everybody, both male and female; and had to undergo the ordeal of being presented to every renowned man and beautiful woman, both at this party and at Mrs. Quincy's levée, to which we adjourned at a later hour.

Let me add, that the ladies of Boston rank high in beauty and intelligence among the *belles* of New England; indeed, I have not often met with more agreeable women, or any who better understood the art of never permitting the shuttlecock of conversation to fall to the ground.

Among the most agreeable male conversationalists—there's a long word for you—I found a Mr. G——, a nephew of Lord Lyndhurst (whom Judge Story claims as a Boston boy, and whose sister resides here constantly). A General Sumner talked to me enthusiastically about England; and General Dear-

borne was warm in his expression of good feeling towards us. He appears a most talented and well-informed person, with the frank and open bearing of a soldier. He touched on the Sympathizers and their despicable deeds, on our late border feuds, and on the friendship existing between General Scott and Sir John Harvey, with some well-timed praises of the latter.

I cannot recollect, nor, if I could, have I time or space to enumerate, one half of the persons I conversed with ; but all, both male and female, I again repeat, seemed anxious to make out a pedigree connecting them with Old England, towards which they universally expressed the warmest regard and attachment : and I can truly say that, during the entire day, I have not encountered a single disagreeable or vulgar person.

This, you will tell me, is *couleur de rose* with a vengeance ; but, as you know, I have

always professed to be a *walking alchymist*, endeavouring to extract pleasure wherever I went: of which, having received my full share for this day, I shall take my leave of you, hoping the morrow will be equally propitious to

Yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

A new Acquaintance from Calcutta—Second Day's Academical Transactions—The President of Bowden College, Mr. Lennard Woods—Oratory—Alston the Painter—Amateur Poet—Dinner at Harvard College—Toast giving and speechifying—Horrors of being called up before a Phalanx of Professors of Eloquence—Collegiate Song.

*Tremont House, Boston,
August 27, 1840.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You shall have it all, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, tired and jaded though I be. *Well*—I am afraid the word is growing upon me—at breakfast this morning I met a dark-coloured gentleman, who, from his sitting a reasonable time at his repast, I guessed must be an Englishman; and accordingly I commenced a conversation with him. He had been three years in the States, had just

arrived at Boston, had sojourned long in England, but originally came from Calcutta. He was extremely well-informed, prepossessing in his manners, and gave me much information concerning the country I am about to visit.

Our chat ended, I got into a cabriolet, and was driven through a pretty country until I reached the cloistered walls of Cambridge, some of whose colleges are old and respectable: that of Harvard, which is the most ancient, having been founded by our progenitors in 1636; and this day was its anniversary.

I found my kind friend, Dr. Wainwright, and took my post by his side in the procession. I was the only undecorated person present: all the others, having graduated at this university, had pink and blue favours on their breasts.

The president for the day, Judge Joseph Story, a most talented, lively, and delightful

person, whose guest I was, placed me, as I mounted the platform, a little behind himself, and close to the orator who was about to hold forth, and whose theme was "the advantages of the union between religion and science;" a subject which he handled in the most powerful, splendid, and edifying manner. He was a fine, intelligent-looking man, with a dark countenance; his age about thirty; and by name Lennard Woods, president of Bowden College, state of Maine.

When he first came upon the stage and took his place at a little desk, on which was a glass of water, he appeared somewhat nervous; but when once he commenced, his eloquence continued to flow on like a beautiful, smooth, majestic river, and at times there were bursts of the most animated and powerful eloquence. The extent of his historical resources was truly wonderful, and beautifully were they displayed; and his severest anathemas were hurled at Lord

Bacon and his sceptical school, whilst he occasionally praised the *Friar*; and I'll frankly confess to you that I became acquainted with many historical facts connected with my own land, of which I had not before been aware.

During the whole course of this intellectual stream, not a word was misplaced, nor did a single false pronunciation grate on the ear of his delighted listeners, who from time to time covered him with showers of applause.

He commenced at twenty minutes past twelve, and ended at forty minutes past two; his oration, therefore, lasted exactly two hours and twenty minutes; for as a large hall clock was staring me in the face, I could not be mistaken: yet so just and well-proportioned was this magnificent harangue, that it appeared neither a bit too long nor a bit too short; and I feel convinced that the attention of the audience never flagged for

an instant. The reputation of Mr. Woods as an orator I have no doubt ranks high, for the parterre, as well as the galleries, was crowded with all the rank, beauty, and fashion of Boston.

On his ceasing to speak, a rush was made to shake hands with him; and I amongst the rest had a grasp at his paw, having been presented by Dr. Wainwright, who also introduced me to other celebrated men: among the rest to the American Lawrence, Alston, near to whom I was seated, and who I believe is acknowledged to be the best portrait painter of the day. He is bending towards "that bourn from whence no traveller returns."

Next came forward the poet and his poetry: he was an amateur, being, as I am told, a man of independent fortune; his name was G——; he has been a senator, but has now given himself entirely up to the Muses and to literature. His action and

voice were tolerable, but the matter I could not always catch ; nor, indeed, was I much inclined to listen. Poetry appears to be as much a drug in this market, as I and many others know, to our cost, it is in the European one.

The *beau sexe* dropped off, at first by twos and threes, and at length rushed out in groups, long before the dulcet strains were concluded. They lasted a full hour, and the poet was evidently “rapt inspired,” for he appeared never to observe the “beggarly account of empty boxes” around him.

This over, the procession was again mustered according to seniority, and I marched with the graduates of 1812.

We proceeded to the dinner-hall in Harvard College, where the society—*bon vivants* and sprightly spirits—annually assemble ; and from whence, as our president let us know, dull and musty lore was banished for the day, and at the same time he called upon us all to furnish wit and merriment. His first

speech began *seriously* in Latin, and ended *good-humouredly* in English. It was very amusing, and enthusiastically received.

On our entering the hall, he mustered his forces. I was first called and placed on the right of the Governor of Massachusetts, the honourable Marcus Morton ; a remarkably taciturn, but, I have no doubt, a talented man. What a contrast there was between him and the buoyant, brilliant, and entertaining Judge Story, on whose right the governor sat !

On the left of the chair sat the orator of the day, Mr. Woods of Maine, and innumerable were the *jeux de mot, jeux d'esprit*, epigrams, and puns, produced during the evening on that name. On his left sat the witty and talented Mr. Grattan ; “ *so, thinks I to myself thinks I,*” if any allusion is made by the New Englanders to the Old ones, I shall be out of the scrape of speechifying—the author of “ *Highways and Byeways*” will extend the powerful and protecting

shield of his eloquence over me. So I sat at my ease, eating, drinking, and listening, with no misgivings of approaching molestation.

On my right sat a member of Congress, a Mr. King, who was clever and intelligent; and opposite to me Mr. Kent, the *ci-devant* Governor of Maine, and my good friend Dr. Wainwright.

The judge, who was “at all in the ring,” and master of every subject, would not let religious matters rest undiscussed; and something having brought the subject on the tapis, he gave us an animated dissertation on it. I have always found religion a subject on which men rarely agree. The president’s argument on this occasion was, that lawyers, not clergymen, should be the propounders of the Scriptures, and more especially of the laws of Moses: and here the learned judge had it all his own way, no one venturing to contradict him.

I can only compare this gifted and witty

man's talents to the proboscis of an elephant, with which he can pick up a leaf or tear down a tree; for whilst he pulled down some divines sitting near him, he picked up me—a humble, *unprepared*, and *unexpected* leaf.

After this ecclesiastical excursion of fancy he rose, and with a talented preface gave “The Governor,” who responded in a neat and appropriate manner. He was soon again on his legs, and his eye glanced more in my direction than was quite comfortable. His prefatory remarks were full of Burns’ and Sir Walter Scott’s poetry, and he went on to say that the New Englanders were originally from Scotland, and that they gloried in Scotchmen and Scotch authors, of whom he enumerated many, and talked with great energy of the respect felt in America for the mother country. To make a *long Story* short, he concluded by proposing my health and the Land o’ Cakes; the band on the in-

stant striking up, “Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled !”

There was no possibility of mistaking this; nevertheless, during the period the music was playing, I looked most piteously and imploringly towards Mr. Grattan, who smiled at my perplexity, but would afford me no relief.

When the band ceased, the president rose and said, “Gentlemen, Colonel Maxwell will respond.” So up I got, with that delightful feeling of having something to undergo rather more disagreeable than being shot.

Mess-room speeches, “*proudest moment of my life*”—ball-room supper speeches, “*happiest hour of my existence*”—come as matters of course to all of us; but, my dear fellow, take my word for it, that speaking before an assembled university, confronted by two long black lines of learned dons, and amidst the very students of elocution whom I had

listened to yesterday, was a very different affair. However, despair made me valiant; and speaking, if it be not quite so pleasant as fox-hunting, is like it in one thing,—that when once you have fairly started, you soon leave your timidity behind you.

Off I set, and told them that my heart was full of gratitude for their kindness to me; that I felt the high honour which so learned and so talented an assembly had conferred upon me; and that, although history had told me that I was coming among kinsmen, I did not expect to have found those kinsmen so kind, so friendly, so hospitable. “We are all,” I continued, “sprung from one parent stem, and belong to the great family who speak the same language and are animated by the same manly feeling of independence, the same unchangeable love of freedom. One brother succeeded, and remained at home; whilst the other came to the Far West, displaying courage and perseverance,

and has succeeded also : and I deduce from this fact, gentlemen, that I have now the honour of standing amongst my first cousins.”

I had hit the right chord, and long, and loud, and reiterated were the applauses. And, by the bye, these applauses are very desirable things, in more ways than one : first, they give you confidence ; and, next,—a monstrous good thing too—they give you time to think of something to say. I did not fail to avail myself of them, and, by the time the din was over, I had got ready a very pretty allusion to Wallace and freedom, and brought in the left wing of Bruce’s army at Bannockburn, and my ancestor who commanded it, as nicely as possible. A man, if he does happen to have had any ancestors, has a right to talk of them after dinner, particularly if he has nothing else to say. Then I gave them a touch of American praise, and Washington ; and who can be so dull as to

mention that name and not feel his heart glow with love and veneration? Oceans of applause followed this—good, hearty, long-enduring, and *time-affording* applause.

This added so much to my self-confidence that I thought I might venture to display a little modesty, as all *truly great* orators do on such occasions. I told them “that, as a military man, I could not but be aware of the danger of my present *position*—out-flanked and surrounded, and hemmed in by all who were most eminent for eloquence, and learning, and talent: that, unluckily for me, I had not had the benefits of a college education, for I came into the world in stirring times, when my country was at war with more than one half of it; and I was pushed into the army long before I was of an age to be admitted into college: but now I could safely vaunt, although I had not taken my degree, that I had that day, and the day before, had the high honour of

being a *bencher* of the celebrated and ancient University of Harvard ; and that I had heard that day one of the most powerful and splendid orators that had ever adorned this or any other university." (*Longer and louder cheers than ever.*)

Grown bold by my success, I had the temerity to attack the president himself on his new theory of Legal Divinity ; and, after again repeating how deeply impressed I was with feelings of gratitude, esteem, and affection towards the kind friends around me ; and how great was my admiration of all I had hitherto seen of their country ; and that, becoming personally known to them, I considered a new era in my life, — I sat down amidst renewed expressions of good feeling.

"*Soft sawder,*" you will say, — "somewhat *Sam Slickish* all this, Master Archibald !" I admit that it does sound so, my dear fellow ; but believe me when I tell you, that I did not utter one single word of praise

which did not come warm and genuine from my heart. The New Englanders *are* fine fellows,—I think so, and I said so. Those I addressed were convinced of this, I am sure, from their cordial reception of what I said ; and Dr. Wainwright and several other fine old fellows stretched across the table to shake hands with me. Even my next neighbour, the governor, relaxed his stern features, and bestowed a few approving smiles.

Next came “The Emerald Isle,” and Mr. Grattan on his legs ; who, I must say, had cheered me on during my oration in the most fraternal manner. He was extremely felicitous—as I believe he always is—in his reply ; and described to the company Paddy Blake’s echo with great tact, talent, and humour.

We afterwards had a great many eloquent speeches, and a great many droll ones. I was again called up by having my health

drank as the military Commander on the Border during the Maine troubles. Many flattering things were said to me, to which I responded in a half-serious, half-jocose tone, as best suited to the time and place ; stating that my honest endeavour had been to preserve peace between two great countries, and that the success which had attended my humble efforts would always be a subject of the most heartfelt satisfaction to me ; that soldiers, in time of peace, were like doctors in healthy villages, who, if they had no opportunity to kill or cure, could at least shew their skill in keeping away ill humours from those around them ; that I firmly believed the present state of political feeling was healthy and benign ; and that, if no *bad doctoring* was introduced, it would always remain so. This, and a great deal more which I will not inflict upon you, elicited from all present a warm expression of kindly feeling towards Old England.

Our fair young Queen's health was drank with great enthusiasm. I, as in duty bound, returned thanks, and proposed the President of the United States, with all the honours ; and we prolonged to a late hour one of the most agreeable and soul-stirring parties at which I was ever present.

I subjoin a copy of the song which is annually sung on this occasion, in full chorus :—

SONG

FOR *ΦBK* DINNER, 1840.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

I.

THIS day with heartfelt glee we greet,
Most joyous of the year,
When at the festive board we meet
Our brethren dear ;
When sparkling wit and jocund song,
And temperate mirth combine,
And grateful recollections throng
Of auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—Of auld lang syne, my friends,
Of auld lang syne ;
And grateful recollections throng
Of auld lang syne.

II.

Let true Philosophy our light,
Our trust, and pilot be ;
Directing still our course aright
O'er life's dark sea.
Our worthy deeds may others see
On history's pages shine,
When these our days shall numbered be
With auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—With auld lang syne, my friends, &c.

III.

The strife of sect and party rude
We from our presence bar,
Nor on this hour shall aught intrude
Our mirth to mar.
We'll take our choice, who here are met,
Of water or of wine,
And take a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—For auld lang syne, my friends, &c.

IV.

Though we must part—some for a year,
And some must part for aye,
To memory ever shall be dear
This gladsome day.
Now let my proffered hand be met,
Brother and friend, by thine,
And take a grip of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll take a grip of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

LETTER VII.

An American Breakfast—Bolting System—Its Disadvantages, bodily and mental—American Ladies—Lynn—Temperance—Improvement—Lowell and its Cotton Manufactory—General Dearborne—Future progress of Steam—Steam Birds—Count de Pampour's Treatise.

Boston, August 28, 1840.

MY DEAR S ———,

This morning I again took my place at the breakfast table, to see, with renewed admiration, the galloping system. What I most envied, but in vain attempted to imitate, was the marvellous skill evinced by the natives in swallowing large quantities of iced milk and oatmeal porridge.

“Scotia, my own, my native land!” thou art famed in verse and prose for thy breakfasts; but even thou must hide thy dimi-

nished head before the accumulated glories of the morning repast at Tremont House ; where, in addition to the aforesaid porridge, are displayed tea, coffee, omelets, beef-steaks, mutton-chops, veal-cutlets, kippered salmon, various kinds of fresh fish, ham, eggs, cakes, rolls, muffins, toast, &c. &c. *ad infinitum !*

The succession of meals at this most abundantly supplied establishment is such that, with the exception of a few hours during the dead of night, a man of powerful digestive organs could, with a little management and occasional change of place, easily contrive to blend all the five repasts of the day into one. From the earliest breakfast at seven, until the latest supper long after midnight, there is scarcely any cessation.

And yet that most important meal of all, — that meal at which aldermen “ tremble while they gaze ” — is the only one which in America is hurried over ; and hurried over

it is with most inhuman haste. All manner of good things are set before you, but no time for reflection or selection is afforded you. Promptitude of decision is your only chance: no hanging fire permitted—decks cleared — dessert produced, consisting of peaches, pears, apples, almonds, iced creams, &c. ; but, alas! the same system is continued, — *gobble, gulp, and go* is still the order of the day.

I ventured, on more than one occasion, to advert to the story of the two dogs, both abundantly and equally fed, and the one immediately taken out to hunt, the other tied up; when, on putting them both to death three hours afterwards, it was found that the dog which had hunted had not one particle of its food digested, whilst the dormant one had a clean, wholesome, empty stomach. But no man in this wonderful land could spare time to profit by my advice; for as the London cabman, at the risk of

•

your neck, acts upon the principle that time is money, so do these extraordinary people, to the imminent danger of their own digestive organs. I now allude to the men ; but to behold the fairest of the fair adopt what I have before denominated the bolting system, is really awful.

I am now, in some degree, become accustomed to it ; but still it is extremely provoking when you happen to be placed by the side of an agreeable person—and all the American ladies are so,—and when you have just led her into conversation, suddenly she and all the rest of the fair creatures start off like startled deer ; or, to speak in more homely phrase, as if the house was on fire !

I have said that all the American ladies are agreeable, and I'll maintain it ; and well-bred too, although certainly I was a little startled this evening at the tea-table when a black-eyed, intelligent-looking lass

from Philadelphia, who was describing Saratoga springs, informed me that “all the young dandies there were *considerable humbugs, she guessed !*” But she was very pretty and very young, and that made up for every thing.

My two companions took a trip to-day to Lynn, a shoemaking place, where, a few years ago, the artisans were ragged drunkards. They are now, from having adopted the temperance system, become a most industrious, thriving, healthy, well-clad population. Lowell, to which place General Miller gave us a letter, is also well worthy of observation, as containing a population which has increased, in consequence of its admirable manufacturing position, from a few hundred inhabitants to the amount of 20,000 ; and where you behold 4000 female operatives well behaved, well dressed, well informed, and, generally speaking, young and handsome.

They use 20,000 bales of cotton annually, making 63,000,000 of yards. The inexhaustible water resources obtained from the great fall of the Merrimac river, led to the establishment of the first factory here in 1813; around it there is now a large and thriving city; and, amongst other things that my observing friends told me, Lowell boasted already twenty churches of various persuasions.

During their absence I viewed many of the public buildings, and took a parting glance at Chantrey's fine statue of Washington, placed in the entrance-hall of the State House.

Many gentlemen called upon me, amongst others, General Dearborne; and we discussed our yesterday's visit on board the Acadia steamer, and the admiration which the inspection of her engines had excited in every body. This led me to express my conviction that, sooner or later, steam, which was now

all powerful on earth and water, would conquer another element; and that trains of *steam Dædaluses* would flap their huge wings in the air with as much ease and certainty as the paddles now revolve in the water.

He smiled at this, and said it reminded him of a long discussion he had had many years ago, when storm-bound at a country inn, with a singular character, an old man, very talented, enthusiastic, and speculative, who had then in embryo what all the world is at present profiting by, to wit—the application of steam as a propelling principle on railroads.

“ I recollect well,” continued General Dearborne, “ the words with which our conversation ended, for they made a deep impression on me.

“ ‘ I am an old man,’ said he, ‘ you are a young one. I shall, perhaps, live to see my present invention carried into effect ; but

you, sir, may live to behold what assuredly one day will take place, as the powers of steam become better known and further developed,—and that is, flocks of steam birds mounting into the air like pigeons, and as regularly leaving towns with passengers and letters as stage-coaches do nowadays.’”

General Dearborne mentioned the name of this veteran enthusiast. I regret that I have not retained it; but it is one well known as that of a man eminent for mechanical skill.

I was much pleased to perceive that the merits of my friend the Count de Pambour’s admirable and deeply scientific treatise on locomotive machines was as highly prized in this country as it is in Europe: for my own part, the perusal of that work, more than any thing else, has convinced me that the glories of steam power are not as yet one half,—nay, not one quarter, developed.

Adieu!

LETTER VIII.

Departure from Boston—Hotel Charges—Innkeeper's
Liberality—Railroad Journey—Accurate Arrangements—Yankee Phraseology—SPRINGFIELD—
Arms Manufactory and Armoury—American Muskets superior to British—Public Establishments gratuitously exhibited.

*Hampden Hotel, Springfield,
August 29, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

Here I am, having come a distance of ninety-five miles to breakfast! for, having indulged a little too long on my downy pillow, I found, when I descended, that my friends had already taken their post in the vehicle which was to convey us to the railway-station, and that I had just time to pay my bill—a pretty severe one—but not a sin-

gle minute to spare to add another item to the list of charges. Two dollars a-day, exclusive of wine, was the charge at Tremont House. I believe that this is pretty generally the price throughout the Union.

On hurrying towards my carriage, one of the proprietors discovered that he had forgotten to charge for my servant; when I stopped to seek for my purse he very considerately said, "Don't mind it—you can pay on your return." I took him at his word, and we galloped off to the station, where our baggage was taken and ticketed, and a corresponding ticket handed to us.

A rapid run brought us to Springfield by 12 o'clock. On descending at Hampden Hotel, the first thing we had to do was to inscribe our name, rank, and residence in a book. Whilst doing so we ascertained that the first dinner was half over; and knowing the rapidity of American feeding, we were aware that it would be concluded before we

could take our places at the table. Supporting nature, therefore, with an excellent biscuit and some iced brandy-and-water, we determined to join the second dinner-party at two o'clock.

Nothing could exceed the attention—I ought to say *kind* attention—which was shewn us at this patriotically named hotel. How true is it that

“Whoe’er has travelled life’s dull round—
Where’er his various course has been—
Must sigh to think how oft he’s found
His warmest welcome at an inn!”

Not that the satire of the lines is a jot more applicable to the United States than to any other country.

I pronounce this a pretty, rising, go-a-head place; where four roads meet, and where sixty muskets per diem are manufactured. *Vive le guerre!* This establishment I went to see at a later hour. Indeed, I had not calculated on viewing it at all—

our project at starting being to reach New Lebanon this evening for the purpose of beholding the comical religious ceremonies of the Shakers—to-morrow being Sunday. We found, however, that our friends at the Tremont House had misinformed us, and that there was no conveyance to the Lebanon springs until Monday.

“What can’t be cured must be endured :” so here we are ; and if I had had my fishing-tackle with me, I might have passed the afternoon angling in the Connecticut, on whose right bank Springfield is placed, or trouting in the beautiful stream which we crossed over repeatedly between South Brookfield and this place ; for the railroad passes through the lovely valley of the Chickapee, which is watered by a river of the same name, for a distance of three-and-thirty miles.

But I am bringing you to the end of our day’s journey without a single word as to its

details. This must not be ; so here I will make a second start in a more orthodox manner.

The railroad is a splendid one, passing over a magnificent country. Hills, dales, woods, and waters, make it a delicious scene to glide through ; whilst apples, pears, peaches, Indian corn, and musk melons, are scattered in rich profusion along its sides.

After we quitted Boston, we passed the arsenal of Massachusetts, then through Newton East and Newton West, and at Framingham, twenty-one miles on our journey, we stopped ten minutes to water. This is the time every where allowed, — then through Unionville, which is very pretty, and Westborough, and halted a few minutes at Worcester, a thriving and beautiful town, with the Insane Hospital of the State occupying a commanding position and displaying a splendid range of buildings. Here the Norwich train crossed us at horse-racing speed.

My little domestic could not comprehend the rate at which we went, and was constantly looking a-head, thinking the horses had run away with us. I was at times apprehensive that he would be a nose minus, as he poked his head out of the window of the omnibus whilst we were passing along the narrow bridges with their balustrades high in air, or get his brains knocked out in some of the tunnels, for the road is carried through rocks as well as over ravines.

And here let me say a few words for American travelling. Every thing is arranged like clock-work : you start to a minute, and you arrive exactly at the time named. Your baggage is transferred, without trouble and without risk, from one train to another ; porters and servants working for you with civil and kind aspects, and without expectation of fee or reward ! Waiters at inns waiting upon you assiduously and serving you faithfully—no half-crowns

or half-sovereigns looked for in return ! We left that well-regulated house, the Tremont, without one glance of *greed* from any of its inmates, but many of kindness ; and to get to this place we paid three dollars each, with no *tipping* of discontented cads, no litigation with insolent porters ; and, to wind up all, I have now been a week and a day in the Union, and I have neither seen a beggar nor a drunkard !

The long train of carriages was filled with well-dressed and well-looking women, and all the male passengers we spoke to were civil and well-informed.

I have picked up a few Yankee expressions, and love them all : for example, my opposite neighbour to-day at dinner urged me to make an experiment on some “ real, genuine, Yankee, New England, pumpkin pudding ; ” and excellent it was by the bye. As for “ I guess,” “ I calculate,” “ go a-head ! ” *et hoc genus omne*, I can find

nothing exceptionable in them; and how expressive is “*pretty smart* :” and what could depict kind-heartedness on the one side, and health, happiness, and prosperity on the other, better than the greeting which I overheard this morning between two friends, the old one saying to the young one —

“ Well, my fine chap, how d’ye find yourself ?” and the laconic reply of

“ First-rate !” from the half-filled mouth of a laughing, rosy-cheeked, broad-shouldered lad of one-and-twenty ! Surely our gallant tars who have written travels could not object to this expression.

Be that as it may, I respectfully say to Messieurs and Mesdames who have written books on Yankee land, and the accounts of whose travels I mean to peruse when I have concluded my own, that I never saw a more delightful country nor a more charming people. If it and they had nothing more

to recommend them I say it is enough ; and I here repeat, no drunken men, no impertinent beggars, no insolent boys, no eavesdroppers, no looking after strangers, for all are occupied with their own affairs.

If there are sects and sectarians, what care I, so as they keep the peace and I “go a-head?” But pardon this digression, for I as yet have got you no farther along the road than Worcester. Next comes Clapville, then Charlton and South Brookfield, where, as I have said, we fell in with the Chickapee, which empties itself into the Connecticut two miles and a half above Springfield. At a second Brookfield, they water and remain ten minutes ; then comes Warren, near Ware, famous for its cotton and woollen manufactories, and at Palmer many coaches were in waiting to convey passengers to the aforementioned place. At about six miles distant you see Mount Tom and Holyoke, to visit which has lately become a fashionable pilgrimage.

From Ludlow, where we also stopped, you can proceed to Northampton (twenty miles distant), and of which you catch a view. I believe Miss Martineau describes it as a beautiful place.

Our next stage brought us to where we now are, and where we are doomed to remain. But, as I always endeavour to extract good from evil, I determined to visit the United States Arm Manufactory and Great Armoury; the government having only two on a great scale—this, and the one at Harper's Ferry at Virginia; and it well repaid our trouble, and reconciled us to not getting on to Pittsfield and Lebanon; besides, we find that there are Shakers at Endfield in this immediate neighbourhood; and thus we shall be enabled to see the religious rites of these misguided people at that place to-morrow; and their secular pursuits at Mount Lebanon on another day.

Hampden House is a splendid one; and Springfield is a charming, well laid-out town:

every house occupies a separate space, and is surrounded by a well-arranged garden. Churches and public buildings are tastefully and handsomely built; the streets are wide, and the surrounding country is picturesque.

The dinner was excellent: the rapidity at which it was swallowed, detestable; but “needs must when the d——l drives.” So out we started; and walking up a broad and beautiful street, we turned to the left amidst Dutch cottages with tastefully laid-out parterres, and thousands of sunflowers bending to the breeze; seeing all around us innumerable places of worship, with noble country-houses in the distance. The streets were well watered, with rows of majestic and graceful elm-trees on each side; and were it not for the intense heat, Springfield would be a perfect paradise.

The hill we mounted is crowned by magnificent buildings filled with workshops.

The armoury is situated apart, and contains 91,000 stand of arms, simply but neatly arranged. The average price of each musket is eleven dollars—fie upon England!—I mean *Old* England, that gives so much more niggardly a price. They are all in high order and with agate flints, the flat side uppermost—a plan which I cannot get my fellows to adopt.

This noble national establishment is calculated for 250 operatives when in full work: at present only 140 are employed, earning from thirty-five to fifty dollars per month. Some work by the day, others by the piece. The shops are opened at the ringing of a bell at half-past four both in summer and winter. Those who work by the day must perform ten hours labour, and no intemperance is permitted; for a man observed to be the least excited by liquor is instantly discharged.

A most obliging and intelligent opera-

tive, who walked round with us, explained every thing; he first shewed us the barrel, stock, &c., piece-meal, and then the musket complete. We went to the proving-house, very simply and well arranged, where fifty barrels are proved at a time; the first charge is the sixteenth part of a pound, or one ounce; the second twenty-two drachms. Each barrels weighs four pounds five ounces; the whole complete, with fixed bayonet, ten pounds and a half. The bayonet enters on a pivot and is then turned, and all have brass pans.

I blushed when I thought of *Brummagem* jobbing and contracts; for here all, every, and each component part of a firelock are made according to pattern and in one mould. The stocks, all turned from the walnut by the same machine, and at the same time a spring is fixed for the ramrod; the locks are all tested in a steel gauge; the hammers, pans, pins, barrels, stocks, &c., undergo the

minutest examination ; there being a chief inspector in each shop and for each article : thus every part may be taken at random, and will supply any deficiency that may occur.

They have no armourers with their regiments, but have depôts in each state, so that when a soldier breaks or spoils any part of his firearm, his piece is immediately taken into store and replaced by another. It would, I conceive, be a better plan to furnish a certain number of each part to the quartermaster of every corps, and make him charge the soldier for such as are issued to him. Every thing we saw appeared to be of the best, and all forming part of a great whole. Their powder is also *first-rate* and beautifully glazed.

Why does not our Ordnance Board now and then take a hint from other countries —abolish contracts, and set up for itself?

We had inquired before we set out,

whether it was necessary to offer any fee: the answer was, that the Americans like themselves to see, and to shew to strangers all that is going on in their public works without payment; and that the proffer of money would offend.

Ye Tower *Beef-eaters*, hide your diminished heads! Ye well-tipped Swiss at St. Denis and elsewhere, keep your well-greased palms for ever shut! and ye pampered lacqueys at England's proud show-palaces, take a leaf out of John Ford's book—from whom we parted with mutual kind feelings and gracious smiles; we thankful for the valuable information he had clearly and concisely given us, and he delighted with our approbation of all we had seen.

Adieu!

LETTER IX.

Endfield — Shakers and Shakeresses — Their Dress, Evolutions, Dances, Tunes, and Doctrines — John Pease — Ann Lee, the Foundress of the Sect — Their Social Economy.

Springfield, August 30, 1840.
Sunday.

“ Tully Goram ’s my delight :
It maks us a’ in ain unite,
To dance away with all our might,
The reel of Tully Goram.”

You will call this, my dear friend, a singular commencement of a Sunday’s epistle. I admit that it is so ; but it chimes in with the scene we have just been witnessing.

If the Shakers’ doctrine be the true one, our system of kneeling and praying ought immediately to give place to singing merry songs and dancing Scotch reels. One thing

is certain that, Scotchman though I am, I never beheld the double-shuffle, the cut the buckle, and the Highland fling in greater perfection !

Notwithstanding the apparent profanations of these deluded people, I really believe them sincere ; and that their singular devotional exercises are prompted by a genuine, although most absurd, religious feeling.

“ Recollect,” exclaimed one of the *inspired* expounders of their doctrines, who steps forth after each stave and after each hornpipe, — “ recollect that we are rejoicing unto God at having mortified the flesh ; for this is the only use we put our unruly members to !” Another repeated these lines : —

“ Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp’rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.”

They also inform you that they wish to “represent heaven on earth ; for here, they have neither marriage nor giving in marriage.” Their vow is celibacy ; and they have every thing in common. How they manage with their combs and tooth-brushes, I did not presume to ask them.

I saw one or two handsome young women ; and there were several children, seduced, I presume, to join the community by adult relatives. One young lady about twenty, of a fine, full form, shewed from her looks, her manner, and her roving eye, that the spirit had not yet quite driven the flesh out of the field ; but the rest were nearly all old, wizened, ascetic-looking animals, full of disappointment and spleen, and perfect specimens of old maids.

The men, generally, seemed hale, stout fellows, with grey Quaker-cut coats, black waistcoats, and blue trousers ; almost all of them wearing white straw hats, and carry-

ing canes. Their toggery seemed quite new, and as if it had all been made in the same shop: equality and commonality being the order of the day, no one would endure to be worse clothed than his neighbour.

Their farms are neatly kept, well fenced, and well cultivated. There seemed to be abundant crops of potatoes, pumpkins, rye, corn, tomatoes, and tobacco; and numerous pear, apple, and peach-trees, laden with fruit. In short, every thing seemed in abundance, and their houses were commodious and well built.

Five distinct families, as they are termed, occupy this district: four of them are named after the four cardinal points, and are called the East, West, North, and South families. The centre or Church family occupies the middle point. The distance between the East and West or North and South families may be about a mile and a half, consequently the area for cultivation is considerable.

On the Sabbath they collect at ten

o'clock, A. M., at the centre, where they have a large, clean, plain meeting-house.

We had driven ten miles through East-long Meadows towards Endfield; and arrived there some time before their service began, in order to secure a front seat; there being a certain number *told* off for visitors, those on the right for the ladies, and those on the left for the gentlemen; each sex entering by separate doors, as do also the Shakers themselves, when they take post opposite to each other, *ready for action!*

The men present themselves with a demure, quiet gait and manner, go up a stair and deposit their hats and sticks, then return and seat themselves upon the benches; the women, from an opposite door do the same, and disemburthen themselves of their straw bonnets, which are of the orthodox Quaker cut, with the exception of the fronts of them being longer and more scooped than those we see in England.

Their dress is beautifully simple and

clean. On their necks they wear a muslin handkerchief; on their heads a gauze mob-cap. Their gowns are plain blue striped jane; and all carry a white napkin, suspended on their left arm: they wear white cotton stockings, and are well shod!! The men's linen was the perfection of whiteness.

They are now paraded opposite each other, and sit down on their respective benches with their hands clasped before them, and their heads sunk in an attitude of prayer.

We sat in breathless silence, wondering when the play would begin,—for all these arrangements seemed but the prelude to some mock solemnity,—when in walked, from opposite passages, two processions of ten each,—one of men, the other of women; and, I presume, the elders of the society.

The benches were now simultaneously removed, and the service of the day began; each party being still ranged opposite the

other, but forming an acute angle from the upper part of the hall.

They commenced by singing a hymn, or rather a good heart-stirring old English hunting-song; and all their toes were forthwith in gentle movement: this ended, a grave-looking, bulky chap stepped to the front to exhort and enlighten, which he did in a very incoherent manner: then came another tune — “Chevy Chase” — and, after that, another exordium. The superior of the community, a certain Mr. John Pease, formerly a notorious horse-dealer, came forward with barnacles on nose, and gave a detailed explanation of their doctrines and tenets; after which we were favoured with a most lively glee.

This finished, another long and tormenting pause ensued; and the same old spectacled hero, seeing that the spirit had not moved any of his fellows, again stepped forth; and, for lack of a better subject,

commenced abusing us, who were his audience. He then directed the benches to be replaced; and all sat down and sang another stave, with a hand extended on each knee, with which they beat time, as well as with their feet. After this, another champion entered the arena, and again explained the manner in which they subdued “their worldly lusts, abandoning the flesh and clinging to the spirit; and thus preparing themselves for meeting their God.” Then came another order from old Barnacles; and the forms being once more removed, six men and six women placed themselves in the centre of the assemblage, to give the time, and the whole comical regiment struck up a merry chant; and forming themselves two a-breast, proceeded to dance round the room, with their hands raised before them, pawing the air much in the style of dancing-dogs; their feet being lifted to the measure, as if they had been marching on a hot gridiron.

They thus made a circuit round the room three or four times, when — halt front ! and another oration took place.

Oh, ye gods ! Then came “Nancy Dawson,” or “The D—l among the Tailors,” or “Moll in the Wad,” or some such elegant and pious tune ; and away they capered and jigged, with hands high in air, snapping of fingers, heel and toe, and the dustman’s shuffle ; all dancing well, and keeping most exact time. This done, they performed the *galoppe*, bounding round the room like overgrown antelopes : it was frequently with the greatest difficulty I kept my gravity ; at other times I felt sick and indignant at this humiliating sight.

The dance finished with another exorcism about the flesh and the devil. Our friend with the barnacles, who was our principal instructor, taking care to tell us that their religion was as good as ours, and was protected by the law ; and that, though as

strangers we were permitted to see their ceremonies, we had no right to outrage their religion and defile their sanctuary by doing what we would not dare to do in any other church,—namely, walking off in the middle of their worship! This was a gentle hint that we must sit it out; and so we did.

The men had cast their coats aside before commencing this last *perspiring* ceremony; and another discourse and another hymn concluded the day's *amusements*. The men and women had pearly drops on their brows; and well they might, for the thermometer ranges at this season, in New England, to nearly ninety degrees.

The last speaker, who was by far the best of the whole party, told us that they never tried to gain converts, but only wished to prepare themselves for a better world; he hoped their religion would be respected, not misrepresented; and that they took this mode with light hearts and clear con-

sciences (he might have added with light heels and good lungs), to worship their Redeemer.

He talked a great deal about time and eternity ; and he, as well as all the others, during their ravings, quoted, or I should rather say misquoted, numerous texts of Scripture ; such as “ Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple ;” and, “ The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul ; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things in common.” They forgot, however, that part of Holy Writ, which teaches us “ to increase and multiply.” It would be a singular mode of bringing the world to an end, or at least of destroying the Union, were these annihilating doctrines to gain proselytes. The government tolerate the sect, being, doubtless, well aware that the laws of na-

ture are sufficiently powerful to render their dogmas innoxious.

Anne Lee, an Englishwoman, was the founder : she came from the old country many years ago ; but whether she is any relation to a lady of the same name, but of a diametrically opposite notoriety, I cannot inform you. She established the first family at Niskayuna, near Albany. They regard her as nearly equal to the Saviour, or rather as a female Saviour ; and assert themselves to be the only persons on whom the light of the spirit has shone !

Celibacy they insist on as indispensable ; and they profess the entire relinquishment of luxury and all ambitious views. Every one who joins them must, after a certain probation, give up all he possesses for the common good.

I followed the superior after service into his comfortable abode : he was dry and testy in his replies to my numerous questions ;

and told me to come another day. He pointed out the burying-ground of his sect, and informed me that their number was about three hundred; that they had no laws; and that no one had ever been expelled from their society.

This he said with a significant emphasis, adding that he believed there had been expulsions from other families. He assured me that it was quite at the option of every one to remain, or quit the community; and when any one was tired of their rules, there were plenty of long and dark nights to walk off in. They were well off, he said, as to funds; and did not put out their money to interest, but lent it to poor creatures. *Creature*, by the bye, is a great word with them; and the noun *sense* they convert into a most comical verb—"I sense," or "She sensed him to do it."

Their grounds and establishments are rich and beautiful; and a fellow *hard up*

might do worse than join them for a few months by way of a change. Their place of worship was characterised by the utmost cleanliness and purity. You might have eaten your dinner off their floor; and the abode of Mr. John Pease was a pattern of Quaker precision and neatness. Sobriety, regularity, cleanliness, and industry, are the ruling characteristics of this very singular community, which we left with mingled feelings of mirth and melancholy.

By a singular coincidence, the text of Dr. Wainwright's sermon, which I had listened to with so much delight the preceding Sunday, had been "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul;" but how great was the difference between his orthodox and eloquent exposition of it, and all the absurd doctrines and ceremonials by which the self-same precept had to-day been enforced!

We returned to Springfield in time for dinner; after which I took a stroll on the luxuriant and winding banks of the Connecticut, which is here nearly as broad as the St. John's at Fredericton; and then, on the medical plan of counteracting one poison by another, I went to hear Dr. Peabody, a noted Unitarian preacher.

But I think I hear you exclaim, "*Ohe jam satis!*" "Enough is as good as a feast:" so I will conclude by informing you that Springfield contains also a regular church-going population, and that Sunday in this place is devoutly kept.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

Journey to Mount Lebanon — Multiplied Deceptions of Coach Proprietors — Antiquated Travelling Companions — Loss and Recovery of Baggage — West Springfield — Westfield — Dwarf — Railroad among the Hills — Blasting the Rock — Portrait of John Pease the Shaker, and of a fair Fellow-traveller — The Green Mountains — Peru — Pittsfield — Mount Lebanon.

*Hull's Hotel, Mount Lebanon,
August 31, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

In this country time is money, and “go a-head” is the order of every working day. At seven o'clock we found the whole world collected at breakfast: the short periods devoted to *feeding* being the only time at which men and women meet; for at every inn you see written up those annoyingly exclusive words, “Ladies' Parlour.” At

Tremont House, the ladies and gentlemen breakfast and dine at different hours, as barbarously as in Russia; where they dine in different rooms.

Such was not the style of the Court of François le Premier, where it was said, “*Un cour sans dames est comme une année sans printemps, un printemps sans roses.*” True it is that, whilst at Tremont, *we* enjoyed the proud prerogative of breakfasting and dining with the ladies; but that was only under special circumstances — a blissful exception to the general rule!

At a quarter past seven we were to start in a “hold-nine vehicle;” and the coach proprietor solemnly assured us that we should dine at Peru at 2 P.M., and be landed at Lebanon by six. Now we did not reach the Eldorado of New England until seven in the evening, after being jolted and teased to death, changing carriages, and creeping over the Green mountains; and we were

not set down on the Hill of Cedars till long after midnight.

Nor was this the only point on which this worthy deceived us ; for, when we took our places, he assured us that we “ four males ” should have “ an additional four beautiful females ” going to the baths, as our travelling companions ; and I believe some of us, in consequence, had paid particular attention to our toilets, and had resolved to play the agreeable ; but, alas ! when we entered the carriage, we found three very considerably-the-worse-for-wear ladies of a certain age, and superabundantly old-maidish in their appearance ; who, with their mother, a fine old dowager, had come from Charleston, South Carolina, and were travelling without a male protector. They were vastly chatty and communicative ; and the youngest of the three maidens, who had not yet learned the important lesson of growing old with dignity, made a most decided

attack upon the susceptible heart of my friend the Major.

My other talented companion, the *late* Captain — for such we styled him — kept us sitting at the hotel door for a considerable period: at length he presented himself, after nearly exhausting our patience, and we dashed away with four horses and a postillion, who wore a kind of Spanish sombrero to screen him from the sun. We had crossed the covered bridge over the Connecticut, when the *late* Captain, suddenly projecting his head and shoulders out of the window, surveyed the exterior of the vehicle, and roared lustily to our Spanish-looking Jehu to “halt!” at the same time exclaiming, “Where’s my baggage?”

This was a dead lock. The luggage had been left behind, as luggage generally is when its owner deposes other people to look after it. We tried to persuade the gallant Captain that it would be sent on the next

day ; but he was too old a soldier to be satisfied with this ; and off he started at full speed to regain the inn, we agreeing to await his return, and trusting that this practical lesson would be of use to our abstracted friend, who is always either sketching or composing, to the banishment of all sublunary concerns.

He soon rejoined us with his effects ; an obliging New Englander having driven him at full speed to where we were waiting for him, and disappearing the instant he had performed this kind act, scarcely waiting to receive Captain O——'s thanks, and positively refusing any other remuneration. I detail this little incident to you chiefly to mark the kindheartedness of the people towards us.

We were quickly again *en route* ; and passed through West Springfield, a thriving, well-built, pretty town, with fertile fields, green meadows, and gay gardens, surround-

ing it: no pauper cottages,—no miserable huts,—all the houses large and comfortable-looking, with many elegant detached mansions. We crossed the line, now making for the continuation of the railroad to Albany, where Irish faces, gestures, and voices, could not be mistaken: and we here fell in with Westfield river, which stuck to us the whole day. It is beautiful, and flows through a fertile valley.

Westfield is a fine, Dutch-looking town, with a canal running through it to Northampton. A famous country this for shooting and fishing: and here we saw a surprisingly small dwarf sitting on the step of a watchmaker's shop. In this land of liberty, I presume, they durst not shut him up and shew him as we should do: at an English fair the queer little fellow would have been worth his weight in gold.

Leaving this sportsman's paradise, we took to the jungle along execrable roads,

passing through lanes of shumachs, with the Green mountains spread out before us : they extend to Vermont on one side, and to Staten Island, near New York, on the other. The art and industry of man can indeed do wonders, for they are carrying the railroad through these lofty hills ! It goes up to near the source of the Westfield river, and round the base of the Ticho mountain, celebrated for thousands of rattlesnakes : the Green mountains here are covered to their very summits with oaks and chestnuts.

We took fresh horses at the Madagascar inn, at the foot of the Ticho, and at Middlefield we changed coaches, a most detestable arrangement ; for when a man is once *en route*, to have again to look after your things is absolute misery. To be sure I had a serving boy, whom I had hired for the express purpose of looking after me ; I soon found that the young gentleman had

turned the tables upon me, and that it was I who was looking after him. I would advise all future travellers not to burden themselves with domestics; they are not wanted in this country, where you are admirably served, and have nothing to pay for it.

As we ascended the mountains, between the base of which and the line of the railway was the river, we observed boards fixed up bearing this pleasing instruction,

“WHEN YOU HEAR THE HORN, LOOK OUT!”

We soon comprehended what this meant; for we passed a wooden house whose sides had been driven in by the blasting of the blue-stone rock, through which, to the depth of eighty feet, they have carried the railroad.

The Westfield river, a most romantic stream, is occasionally dammed up, as it winds through the hills which approach it

on both sides, and then it assumes the appearance of a succession of small lakes; this is the case in the Russell townships, which we passed through; and the scenery reminded me of the Appennines, which I have often crossed, particularly between Parma and Carrara; the road being frequently on the very brink of the precipice. Before reaching Chester we met large droves of pigs and horses.

Captain O——, notwithstanding the jolting of the coach, contrived to finish a sketch of one of the capering Shakers: it was so like that we all recognised it at once, and when he shewed it to the driver he exclaimed, “That’s John Pease, the Shaker at Endfield. I knew him well; and a capital fellow he was, when he was a horse-dealer!”

The talented artist had soon a better subject to exercise his pencil on, by the entrance of a most lovely young creature,

going to New Chester, or, as she called it, Plunketsville: the Captain, Raphael-like, became instantly enraptured, and seized his pencil; when Mary Hale, the factory girl, nothing loath, took off her bonnet, put herself into attitude, and sat with all the gravity of a countess; at the same time evidently trying to put as much expression into her very beautiful countenance as she could.

The portrait was admirably done; and the gallant Captain wrote under it, "The fair Rose of Massachusetts." When she reached the end of her journey and got out, her frankness turned to frigidity, and she sidled off, to the dismay of her innamorato, being evidently unwilling to be the subject of such decided admiration where she was known.

We now travelled along the top of the Green mountains until we were heartily sick of them, and about sunset reached

Peru; the western sky shewing a sea of silver, and the clouds in the east tipped with gold. But, alas! this was no Eldorado to us, for we were all completely tired and sick of our journey, and had still twenty miles to Pittsfield,—down hill, luckily.

Again we met the railroad, which has been carried round by the western source of the Westfield river, which has three branches, East, West, and Middle field. At the last-named place we were forced again to change coaches. We afterwards passed through Dalton, where the Hustonic meanders, and turns various paper-mills.

Pittsfield is a fine town; and has a branch manufactory for fusils and pistols, and also cotton and woollen manufactories. Its buildings are excellent, and the workshops being lighted up gave it an animated appearance.

Here was the arch-traitor Mackenzie;

and here, opposite the inn, a grand ball was going on.

The landlord, I regret to tell it, again played us false, first assuring us that the same coach should go on, and then, after detaining us an hour, forcing us into another; and away we went at a snail's pace to Mount Lebanon. Such bone-setting I never experienced! for from the moment we left Pittsfield we began to ascend amidst rocks, ruts, and darkness. At length we got, as it were, up to the very clouds, when our driver dismounted and locked a wheel, and we rapidly descended a kind of corkscrew hill, called Hancock mountain, then we made another short ascent, and were at length landed at Lebanon, and ushered into Hull's magnificent establishment.

We found a long, large, deserted hall; but tea, coffee, cold meat, and wild honey, were speedily furnished us; with which, and a sherry cobbler and cigars, we comforted

ourselves, and I retired to my chamber to pen this lucubration ; for which, considering that it was past midnight before I commenced it, you ought to be profoundly grateful.

Adieu !

LETTER XI.

Bathing — Erudite Breakfast — Negro Opinions of fair Ladies — Expediency of a Trip to Lebanon — Shakers — Details of their Domestic Arrangements — History of old Annie the Dairy-maid — Controversy between John Mantle and Captain O — — The Captain retires from the Conflict — John Mantle's Exposition of his Tenets, and History of Himself — Hotels at Lebanon — Misery of a Ground-floor Apartment — Sensitiveness of a Black waiting Damsel — The use of Cigars interdicted by a Virginian Planter.

The New Lebanon, Sept. 1, 1840.

MY DEAR S —,

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the previous day, I rose with the lark, “the herald of the morn,” or rather with the sun, whose beams do not penetrate quite so early into this “happy valley in the mountains;” for, on dressing and going abroad, I found

myself in an amphitheatre formed by beautiful hills. Dr. Johnson must have visited this place before he wrote his “Rasselas.”

I got into a delicious swimming-bath, the constant temperature of which is 72°, as the spring that runs through it never varies throughout the year. Then came a breakfast that would have done honour to merry Scotland: spatch-cock, kippered salmon, omelets, trout, piccerelle (a most delicate fish), fried potatoes, yellow mush, made from Indian corn, and which you eat with cream, ham, hung-beef, fresh butter, eggs, and honey-comb! After which *slight repast*, you may indulge in fiddling, bowling, billiarding, or bounding over the mountains like refreshed roebucks.

At dinner, also, you here fare sumptuously; for a more splendid one I never saw put upon a table, and all we lacked was fair partakers of it—for we had come just “a day after the fair.” Yesterday was the last

of the season, and this morning twenty families had taken flight, leaving very few behind them. It was quite ridiculous to listen to the flowery descriptions of the numerous belles who had graced this place by their presence during the last month, as given by *the blackies in attendance* ; for in this fine, free; enlightened country it is all nigger work.

“ Ah, massa! Miss R. from New York, she d—d fine gal, but she too saucy!” “ Oh, yes, massa! Miss L. from Virginy; she very rich, and much too handsome!”

The hall in which we dined is about 70 feet long. The saloon 40 feet long by 20; and here dancing commences each evening, after tea and coffee, at six o'clock. It was this night splendidly illuminated, and the band, a black one, was by no means bad: but unluckily it had to perform to empty benches.

I would recommend all the brave sons of

New Brunswick, who have any time to spare, to come to New Lebanon during the month of August. Nothing can be more easily accomplished. Let them take the steamer from St. John's to Boston—time, thirty-six hours; and then the rail-road, which will be completed from Boston to this place during the year—thanks to Paddy Whack; for yesterday we beheld two thousand of *the boys*, the Emerald-islanders, at work upon it as we crossed it seven times.

You now get to Springfield in five hours, for three dollars; and from thence, I presume, you will get to this place in two hours and a half, for two dollars; making the time occupied in the entire journey only forty-one hours and a half.

And the idlers of old England! why do they not get upon the “Cunard bridge” at Liverpool? twelve days will take them to Boston, half a one from thence to Lebanon; making, with the twelve hours journey from

London to Liverpool, thirteen days for the entire transit. And then they will have the musty cobwebs of the metropolis blown off them by the healthy gales of Lebanon; drink its pure water, bathe in its crystal streams, run about its hills, catch trout in its rapid rivers, shoot partridges *on trees*, for the American bird is a rooster; and see, into the bargain, the Shaking Quakers.

Two great establishments of these most singular beings are on the Mount; the nearest and largest we visited this evening, and were highly delighted with it. The beauty of their gardens, the neatness and cleanliness of their dwellings, the high cultivation of their grounds, struck us much; as did also their workshops, for they are completely independent of the surrounding world, making for themselves every thing they require. Both male and female, old and young, have some occupation; and idle-

ness, "the mother of mischief," is banished from amongst them!

We first entered their store, where we purchased toys, cordials, &c. Amongst other things, I recommend their *black-berry* wine, which cures dysentery. They prepare excellent rose-water and *Eau de Cologne*,—the process they explained to us.

Mr. Hawkins, their trustee and manager, is an active and intelligent person; he is extremely civil to strangers, and affords them every information. He first sent us round under the guidance of a fine, well-informed old girl, Annie Denny, the dairy-maid; and I assure you Annie's dairy was the *acmé* of arrangement and cleanliness, and her cheeseroom she exhibited with great exultation. This end of the village had forty cows appertaining to it, under Annie's immediate orders; the other end had an equal number.

We saw shoe-making, saddle-making, and

various other employments. A Quaker and his wife attended us ; I had sat next to him at dinner, and had found him a very intelligent person. He put some *cute* questions to the people we met about farming and other rural matters, to which they gave most satisfactory answers.

My friends walked off, and I was left alone with Annie, who informed me she had been fifty years a Shaker ; that her parents had brought her there when she was only five years old, at the time that the society was first formed. That the men and women slept in the same houses, and that they eat their meals at the same tables and at the same time, when there was room ; and, in short, that they lived together like brothers and sisters ; that they were great readers, and that they had schools for their children, each of which had a separate teacher ; and that there was an overseer of the whole ! She added, that there was no constraint

used, and that people might leave the establishment if they liked ; and that there had been no instance of expulsion during the last twenty years.

Having in my mind's eye the young couple I had seen at Endfield, I ventured to ask a few questions as to the course adopted when a tender passion sprang up between two young persons ; taking care to frame my interrogatories as delicately as possible, that I might spare the maiden blushes of the interesting Agnes.

She replied, " That might happen sometimes : when it did, they let them quietly take themselves off ! "

Taking leave of old Annie, I returned to the toy-shop and was shewn into an inner room ; where I found my friend, the captain, who is well-read in Holy Writ, in deep and eager disputation with one of the brethren named John Mantle, a man of considerable talent, who seemed to have the whole of the

Bible at his finger ends ; and who gave chapter and verse for all he advanced with such adroitness, shrewdness, and good sense, that he appeared to me rather to floor his opponent.

The subject when I entered was, as might be expected, the expediency of marriage ; when John Mantle said, “ The Catholic priesthood have cleverly got rid of the charge brought against them by the Protestants of ‘ *forbidding to marry*,’ because it is allowed commonly, and included amongst the Seven Sacraments. The Protestants, on the other hand, call it a bastard sacrament, and yet uphold it as a Divine institution ; and, with this view they often talk of ‘ *solemnizing marriages*.’ But, with ‘all their efforts’ to prove it a holy command, a heavenly ordinance, and with all their ceremonies to sanctify it, the priests themselves are unwilling to set an example. ‘God is light, and with him is no darkness at all ;’ therefore those

who walk in the light of God are willing all their works should be made manifest."

"And I think," added John, "that both ministers and people are entirely ignorant as to the scriptural meaning of flesh and spirit; for 'those who are in the flesh cannot please God.' I once had a very different view of the subject," he continued; "but the light of this testimony has caused the film to fall from my eyes, and I can now see what my condition then was, and feel grateful to the Divine Being for the call I have received to be separate from the world, and to come into that heavenly order where 'old things are passed away and all things are become new.'"

The Captain now said "that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were *called* men beloved of the Lord, and that, according to the Scriptures, the first was named 'The Father of the faithful;' they not only had families but very large ones, and considered it an honour

and their children a blessing. Noah and Lot both had families, and it was considered a curse to be without children ; and David, who ‘ was a man after God’s own heart,’ had a family.” Willing to shew my Biblelore, I joined in the attack and said, “ But Solomon, my good sir, what do you say to him ? Solomon, when he was in all his glory, had several hundred wives and concubines !’ And even in the New Testament we read of ‘ Peter’s wife’s mother,’ thereby shewing us very clearly that he must have had one.”

The old Quaker smiled good-humouredly and totally unmoved, as one well accustomed to such attacks, and replied : “ I admit, friends, that you have stated your objections fairly : those you allude to were called good men, and were good men, and generated their species in conformity to the order of the world *in those times*. But why are we to deduct from this that Christians in this

our day of grace, who profess to live according to the purity of the Gospel, ought to look up to those examples? — I say, no! We are not ordered to follow Noah, Lot, David, or Solomon; but we are called upon to follow Christ and his example.” Captain O—— here left the room, and I took up the cudgels; being by no means convinced of the propriety of a system which must put an end to the human race.

I alluded, with all the learning I could muster, to the Scriptural doctrine of increase and multiply, and urged that their plan, if generally adopted, must depopulate the world. He referred me to the 12th and 15th chapters of Leviticus and the 19th of Exodus, wherein I would find that the works of the flesh were excluded from the Jewish sanctuary, which was but a type of the gospel sanctuary, and told me to look at 1 Cor. vii. 1, where it says. “It is good for a man not to touch a woman;” and then he went on to

say theirs was the second creation, and that the female Christ had come in the shape of Anne Lee, whom he described at great length and with great enthusiasm, all which I will spare you. I will repeat what he told me about himself.

“ I was born,” he said, “ where my father and grandfather had been born before me, in a small, neat, comfortable farm-house, near Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, where the hounds used often to meet, and where many a good run I have seen when a boy. I came to New York about two-and-thirty years ago. Previous to quitting England I had married, and my wife accompanied me to this country. I am a cooper by trade, and whilst working in my calling I read in a New York paper a description of this society, which attracted my notice. I then travelled to this place with my wife and two children, a boy and a girl; the boy was four years old, the girl only four months. And here my

Wife and myself were admitted as probationary inmates.

“ Our trial lasted four years, Mrs. Mantle and myself and our children all living in the same house, but from the day of our entry we had separate beds.” He added, “ that the spirit and inclination had moved them both simultaneously, for they had lived apart for upwards of thirty years, although they continued to love each other with pure and unadulterated affection, being the greatest friends, and meeting daily, although now living in separate houses; that their son and daughter, when they grew up, had joined the society, and were at present with them : they were both extremely happy, and had never expressed a wish to quit it; that he brought in property, which was reserved for his children until they were of age to judge for themselves, which they had long been, and when the young people voluntarily joined the brotherhood it was placed in the common stock.”

He was a good-looking man, about sixty years of age. He made me write my name in a book, and complimented me by saying it was familiar to him. We became very great friends. He entered into farther explanations as to their habits and pursuits, and gave me his tenets in the following brief words :—

“ Lead a life of innocence and purity — love your neighbour as yourself — follow peace with all men, and abstain from war and bloodshed, and from all acts of violence towards your fellow men, as well as from all pursuits of pride and worldly ambition. Render every man his due, and observe ‘ holiness, without which no man can see the Lord,’ and do good to all men, as far as opportunity and ability may serve.” Thus said John Mantle ; and I say, so far so good.

He also informed me that all persons joining their society do so freely and voluntarily — no flattery or undue influence is

used; that they have many English and Irish amongst them: the latter they do not like so much as the former, as they find it difficult to bring them to quiet habits of industry; that minute inquiries are made about character and disposition before admission, and that no one is received who has any worldly debts. That industry, temperance, and frugality, are the characteristics of their institution, and that when in health, all must be employed in some useful way for the benefit of the community.

From all that I have written about this extraordinary sect, you will perceive that these innocent and industrious people have made a great impression on me. How superior are they to idle nuns and dissolute monks, who, like them, are doomed to celibacy, and war as it were against nature! I admit that nothing can be more ridiculous than their prancing instead of praying (but do not Roman Catholics pass at least half

their Sundays in dancing?)—their making Anne Lee a female Christ—and their wanting to depopulate their own young and rising country on principles which they thus *poetically* defend:—

“ Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.”

We bought a great many nic-nacs, and took an affectionate leave of Mr. Hawkins and John Mantle. About six hundred of these people are congregated together at this place. How different they appeared from those at Endfield, who were rude, rough, and repulsive ! these were kind and friendly, and their motto is —

“ O magna vis veritatis ! ”

Our drive home was delightful amidst the fragrant shrubs and balmy breezes of Lebanon. To-morrow we propose going to an-

other settlement of the Shakers, at the hill of Handcock. Anne Lee must have had a tolerable notion of country comfort and picturesque locations.

Lebanon can boast of many good hotels and bathing houses, where fiddling and fluting seems the order of the day. I heard both going on at a great rate, as we drove past the Eagle and the Navarino, both good houses; but I would advise the visitor who honours Hull's with his presence to choose an up-stairs dormitory. From No. 1, which is at the very top of the house, there is a superb view of the surrounding country. Mine, unhappily, was 114, at the very bottom, and I had the full advantage of all the fiddling and faddling that took place; for, independent of my proximity to the torturers of catgut, I was in the very midst of all the new arrivals and fresh importations; and, thanks to their wooden partitions and latticed doors, I enjoyed in the fullest extent

a *concerto infernale*, made up of children screaming, boxes rattling, mistresses scolding, and black women chattering and screeching.

To escape all which, I darted to the supper table, got a glass of fine water of Mount Lebanon diluted with a prudent quantity of alcohol, and returned to my den with a cigar, hoping to whiff away the cares of the day and woo old Morpheus to throw his mantle over me, as soon as I should have concluded this long lucubration; when, as ill-luck would have it, I heard one of the black damsels, who had ably assisted at the before-mentioned diabolical concert, and whom I found belonged to a planter's party just arrived from Virginia, and was blessed, it appeared, with a most sensitive nose, exclaim, "I won't sleep—I can't sleep—I won't go to bed with them there nasty smoke fumes."

She then began to spit and cough at a great rate, and reminded me much of a storm

I once saw my friend Betsey Austin raise at Barbadoes !

This sable damsel's rage knew no bounds. She first raised the window, then shut it with fury, then rushed into the passage, and finally appealed to her master and mistress, who, although they came from the very land of tobacco, the consumption of which gives them wealth, imperatively commanded the landlord to put down this nuisance ; and I was glad to put out my cigar, for fear of being put out myself.

This, you will admit, looked somewhat like the spirit of contradiction in this free and enlightened land ; for behold me sitting peaceably in my own room, and meritoriously consuming a Virginian's produce, for which I had honestly paid, and then comes the Virginian himself and positively insists that I shall do no such thing : and perhaps the very next minute this advocate for universal freedom will protest against any legal

interference in the pleasure and pastime he has in beating his own niggers. I could almost find it in my heart to wish he had been in the humour this evening, and revenged me by administering a little wholesome correction to my sable tormentor.

Good night.

LETTER XII.

The Love of Change — Waters and Baths of Lebanon — Journey to Albany — Temperance Societies — Politics — Harrisonian Emblems — ALBANY — Bundling on the Decline.

*Congress Hotel, Albany,
Sept. 2d, 1840.*

“ Und dieses dort ist nei mals hier.”

I QUOTE this truth from the wisdom of Schiller, which, as you will well remember, was given to us in the days of “Auld lang syne,” by the fairest of all the fair dames of Vienna. At this place I have found it completely verified: for yesterday I thought I could pass an existence amongst the heathery hills of Lebanon: but, this morning, Rasselas-like, I wanted to get out of the happy valley; and lo and behold! here I am, in

the ancient city of Albany, situated on the renowned Hudson, and the capital of the State of New York.

But, before I bid adieu to the lofty land of Lebanon, let me recommend to you and to all travellers, its Pickerelle and honey-combs; provided you prepare yourselves for enjoying them as I this morning did, by starting from my roost at six; first inhaling the mountain air, then going to the bubbling fountain, and with the aid of a large tumbler, coaxing down my throat a quantity of fixed air, which put me in mind of that at Francisbrun and Langen Swalbach, although not quite so effervescing; then plunging into and prolonging the pleasure of a delicious warm bath; and thus earning a title to a breakfast of the bountiful kind I have already described to you.

I have visited the Baths at Aix in Savoy; been repeatedly at those of Lucca, Baden-Baden, Carlsbad, and Francisbrun; and I

now declare that those of Mount Lebanon are equal, if not superior, to any of them, Wisbaden alone excepted, which must always rank above all others in my good graces; for there it was that I sojourned a long time after my return from the West Indies, a skeleton and a cripple, having narrowly escaped the rough handling I received from a fellow well known in the tropics by the cognomen of Yellow Jack. Its waters, with the skilful assistance of *Doctor Pate*, put me once more upon my legs.

Remembering the excellent arrangements of Wisbaden, I ventured to bestow a parting hint or two on mine host, Mr. Bentley, in his management of the Lebanon establishment. I advised warm sheets and larger towels for his patients. This and a little renown which I mean to give him, will settle the affair.

After some consultation, we abandoned

our projected visit to the Hancock Shaker establishment, being pretty well glutted with Shakers, and resolved to proceed on our journey, being anxious to get to Saratoga before the season should be broken up there also.

We accordingly addressed ourselves to the coach-proprietor; a *ci-devant* colonel, who stuck up manfully for his right—of “once a colonel, always a colonel”—and took every one to task who omitted to bestow on him this honourable appellation. He was a droll, violent sort of fellow, a red-hot politician, and, of course, being a *post-master*, a determined Van Burenite!

My friend, the colonel—I regret to state it—Yankee-like, again proved a deceiver; for although he assured us, that if the mail were full he would forward us by a private conveyance, still, when the stage did arrive, he threw our baggage on it *bon gré, mal gré*, and then persuaded us we should

Have plenty of room when we got to the next stage ; to accomplish which, Captain O—— and my servant, took outside places.

When we got to Branford Bridge, where we dined, it began to rain, and we had a slight rumpus about places, as we were compelled to take them in two carriages, each crammed with nine insides, and I having by mistake placed myself in the one where my trunks were not. The dispute was conducted in a very decent manner—no swearing, no violence : this, to be sure, might partly be accounted for by our having been feasting at a Temperance inn ; where our dinner, much to my annoyance, had been washed down with green tea.

These total-abstinence societies are ruinous to all virtue ; for how can we exercise self-denial where no temptation is allowed us ? *Gaudet tentamine virtus*, is my motto ; and, for the mere sake of morals, I would recommend all public-house keepers

to give their customers the opportunity of shewing that they can resist the flowing bowl.

I had eight full-sized Yankees in the coach with me; one of whom gave me a sharp cross-examination, according to the national model, and several talked politics; but all were civil, respectful, and good-humoured.

My doctrine is, that religion and politics are dangerous subjects for travellers to indulge in: however, this day I was tempted to depart from my usual system, and ventured to discuss at full length the slavery question, the opinions about which differ as widely as the poles; and although I admitted the axiom that "Union was strength," I maintained that the contrariety of interests in this matter would destroy *their* Union sooner or later.

This topic and the presidential election made the time pass quickly. The latter

subject was introduced when we changed horses at Nassau, where we saw suspended as a sign a log-hut and a hogshead of hard cider, as the rallying emblems for the Harrisonians. On this question the whole of America is in full cry, and party is *running breast high*. Although the general election does not come on till the 3d March, 1841, the sectional elections take place in October and November of this year.

Both carriages were heavily laden, and the road being hilly we did not arrive until after dark at Greenbush,* on the banks of the Hudson. We crossed the river, and were driven through some of the principal streets of the noble town of Albany; here I was separated from my own party and was

* Greenbush is nearly opposite Albany, and is the place at which the New Boston railroad, which is in rapid progress, will terminate. On the heights above this place the remains of extensive barracks, built during the war, are still to be seen.

dragged by the unanimous voice of my fellow-travellers to a Temperance hotel.

I now discovered that I had been stowed away in the wrong coach ; but as I knew the name of the hotel where my friends intended to put up, and as I love my virtue to be proved, as I have just told you, I got a guide and started for the Congress Hall hotel in the Grand Place ; where I found my friends and my baggage, and got a good supper and a splendid sleeping apartment.

I wonder when I am to be asked to bundle ; as yet I have always had the luxury of a bed-room to myself. Those good old days of bundling seem out of fashion ; but I am told that I shall have to make the experiment before long.

Adieu !

LETTER XIII.

Albany — American attachment to Royal Names —
 Basin of the Erie Canal — Multitude of Steam-
 boats — Travelling Companions — Troy — Mount
 Ida — Residence of an ex-blind Gentleman — His
 strange Estimate of Beauty — Advice to the Ladies
 — Deficiency of Classic Names — Politics — Origin
 of the Harrisonian Symbols — Ballston Springs —
 SARATOGA — General Scott — General Macomb —
 Friends from Canada — Kind Reception from Gene-
 ral Scott.

Saratoga, Sept. 3, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

Dating a letter from Saratoga naturally
 brings Robert Burns' lines to my memory —

“Burgoyne gaed up, wae spur and whip,
 Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In Saratoga shaw, man.”

This place calls forth somewhat melan-
 choly associations. But of this anon; and

before I expatiate on Saratoga and its scenery, I must make you travel with me from Albany to Troy; convey you, on a covered bridge sixteen thousand feet long, across the Hudson; take you near the Cohoes falls on the Mohawk; carry you across three different branches of that river; place you on the Schenectady and Saratoga railroad; shew you Ballston springs, and, finally, land you here; and if you keep a good look-out when about the village of Waterford in the upper line of the Hudson, you will see the place where poor Burgoyne surrendered.

Albany contains, I believe, about 35,000 inhabitants. The census to be laid before Congress this year will be particularly interesting, as it will shew the surprising progress of population during the last ten years.

This is one of the oldest settlements; it dates from about 1610, and is next in age to Jamestown in Virginia. In 1664 its fort

and garrison surrendered to Colonel Carteret, who named it *Albany*, after the Duke of York. I would not have gone out of my way to mention this, were it not to shew what I have often observed and what has often been remarked to me, that a feeling of veneration for the mother country has always existed here ; for when the daughter threw off her allegiance and became an undutiful republican gipsy, she never erased or changed the names of her towns, streets, or localities, however royal sounding they might be. The instances of this are numerous, but I will not try your patience by going over them.

After a substantial breakfast I viewed the Capitol, the States House now building, and many other noble edifices. The Americans know how to build towns as they ought to be built. They will have nothing to do with your unwholesome narrow streets ; we walked down that noble one, called State Street, and passed over a bridge of the same

name, which is thrown across the basin of the great Erie canal, and which bridge they were at this time repairing, it having given way a few days before, when several carriages and public conveyances were upon it. A great many persons were precipitated into the water, and five-and-twenty were drowned.

I counted sixty small steamers in this reservoir, and when we reached the Hudson we beheld numerous large and splendid ones. We embarked on board of one, about to start for Troy. Two or three Irish waiters or porters convoyed us and conveyed our luggage from the Congress Hall, and by their language and gestures let us know that they had not been long enough from the *ould* country to have forgotten what they considered a good old custom, but which I deem an execrable one—*that of being* TIPPED !

As soon as the vessel moved from the wharf we had a fine view of Albany ; its golden

cupola and stately buildings, with the Catskill mountains for a back-ground.

There were many passengers on board ; amongst others a slight-looking lad, who proved to be a brother Scot on an hymeneal tour with a pretty American wife, whom I took to be his sister. I guessed his age, for it is the fashion to guess every thing in this country, at seventeen, he was, however, five years older. My attention was next drawn to a man who I was convinced, from the shape and expression of his face, was a Donnybrook boy. I addressed him in English, but a shake of the head was the only answer. I then tried French, Italian, Spanish,—at last “ *Sind sie Deutch ?* ”

“ *Yaw, yaw !* ”

He was going to Laucelberg, a German settlement, three miles above Troy, and the place at which the Hudson ceases to be navigable ; we afterwards saw it in the distance ; it looked sombre, quiet, and at a stand-still, beyond the influence of the rail-

road, which passes along the opposite bank of the river, and makes every thing flourish where it goes.

As we approached the *Trojan Strand*, we saw enumerated in large letters “Steam-boats, Canal-boats, Coaches, and Steam Carriages, ready to convey you to every part of the known world:” for the enterprising Yankee, undaunted by difficulties or distances, will take you any where and every where.

I soon found myself at a most charming hotel, the Mansion House, kept by a brother of mine host at Lebanon. This Mr. Bentley is an excessive civil and attentive landlord, and I can safely pronounce his house a *good* one in the best sense of the word, for on the table of every public apartment, and private bed-room, is to be found the Holy Bible!

On glancing over the pages of the travellers’ book, I discovered the name of Lord Amiens. The last time I saw his

lordship he was perched in a place called the Crows' Nest, on the banks of the Meuse.

Troy has fine streets, handsome houses, and a population of between 18,000 and 19,000.

I mounted a Bucephalus, and rode to the top of Mount Ida; on the summit of which there is a gentleman's residence in an ancient style of architecture, which commands a magnificent view of the plains of Troy and of the American Hellespont. It is a pretty vagary, and is the more strange, as having been built by a *blind* man. He has lately had an operation performed, and is now restored to sight, and can enjoy the prospect. This gentleman, whose name is Warren, says he finds the men much more beautiful than the women,—a strange error enough, is it not? but I presume it results from the women having been pictured to him as perfect angels, the men as monsters of ugliness. Imagination is a difficult stand-

ard to match, and one seldom finds any beauty equal to the description previously given of her. Upon the same principle it is that I lay down the rule for the benefit of my country cousins,—that the woman who veils her charms, and dresses modestly, is a thousand times more admired than she who bountifully exhibits her whole neck and shoulders to the public gaze, for the ideal always beats the real.

Tasso, a great authority with the ladies, bears me out in this, and will, I trust, make them submit patiently to the lecture I am reading them:—

“Deh mira, egli canto spuntar la rosa
Dal verde suo modesta e verginella,
Che mezzo aperta ancora e mezzo ascosa,
Quanto si mostra men tanto e piu bella!”*

* “Behold how lovely blooms the vernal rose,
When scarce the leaves her early bud disclose;
When half inwrapt and half to view revealed,
She gives new pleasure from her charms concealed.”

CAREY'S *Translation.*

Some of the edifices on the plains of Troy are very classic-looking buildings. The court-house and Presbyterian place of worship look like the Pantheon at Rome, or the Acropolis at Athens. On the opposite side of the river is an arsenal and a cannon-foundry.

I now descended from this modern Phrygian mount, the view from which is very extensive and very fine, and rode through several of Troy's most capacious streets, admired the Episcopal church, and gazed eagerly at Mrs. Willard's large establishment for young ladies,—but, alas! I could espy no fair Helens! I read with classical avidity the names of the burghers and their respective callings on their sign-posts; hoping to trace some Grecian etymologies, but my success was limited to the discovery of one semi-heroic name, “Tailoring done by *Darius Clapp*.” This mode of announcing their trades is common: — “Tailoring, Smithing, Wheelwrighting, done by——.”

I returned to the inn in time for dinner ; the tables were crowded with handsome women and civil well-informed men. The viands were admirable, and the champagne well iced and excellent.

Politics were running tremendously high at Troy, as indeed they are every where ; large flags were waving in different parts of the city, and *affiches*, in immense letters, announced that loco-foco and democratic committees were assembled ! And we saw again to-day, as we had seen yesterday, log-huts and hard cider as symbolic of General Harrison ; who from this I presume can *rough* it.

These devices, I believe, originated with the adverse party : they turned up their noses at him when he was first put forward, as an unknown Ohio back-woodsman, who lived in a log-hut, and drank nothing but hard cider. His friends turned the satire to good account, by proving that those simple habits would suit a republic, and

that his having sprung from the people, and lived like them, would enable him to understand and administer to their wants better than any one else. So they adroitly turned the tables upon their opponents by making Ohio buck-eye, hard cider, and log-huts, the rallying symbols for his party.

Taking a most affectionate leave of our very civil and very intelligent host, who had entertained us with some interesting scenes which took place at the surrender of Saratoga, we got into the train, which halted close to the door of the hotel, and were hurried along at a *slashing pace* till we got to Ballston springs, where we exchanged cars, with some noise and considerable bustle, and took our seats in those for Saratoga. The distance being only seven miles, we were soon there.

On getting out at the station, and walking along the large gallery, I observed a very tall, handsome, well-set-up, soldier-like

personage, who had also stepped out from one of the railroad carriages. I could not mistake his gallant bearing and keen eye; and I immediately whispered to one of my companions, "I'll bet a thousand that's General Scott!" I knew him at once from my kind friend Sir John Harvey's repeated description of him; and by the same token they very much resemble each other. We followed him down the avenue to the United States Hotel. On our way we encountered a black barber, that most prominent person on board steamers, and who is to be found living near all American hotels. He was standing at his shop door, officiating in the double capacity of a porter or *suisse*, and gave us the desired information that the personage in question was no other than General Scott himself.

I went to my room, made my toilet, found my letter, and soon after took my place at a tea-table of immense length, and filled with

fair women and brave men. At the upper end I espied the General and one of his staff in close conversation with a gentleman and lady, whom one of the numerous ebony-coloured attendants informed me were General and Mrs. Macomb of the United States army.

Tea being over, the company proceeded in groups to the large, handsome, well-carpeted, well-sofaed, well-mirrored saloon—I don't see why I should not add syllables to words as well as the Americans. Thither I was preparing to follow, letter in hand, when I was stopped by meeting some fellow-soldiers from the Canadian army, whom I had formerly known in the Mediterranean, and who introduced their companions to me.

This operation concluded, I approached the General, mentioned my name, and handed him the missive with which I was charged by his friend the Governor of New

Brunswick. He received me most cordially, immediately presenting me to the Commander-in-chief of the American army, General Macomb, and his lady. He then begged I would introduce him to all my brother officers.

When I had done so, he took my arm, led me round the room, and presented me to all the influential people present. Among the most agreeable of whom were the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, his wife, and sister-in-law. Our party had been placed near them at the tea-table, and had been filled with admiration of the fine features and intellectual countenance of the youngest of the ladies.

I had a long and interesting conversation with General Scott about Sir John Harvey, "his dear friend," as he styled him. On my remarking the strong resemblance there was between them, although he was by much the taller man,

he told me a circumstance that occurred many years before, when he was Adjutant-general of the American army, Sir John of the English. On crossing the St. Lawrence to Quebec for a morning visit, he had got dreadfully wet, and being wind-bound, was forced to wear Sir John Harvey's clothes till he could get others made. He added, with a laugh, that it was certainly a tight fit.

General Scott regretted being obliged to go to a great dinner at Troy the day after to-morrow; to which he urged me to accompany him, but I declined. He then talked of getting up a little country party for my friends and myself before his departure: gave me a plan for my future route, which, he said, if I would come to his room after breakfast to-morrow, he would put on paper for me, and would also prepare some letters of introduction.

He touched on the Boundary question,

and explained his views of it, and treated me with all the frankness and familiarity of an old friend ; talked about his Scotch pedigree, &c. In short, we were as great friends as if we had known each other for years ; and I pronounce him to be one of the finest fellows I ever was acquainted with.

Abruptly bringing this long yarn to a close,

I remain, &c.

LETTER XIV.

Increase of Good Feeling between England and America—Saratoga—Touring Instructions from General Scott—Excursion to Saratoga Lake—Dinner Party—The Queen—The Duke—Sir John Harvey—Speech by General Scott—America's Treatment of her Officers—Peace and War—Wise Views of the Americans on this Subject—General Scott's Reception by the President after the Border Difficulties—Slavery Question.

Saratoga Springs, Sept. 4th, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

Horace Walpole says, with his usual liveliness of expression, and with more than his usual feeling, “As a man, I feel my humanity more touched than my spirit. I feel myself more an universal man than an Englishman! We have already lost seven millions of money and thirty thousand men

in the Spanish war, and all the fruit of all this blood and treasure is the glory of having Admiral Vernon's head on alehouse signs! For my part I would not purchase another Duke of Malborough at the expense of one life. How I should be shocked were I a hero, when I looked on my laurelled head on a medal, the reverse of which would be widows and orphans! How many such will our patriots have made!"

Now, I will take the witty lord's words as the text of this night's lucubration; in which I hope to prove to you the good feelings and friendly relations which, I am convinced, are *spontaneously springing* up between old England and her trans-Atlantic daughter! But to commence *en règle*. Before attacking an American breakfast, I took a walk; and a "long pull and a strong pull" of the Iodine Spring—very pleasant tippie, and now coming into vogue, and likely to supplant the Congress Spring.

Really Saratoga is a mighty pretty place ; and the United States Hotel a splendid establishment. The company are beginning to drop off, but those who remain are very agreeable.

I got late to the breakfast-table, but kind, amiable General Scott, the Nestor of America (*less in point of age than from his inestimable qualities*), had taken care I should not have *short commons*, and had warned one of the sable attendants to have an especial eye to my well-doing. I fared admirably therefore, and after breakfast went to the General's quarters, where a map was produced, my route traced, and many interesting particulars pointed out to me of the rapid rise of the different towns through which I should pass. He then handed me an explanatory memorandum ; and as a proof of my high regard for you I will send you the original handwriting of the gallant soldier who is one day to be Pre-

sident.* We then sauntered together to the Congress Spring, and thence to Monsieur Edward, who cuts out profiles and is celebrated far and wide for his admirable selection of public characters. Monsieur Edward is as glib with his tongue as with his scissors and was vastly entertaining.

I persuaded General Scott to give me his likeness to carry to Sir John Harvey, and Monsieur Edward did me the honour to

* *Memoranda for the route to the Falls.*—To Schenectady, the junction of the railroads; thence by railroad to Utica.—*Bagg's Hotel.* From Utica visit Trenton Falls; return to Utica, and thence by railroad to Auburn; thence by Cayuga Lake, Seneca Falls, Waterloo, and Geneva, to Canandaigua; here call on Mr. Gregg, a Scotch gentleman (who, I believe, has returned from Europe), and on the Honourable Mr. Granger. From Canandaigua, take coach to Rochester; thence by railroad to Batavia, by coach to Lockport, by railroad to the Falls.—*Cataract House.* Call on General Porter, ex-M. C., ex-secretary of war, and who served in the Niagara campaign of 1814. He is unfortunately becoming deaf.—W. S.

place my ugly phiz in his collection. Whilst he was so employed, my talented friend the captain, whom we found there, took a most successful portrait of the artist.

The General left me here; and later in the day I again went to him by appointment, when he handed me several letters of introduction for the most influential persons at the different places we were to visit. We then proceeded round the Colonnade and through the gardens of the hotel to collect our forces. Two carriages had been provided. I went with General Macomb in the first, who *en route* was very instructive and entertaining. We had with us Captain N—— and Doctor M—— of the 66th regiment. Our party consisted of General Macomb, General Scott, five brother officers whom I had presented to the Generals on the previous evening, and myself. Major B——, Captain O——, and Mr. S——, went with General Scott.

The country we passed through was fine, but apparently lately “settled :” and our drive to Saratoga Lake was a short one. The Lake is about nine miles in length, with pretty scenery ; and the inn, placed in a sequestered spot, seemed to be fitted up tastefully and comfortably. The drawing-room exhibited many patriotic prints, such as the “ Battle of Bunker’s Hill,” and the “ Surrender at Saratoga.”

I had pointed out to me the country General Burgoyne had passed through, and the *cul de sac* in which he was caught. The innkeeper at Troy had given me an anecdote characteristic of the fierce times in which the battle was fought, and how high savage animosities then were ; all of which are now happily smouldering away. He told me that General Fraser, who was second to General Burgoyne, shewed so much spirit, *dash*, and talent, that Benedict Arnold gave special orders to his rifle-

men to single him out and shoot him like a dog.

How different this from the noble conduct of one of our present entertainers! In the last American war, Sir John Harvey was opposed to Winfield Scott. Sir John's noble bearing and gallant disregard of danger attracted the notice of his adversary; and General Scott gave orders to his riflemen not to draw a trigger against so fine a fellow. Is not the contrast complete? but

“Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.”

Saratoga and its annals have always had charms for me. My first commanding officer, Colonel W. P. Smith, of the Royal Artillery, when I was very *verdant* indeed, and swallowed every thing, used to give me most marvellous stories of the scenes there enacted.

Our dinner consisted of two courses of fish and *three* of game, with abundance of

iced champagne ; General Macomb sitting as president, General Scott as vice.

After the wine had been a short time in circulation, General Macomb gave “ The Queen of England, and may she be the mother of a race of kings !” and added, with a good-humoured air, “ As she is queen of the waters, I propose, in compliment, to add a little water to my wine.” I need not say that this compliment was well received.

He next gave “ The Duke of Wellington and the British army ;” after which General Scott addressed the party as follows :—

“ There is one toast, gentlemen, which I claim as my own—a toast which I cannot allow any one’ to give but myself ; I allude to the distinguished officer who holds the government of New Brunswick. Our country found him a gallant foeman during the late war, and it was my good fortune to find him a warm and especial friend when that conflict had ceased.

“ In naming Sir John Harvey, I name an individual who not only well represents his country in its government, but also in its courtesies and polish ; and where will you meet a character more to be admired and respected than this noble specimen of the high-born English gentleman ? Yes, I pronounce him noble by Nature’s stamp, and I hope, ere long, to hear of his becoming so in another sense, by the letters patent of his royal mistress, as the just reward of his valuable military and civil services.

“ He has recently preserved the peace of two great nations : he has preserved, by his wise policy, those friendly relations which ought ever to exist between mother and daughter ; and in averting the evils of war between Great Britain and America, he has not only aided the best interests of humanity, but may be said to have preserved the peace of the whole world. I drink, gentlemen, most cordially to the health of Sir John Harvey, and I am satisfied that you

will respond to my toast in brimming glasses.”

Captain O—— being provided, as he always is, with pencil and paper, for the purpose of sketching, took down this speech in short-hand at the moment of its delivery, and subsequently submitted it to General Scott himself, who, far from being offended, smiled and said, “ I see, sir, that to your other accomplishments you add that of being an excellent and faithful reporter.”

I then rose, and in a few words returned thanks for the compliments paid to myself and the other British officers present in the several toasts that had been proposed, but more especially for that to Sir John Harvey; and said, that I should feel it my duty to convey to that distinguished officer the warm, friendly, and flattering sentiments which General Scott had expressed, and which could not fail to be productive of the highest gratification to him.

This delightful feast concluded,—which,

as far as the luxuries of the table were concerned, greatly excelled the *Rocher de Canale*, and which, as an intellectual treat, will never be erased from my recollection,—we had an admirable cigar and a cup of *first-rate* mocha; when an interesting conversation ensued about the different services of Europe: but this is a delicate subject, and I will only state that General Scott's pay as a major-general was 1500*l.* a-year; and if he went on half-pay, his wounds would entitle him, in addition, to a pension equal to that of a field-officer in our service, 300*l.* a-year.

He commands on the Canadian frontier, but that is nothing when compared with the vast extent of territory over which his *control* reaches. It ranges from the confines of Mexico to the end of the State of Maine!

I returned with General Scott, as did the two friends who had come with me, so that one party went with the Commander-in-chief, the other returned with him. There seemed

something attentive and well-bred in this arrangement which shewed an absence of all exclusive feeling.

On our road home the conversation turned upon the subject of peace or war, on which General Scott spoke in a noble and disinterested manner. He said he never could believe that any Englishmen would wish to see their country plunged in war for the chance of getting a riband or a star, nor would the greatest reward that his country could give induce him to desire it.

He then expatiated on the great loss that would be sustained by both countries ; that America took annually seventeen millions of our manufactures ; and that, although his country had the expectation this year of a most superabundant harvest, and many speculators expected England to have a bad one, yet still the idea that any advantage to America could result from a rupture with us was a mistaken one, for he considered the

interests of the two nations to be so blended, that on the prosperity of England depended that of the United States, arguing from the great effect a dearth would have on the currency question. This he did clearly and forcibly, but I have neither time nor political economy enough at my fingers' ends to do his argument justice.

He then spoke with great animation of the strong wish of the President, of the Congress, and of the country generally, to preserve peace with England; in illustration of which he described to me, but without any ostentation, the manner he was received on his return from adjusting the border differences with his "valued friend, Sir John Harvey." On reaching Washington, he said, the President requested him to fix a day to dine with him; this he respectfully declined, and Mr. Van Buren then named one, inviting all the cabinet ministers and foreign diplomatists to meet him, which was

specified in their cards of invitation. He was placed on the right hand of the President, who took wine with him first, and all the ambassadors in rotation asked him, as a tacit acknowledgment that their respective governments were desirous of peace, and that all approved of his efforts to maintain it.

This conversation originated in my having mentioned that Sir John Harvey had received the thanks of the Queen's government on the occasion. He smiled when I compared his own reception to a Roman ovation, and when I adverted to the compliment that had once been paid to *the* Duke when he entered the House of Commons.

He mentioned, as another conclusive proof of the good feeling of the country, that not much business was done in Congress on the day he reached Washington, and that most of the members came to him to greet him; and he ended by again emphatically repeating, " I only mention these circumstances to

Prove the sincere desire of my country for **P**ease."

We went home with him, and, after tea, **h**e got up a whist-party for us; and both **h**e and the good-humoured Commander-in-**c**hief, who has much wit and *naïveté* of **m**anner, permitted Captain O—— to take **t**heir likenesses; and a most agreeable **e**vening concluded a delightful and in-**t**eresting day.

General Scott entered with me very fully into the Boundary question and his views regarding it; and ended by saying, "his friend Harvey and he could settle it in half an hour over their first bottle of wine."

He also spoke of his treaties with the Indians. A detestation of chicanery, and a love of fair and open dealing, characterised all he said. I had long known that General Scott was looked up to as a first-rate soldier, highly talented, and one of the most conscientious, honourable, and upright men

that breathe. Personal observation has
vinced me that he well deserves his
reputation, and his kindness to me I
never forget.

Adieu

LETTER XV.

Mr. Davies and Anecdotes of former Days—Washington—His Habits of Business—Bet regarding a Note written by him—Lords formerly, and still, in high Consideration—Lord Napier and the old Lady—Elbow-room—Society at Saratoga.

Saratoga, Sept. 5, 1840.

“L’UNE des marques de la médiocrité de l’esprit est de toujours conter,” says La Bruyère; but I must beg leave to differ from him, for the assertion was fully contradicted in the person of Mr. Davies, who was one of our whist-party last evening, and who is a most agreeable man, and author of several popular works, but so desperately fond of story-telling, that start any subject you will, and he has a story ready to match it.

I did duty this morning as a listener,

whilst he and General Macomb kept up the ball in grand style. The latter commanded at Platzburg, of which he gave us one or two curious anecdotes; but those which Mr. Davies related of Washington were particularly interesting. Many of them shewed the minuteness and precision with which that pre-eminently great man did every thing: his habit of noting down the most trifling events, and keeping copies of every line he wrote; even recording the different items expended on the purchase of a bonnet for his wife, and making a copy of his letter to her on the occasion. Mr. Davies forcibly contrasted this triviality with the stern dignity with which he treated a corps of discontented officers, and the beautiful military letter he addressed to them when they threatened to resign because a junior had been placed over their heads by brevet, and a command given to him.

He gave us another anecdote strongly

illustrating this extreme exactness in Washington, and upon which a considerable bet had been made. A Mr. Belnass, son of the historian of New Hampshire, was shewing with exultation a kind note he had received, when a boy at school, from the great Washington. Belnass, the father, had died before the publication of his history, and his widow wrote to Washington, stating that the work had been completed before her husband's death, and that she purposed publishing it to the best of her ability, and requesting to know if he was still willing to take the number of copies for which he had originally subscribed. The reply was sent to her son. It was plain, simple, kind, and condoling, and of course expressing his intention to abide by his engagement; but, although now a valuable document, it was in itself a mere unimportant note. The person to whom it was shewn, knowing the extraordinary habits of this extraordinary man,

laid a wager that a copy of it would be found amongst Washington's papers.

Accordingly the party proceeded to Mr. Sparkes, to whom the government had confided the arrangement of them. When the story was told, Mr. Sparkes led them into apartments filled with papers of all kinds—cards of invitation, correspondence with statesmen and kings, washerwomen's bills, diplomatic documents, familiar notes, and legislative treaties. Mr. Sparkes looked at the note, acknowledged it to be the handwriting of Washington, and said, "Yes, there is a copy of it;" and, suiting the action to the word, immediately produced it; and, what was still more curious, there happened to be an erasure and correction in the original, and the same was exhibited in the copy.

Mr. Davies gave us many anecdotes of Washington at Westpoint, of Arnold and Andrews, of Burgoyne and Saratoga. The

last subject I threw a fly for, and raised, by telling a story I had heard from my early friend, Colonel W. P. Smith, shewing the wonder and respect the sight of a lord created in the olden time in America, and which, by the bye, from what I can perceive, is not very greatly abated. The aristocracy of wealth is as nothing in this country to that of birth ; and all and every one with whom I have conversed labour to trace their pedigree to the old country, and generally to the highest and most illustrious families amongst us. My story ran thus :—

After the surrender at Saratoga, when we were *en route* I think for Boston, Colonel Smith, who was always a gay, mirth-loving fellow, met an old lady at the country town where they halted, who told him that, hearing there was an English lord amongst them, she had left her home and travelled more than a hundred miles to get a sight of him.

The Colonel immediately seized her by the arm, and led her into a room, where young Lord Napier was — a delicate, raw, meagre-looking lad; and whilst the old woman stood on tiptoe, brimful of anxiety, he laid hold of this sickly young sprig of nobility, and lugged him forth. The old lady gazed on him for a long time with looks of surprise and disappointment, and exclaimed, clasping her hands together, “ Well, if this be an English lord, I hope I may never see a lord again, till I see the Lord Jehovah ! ”

My story touched the right chord; and Mr. Davies, from his abundant stores, proceeded to state that General Burgoyne used to explain to the country people, before he was captured, that he came to *befriend them*, and only wanted a little *elbow room*, which soon became a by-word, “ We’ll give him elbow room by and bye.”

After the capitulation, General Burgoyne was residing as a guest with Ranssalaer, whose son, then a little boy, very pretty and very clever, made a hit at our amiable General, which is still repeated. Burgoyne had taken a great fancy to this child, whose father shewed him much respect and hospitality, notwithstanding he had but a short time before burnt his house to the ground.

After dinner, one day, the boy was brought in, and placed on the table: he began skipping about amongst the glasses, and became very uproarious, when his father ordered him to be removed. Before he was taken off, however, he put his little arms out, as if clearing the way; and, looking archly at the captured General, exclaimed, "Make way there! General Burgoyne wants elbow room!" There was also another story about Burgoyne and Boston; but enough of this.

The *élite* at the baths left cards for us. I had a most agreeable chat with Mrs. Macomb, who knows every body and every thing. The General is kindness itself. We have had many military conversations together ; and he has presented me with his work, containing “Manceuvres for, and Instructions to, the Militia Force.”

Mr. Bedish and his amiable family I have already made mention of: he is President of the Council and of the Court of Errors, at present sitting at Saratoga ; has seen much of the world, and is a most polished and well-informed gentleman.

Within about two miles of this place are congregated about 4000 mountebank Methodists, commonly called Campers ; but, I have fed you, *ad nauseam*, with Shaker Quakers, I will not inflict this sauntering sect upon you. They have been often scribed.

We had in the saloon this evening some excellent music; among the rest, the performance of a young man on two different instruments of his own invention, was truly admirable. Their names have already escaped my memory; but the skill and enthusiasm of their inventor excited the admiration of every one.

It is Saturday night—sacred every where to wives and sweethearts, and doubly sacred when the Atlantic separates you from them.

Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

Mineral Waters — Delights of Saratoga — Revolutionary
Reminiscences — Presbyterians — Universalists —
General Macomb — Mr. Davies — Reception of
British Officers in America — Frequency of De-
sertion among the Soldiers — General Scott.

*United States Hotel, Saratoga,
Sunday, Sept. 6, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

I like variety so much, that this morning I sipped at ten different springs; and went to listen to the doctrines of two distinct persuasions: that done, I paid particular attention to the *batterie de cuisine*, so ably directed in this establishment by the celebrated French artist, Mons. Blanchard; and have concluded the day by taking a charming warm bath at the Putnam Spring.

The healing qualities of these waters, of

ich I believe there are nineteen or twenty
ieties in all, were first shewn by the
origines to their protector and friend, Sir

Johnson, who was carried there on a
er in 1767, and was restored to health.

that time, it is said, bears, wolves, and
use-deer abounded; and that beavers and
non-trout were to be found in plenty in
stream, which was then lined with In-
n huts. General Putnam was the first
t became a permanent settler at this
ce.

You may like to know what the water is
iposed of. I copied the following from a
rd stuck up at the Congress Spring :—

Muriate of Soda.....	103	grains.
Carbonate of Lime...	$27\frac{1}{2}$	—
Magnesia	17	—
Muriate of Lime	$3\frac{1}{4}$	—
Magnesia	$4\frac{3}{4}$	—
Oxide of Iron	$\frac{1}{2}$	—
Carbonic Acid Gas ..	66	cubic in.
Azotic Gas	2	—

This I believe is the analysis of one quart of water : and to the good that all this will do you are added a fine air, bubbling waters, a healthful situation, agreeable company, good dinners, nice drives, constant concerts and balls, with splendid fishing and admirable shooting in the immediate vicinity.

Besides, the whole *élite* of the Union is here assembled in the season,—men the most distinguished, and women the most beautiful ; and you can make most interesting excursions in all directions — to Saratoga Lake, to Lake George, to Fish Creek, Schuylerville, Still Water, and Bemus Heights ; where it may be said the fate of America was settled, when Burgoyne, after carrying the strong works at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, advanced down the valley of the Hudson, driving all before him, to Still Water, where the sanguinary action of the 19th September, 1777,

was fought, which destroyed the charm of invincibility, and finally led to the discomfiture at Freeman's Farm, on the 7th of October, where the gallant Fraser fell, and where the Baroness Reidesdel displayed such devotion and tenderness.

The moral effect of these two triumphs no doubt gave an animation to the cause that thrilled through the Union, and ultimately led to the independence of this great country, whose influence on the whole world has yet to be felt in its full extent.

After breakfast, to make up for my late rather miscellaneous devotions, I went, as in duty bound, to the Episcopal Church. It was shut, so I followed the crowd to the Presbyterian one, where I heard an admirable sermon preached on the Resurrection. The pews were crowded to excess, as the good folks of America, like myself, did not choose to be balked. I observed the Commander-in-chief and his lady, and all the

fashionables I knew. In the evening, I entered another meeting-house, which I found to be an assemblage of Universalists. Their creed, that all will be saved, would be a very agreeable one, could you be sure it was correct. At all events, their minister, Mr. Hathaway delivered himself well; and, indeed, both the clergymen whom I have heard to-day, seem devout and earnest in their calling, and expressed themselves with clearness and in simple and affecting language.

In the evening, Mrs. Macomb amused me with her travels in France and Scotland: her remarks on the latter were rather pungent, and not altogether flattering. The General made me acquainted with the construction of their army and their internal military economy, and gave me a letter to the director of their great military establishment at West Point; and we have made an arrangement to meet again at Buffalo. With

General Scott I have also an appointment at New York.

Mr. Davies was again the life of the party ; and entertained us with innumerable anecdotes of Daniel Webster, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Pattison, and Jerome Buonaparte ; but I dare not attempt to give them to you.

As we intend progressing early to-morrow, we have taken leave of our numerous friends ; and I shall quit these agreeable baths with great regret.

British officers seem to have made a most favourable impression on these amiable and kind-hearted people ; and the ladies talked with enthusiasm of a Major ——, who had brought over a part of his regimental band during the summer, to enliven them. Rather a dangerous experiment, methinks ! for we know but too well, that the British soldier, the moment he treads American ground, can throw off his allegiance to his

Queen and country. Now I am inclined to think that this American illustration of Curran's famous rhapsody, about the fetters of the slave bursting asunder the instant that he sets his foot on British ground, would not be particularly acceptable at the Horse Guards.

On this very subject I had a long correspondence with the American authorities, when I commanded on the disputed frontier, which I submitted to Sir John Harvey, and in which my object was to put an end, if possible — as I think it is — to the degrading system of desertion from both services.

General Scott spoke nobly and feelingly when I adverted to the difficulty of the position of the British commanding officer, had any of these musicians been bribed not to return. “It was impossible!” he said; “American honour was pledged; there was not a man in the country who would have

harboured them ; not a man but would have assisted in delivering them up !”

Another characteristic, and I have done. I have told you that here, as at all *Tables d'hôte*, the custom is to take a certain place and keep it : mine was next to the agreeable family of the lieutenant-governor, and I considered it secure. However, on one occasion, one of the ladies was handed in by a gentleman, and took her seat next me. The gentleman immediately said, “ You have got my place, sir ; for I have only been accidentally absent for a day :” on which, conceiving he was some near relation, as the fair American had tripped in arm-in-arm with him, I instantly gave way ; for doing which I got tremendously scolded by both the ladies, who expressed their astonishment that a British soldier would give up his post so easily ; and my rival, Mr. S——, was called over the coals also for displacing a stranger. I pleaded ignorance of the cus-

tom ; and he politely and good-humouredly gave up the enviable post to me during the rest of my stay.

He was a clever, agreeable, and gentlemanlike person ; an ex-member of Congress ; and one of the Executive Council of the State of York. He has given me a letter to the Director of the State Prison at Auburn, which will, I have no doubt, facilitate my investigations in that pattern of all gaols.

Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

Railroad from Saratoga to Utica—Ballston Springs—
 Scenectedy—Railroad Refreshment Rooms—Ra-
 pidity of Movement—Amsterdam—Port Jackson
 —Johnston Ville—Sir William Johnston and the
 Indian Chief—Dreams—The Little Falls—West
 Canada Creek—Mohawk River—Militia Drilling
 —Military Freaks—UTICA—A Man's Dinner hangs
 upon a Minute—Commerce of Utica—More
 Militia men—White Negroes—Johnston's Long-
 boat—Birds—Louis XVI.—Drive to Trenton—
 View of the Falls by Moonlight.

Trenton Falls, Sept. 7, 1840.

“There was mounting 'mongst Groemes of the
 Netherby clan!
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode
 and they ran!”

SUCH beating of drums, such mustering of
 troops, such saddling of White Surreys, and
 such a hurry-scurry I never before wit-
 nessed! This has been one of the *three*

days on which the militia muster for drill. But avast ! I must first get you under way from “Saratoga Shaw, man.”

We hurried to the breakfast-table — Captain O ——— of course the last, being probably detained by taking a parting sketch of some of the beauties, animate and inanimate, of the place ; and then we hurried to the cars, taking our seats therein at half past seven A.M. ; and before we had time to look about us, we were at Ballston Springs. Here the bustle and confusion of changing cars and looking after baggage commenced ; and, from the bungling manner in which it was performed, was perfectly confounding, and I very nearly lost my servant and my luggage also. This operation over, we were pushed on to Scenectedy, and, before we arrived at it, we fell in with the Mohawk river at a point where two bridges are thrown across it ; and we continued close to this river until we got to Utica.

Scenectedy is a very old town, and has a

splendid seminary lately finished, called Union College ; it is presided over by Dr. Nott, the great improver upon steam. This ancient city was first founded by the Dutch, and formed a frontier fortress. About the middle of the seventeenth century it was attacked by a party of French and Indians from Canada, when the greater part of it was burned, and many of its inhabitants murdered.

It is now large and thriving, and likely to continue so, having the treble advantage of the Erie Canal, the railroad, and the Mohawk river, all passing through it. The first-named splendid work, which they are going to double and to deepen, runs in a parallel direction with the Mohawk and the railroad, through the whole of this rich vale, a distance of eighty miles, to Utica. The Dutch settlers from hence commenced the progress of civilisation along the entire extent of the fertile valley of the Mohawk,

once the seat of war, and the bloody scene of many a murderous and scalping feud; the Mohawks having been the most warlike and fierce of all the Indian tribes.

The streets and markets of Scenectedy at one end of this beautiful valley, and of Utica at the other, shew its productiveness; and the periodical rise of the Mohawk, which meanders through it, gives these favoured cities most plentiful crops: peaches, pumpkins, melons, grapes, apples, pears, tomatoes, and Indian corn, all are in abundance.

The refreshment rooms at the different stations along the whole line of the railroad afford an animated spectacle; where, during the short period the cars halt, you observe two or three hundred people lining the tables, the national rapidity of mastication being here fourfold. All of a sudden they are seen flying, helter-skelter, at the tingling of a bell. "All aboard" is then bellowed along the line, and off she goes!

When any thing is observed by the conductor which is likely to impede the progress of the engine, such as sheep, cows, &c. the most frightful sounds are sent forth, which I can compare to nothing earthly but the war-cry of the Indians ; and when I first heard it, I expected nothing short of being scalped *instantly*.

We met with a most instructive and agreeable traveller on his way to Ohio, who had long sojourned in the valley, and gave me much useful local information as we passed along. Nothing can be more beautiful and varied than the bold mountain scenery through which we passed ; at one moment the road being shut in by perpendicular rocks, which suddenly expand into undulating hills and rich pastures. The abrupt and projecting precipices are mostly of limestone ; and at several quarries numerous gangs of men were obtaining stone to complete the improvements of the Erie Canal.

We stopped a short time at Amsterdam ; opposite which is the pretty village of Port Jackson, the two being joined together by a covered bridge, of which there are many on this line. Near it you can distinctly trace the debris of an old fort which belonged to the Mohawk Indians ; and you can also see a chapel, said to have been built by order of Queen Anne about the beginning of the last century, for the advantage of this warlike nation. It still bears her name.

At Schoharie Creek there is a new aqueduct forming to carry passage-boats across its rapid stream. Creek in this country means a river or outlet, not, as in ours, an inlet or nook. Soon after leaving this point we came to Trips, or, as it is now termed, Tribes Hill ; which betokens the Dutch to be a *straight-forward people* indeed, for they have carried the road right over the mountain ; whereas, by winding round it, or

coasting along its side, they would have made the passage commodious.

We soon approached a fine building named Fundy's Court House, which we had seen from a great distance ; there we stopped to water, and found another eating bazaar. The Indian name of this sweet spot was Caughnawaga — what Goths they were to change it ! as they have many others. To be sure, Scenectedy and Albany had two jaw-breaking names ; the first Con-nugh-harie-gugh-harie, meaning a great multitude called together ; the second, Schaghnach-taka-da, or beyond the Pine plains.

We likewise stopped at Johnston Ville, and had a view of a mountain, which they said resembled St. Anthony's nose. I suppose I am no judge of noses, for the resemblance did not strike me. The Johnston family had great possessions in this neighbourhood, which they lost at the commencement of the revolutionary war. Preferring

their loyalty to their interest, as all good men ought, they abandoned their homes and became devoted Royalists, fighting, as the Highland laddie, young Donald of Dundee, did, for “ King George upon his throne.”

The house that Colonel Guy Johnston built was pointed out to me ; and one of our fellow-passengers gave us an anecdote illustrative of the tact with which another brother, Sir William Johnston, had met the cunning of the Indians, and greatly increased the possessions of his family in this region.

An Indian chief early one morning came to him, and told him that he had dreamed, —and dreams were then, and still are, laws with the Indians,—that he had given him a fine laced red cloth cloak, which Sir William wore. The cloak was immediately given. A day or two afterwards, however, the baronet was seized with a dreaming fit : he dreamt that the Mohawk chief had pre-

sented him with a large tract of rich land ; and this the Indian gave up with equal cheerfulness ! The aforesaid Sir William rose to considerable eminence as a general, and had great power over the Indians. In 1759 he took Fort Niagara ; and in 1769 joined General Amherst at Oswego, and assisted at the capture of Montreal.

We were now hurled onwards toward the Little Falls, a sweet, romantic, and interesting spot : but before entering the village we crossed the West Canada Creek river, which here flows at a reasonable and respectful pace, very unlike the angry, rushing, tearing, boiling, jumping chap whom I soon afterwards became acquainted with at Trenton Falls ; where he is all impatience to reach his friend the Mohawk.

But to proceed. West Falls is truly picturesque ; and here the Mohawk is seen forcing itself through rocks, as if it participated in the feelings of the West Canada

to unite themselves in one; for before the beautiful burst it here makes, it had been winding its way in the most calm and sluggish manner. Their union is made at a spot adapted from its rich yet retired beauty for love and lovers. It strongly reminded me of Killen near Loch Tay, and brought the dear friends of my youth to my remembrance, with whom I had trudged through the Highlands.

Here you can enjoy trout-fishing and jewel-hunting; for the rivers are well stocked, and abundance of beautiful rock crystals are to be picked up, which would outrival our Cairngorums. Plaster of Paris (gypsum) is also found here in abundance.

The whole of this day we have been passing through bands of warriors, and such drilling, such manœuvring, I have seldom before witnessed! Here you see the drill-serjeant, in his smock-frock, with a large cudgel in his hand, d—ing, swearing, fugeling,

throwing himself into the most grotesque attitudes, and working himself up to a perfect military frenzy, whilst his pupils seem to take it very coolly.

The dresses of some of these militia heroes were most comical. On their plain coats they had sewn two large lumps of white worsted, to represent epaulettes. Some had caps ; but others round hats, in which they stuck most tremendously long white feathers. This playing at soldiers, as some of our facetious fellow-passengers styled it, procured us many amusing Yankee yarns. One fellow told us of a militia corps, formed by a Colonel Pluck, where the men had swords ten feet long, and a trumpet twelve. This troop was formed some years ago at West-point as a satire on the system.

Another passenger said he had lately seen, at that establishment, a cannon cast, weighing ten tons, which would carry a ball of 120 lbs. ten miles ; and that this was the

freak of an individual whom he described as having more money than brains.

We soon found ourselves in the fine city of Utica, and at Baggs' Hotel, where we met with a most kind reception. This house is magnificently fitted up, and admirably regulated, and leaves nothing to complain of but the abominable *fastness of their feasts*. Really, if I had not been initiated into the national habit, I should have imagined, in these hot, electioneering, Harrisonian, Van Burenite times, that a great political wager was about to be decided, and that the parties pitted against each other had determined to settle the Presidential contest by eating instead of voting.

Both sides of an immensely long table were crowded with people, stuffing themselves as if for life or death. I never before beheld such a gormandizing struggle! I at length got a place, and sat down in the midst of them, to view their operations and

eat my dinner ; but, before I had finished my soup, the whole party, as if by magic, had vanished, and, alas ! the viands with them ! I thus fell á victim to my desire, on coming out of the smoke and dust of a locomotive, to purify myself and sit down to my meal with clean hands. I had been warned of my danger by the pealing of a huge bell, which, in this house, is the signal for action, when all hurry to their gastronomic games. A gong generally gathers the combatants together ; and if it happens to be a cracked one, the sound of it is enough to frighten away the strongest appetite.

We walked through Utica, a city which has sprung up within a few years. Its situation is beautiful, being surrounded by an amphitheatre of undulating and fruitful hills. The streets are broad and regular ; and the Mohawk River and Erie Canal pass through the town. In our stroll we saw

hundreds of canal-boats, part laden with the produce of the interior, ready to start eastward ; whilst others, full of foreign merchandise, were bound towards the west. The population is about 14,000 : there are four academies, and numberless schools and churches.

In Chancellor Square, a very fine one, we saw more military manœuvrings ; and certainly more awkward gentry I never beheld ; but what can you expect, when only three days in each year are set apart for instruction ? The chaps, notwithstanding the blustering of their military Mentor, were all whiffing cigars and amusing themselves. I admit that some of the uniform companies are in a much better state of discipline. Their dragoons reminded me of the times of Oliver Cromwell ; for these cavaliers have red jackets, or jerkins, cut in the oldest fashion, with yellow doublets, and yellow breeches, and immensely long re

feathers, stuck on most uncooth-looking caps. We had "Patrick's Day" and "Yankee-Doodle" from every band we fell in with ; and where there was no band, an outrageous thumping of drums supplied the deficiency.

We visited the Museum, to look at two white negroes born of jet black parents. They certainly had the woolly hair and flat noses common to the African race, yet still were perfectly white ; but I was more taken with the long-boat of the celebrated Bill Johnston, who was so troublesome a customer among the hundred islands in the years 1837 and 1838. It is a splendid ten-oared gig,—for so it might be called from its length and narrowness. The collection of the birds, shot in the immediate neighbourhood, is very interesting, and from their plumage they would all appear to belong to the species met with in tropical climates.

I was surprised at finding in this republican museum a representation of the "Martyrdom of Louis XVI." I thought it in bad taste; for surely the most zealous republican must regret that his favourite form of government should have been precluded by so revolting a tragedy. My humble opinion is, that the day is not distant when the monarchical principle will be re-established and triumphant through this great continent. Every thing, as it appears to me, tends to this, as well as to the termination of the federal government.

Our landlord having procured us a carriage, we left our luggage with him and drove across the Delafield Hills by the road that leads to Sackett's Harbour on Lake Ontario. Turning off from this, we passed through the village of Trenton, and were put down at the Rural Retreat at Trenton Falls, the thunder of which I could hear distinctly as I smoked a cigar and

sucked a mint julep to refresh myself; whilst my more sober friends regaled themselves with tea.

It has been a most lovely evening, with the moon shining brightly; and I could not remain quiet, although a cripple from the stumbling of my horse on Mount Ida, and with my arm still in a sling from a serious injury received nearly two months ago. Still nothing daunted, I got a guide and a lantern, and poking my way through a dense forest, and down a most frightfully precipitous descent, then, crossing over the river on a fragile bridge, I found myself at length opposite the Great Falls of this mischievous little river; which furiously forces itself through rocks and chasms three hundred feet perpendicular. The deepness of the dell, the waving of the surrounding foliage, the noise of the cascades, and the brightness of the moon, rendered the scene

fairy-like and bewitching ; and never in my life have I felt my mind more deeply impressed, than by the imperfect glimpse of the Falls which I have just enjoyed.

As I scrambled up the path, I listened with considerable interest to my conductor's account of the number of people who had lost their footing and their lives in broad daylight on this spot, upon all which the old fellow expatiated for the evident purpose of frightening me out of my wits. I got back, however, safe and sound ; and failed not to exult over my more prudent companions.

During the whole of our drive to this place we met troopers and mounted militia men returning to their quiet homes after the military bustle of the day ; some holloaing to us, " Who are you for ? " others exclaiming, " Harrison for ever ! " and at the houses at which we stopped to bait our horses, we

found that music, mirth, and capering, were
the order of the day ; according to the old
song,

“ Now with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent ; ”

but no drunkards were to be seen.

With this valuable information regard-
ing transatlantic sobriety, I will conclude
this immoderately long letter.

Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

TRENTON FALLS. Fanny Elssler — Beauties of the Scenery — Dark - coloured Gentleman from Calcutta — His Theory of the World in General, and of Trenton Falls in Particular — How much may be effected by a single Pebble — Fatal Accidents — Miss Sondan — Miss Thorn — Treacherous Clearness of the Water — Fate of Dr. Bell — Advice to the Ladies — Certainty that it will not be attended to — Boon's Bridge.

Trenton Falls, Sept. 8th, 1840.

“ I love the river's rapid flow,
 I love the gales that o'er it blow,
 I love its margin fringed with green,
 Its waters' rushing, glancing sheen ! ”

YES, my dear S——, I love all this as vividly as I did when a holyday school-boy among our own dear hills ; and early this morning I descended a rude flight of steps, cut out of the perpendicular rock, and found

myself on the margin of this enchanting little river, which throws itself into a thousand playful attitudes, more graceful and seductive than Fanny Elssler herself; who, by the bye, is absolutely worshipped in this country; all the people, in spite of their love of freedom, being proud to become her slaves,—nay, yoking themselves to the triumphal car of the fair Fanny, to do her homage; thus converting themselves into horses and other quadrupeds.

I have seen both the Elsslers; and I'll swear that it is not the power of beauty, although it may be that of imagination, which has enthralled and so servilely fascinated the susceptible youth of this northern hemisphere. All, however, that I venture to say on the occasion is, that if it be the poetry of motion that is the all-subduing cause, why then the West Canada Creek *has it hollow!*

In my descent to the river, I passed nu-

merous boys with hammers, chipping dark limestone rocks in search of marine shells and other fossil remains of antediluvian animals. I purchased some trilobites of these young quarry-men, as well as specimens of quartz.

Now that I had daylight to assist me, I found the descent, comparatively speaking, quite easy; and when you have any very difficult ledge to pass, there are chains riveted in the rocks for the purpose of supporting you.

The high, bold, and rocky precipices on each side are decked with variegated plants and rich foliage; amongst which I espied the modest heather bell of bonnie Scotland, blooming below the drooping branches of the graceful white cedar. The dense shade bade defiance to old Sol, scorching as were his rays every where else; and I spent the whole morning most agreeably in this lonely but delicious dell.

When you get up as high as the bridge, and pass it to have a better view of the great cataract, you can, by ascending a flight of stairs, arrive at a house where they vend the curiosities of the place, and where the view is sublime ; opposite to this on the other bank, there is another building called the “ Rural Retreat,” which is placed so as almost to touch the top of this Fall.

There are trout in abundance, for no net can disturb them ; and a good angler with a tempting “ Martin Kelly ” might do wonders.

In some parts the river is so confined in its course, that one could easily leap across it ; at others it becomes bold and broad. Of all the places I ever saw in my somewhat extensive wanderings, this is the one to which fond lovers should repair ; and it is, I believe, the great resort of all Cupid-stricken and honey-moon travellers. Even I, a grey-headed, solitary wanderer, was

resolved to be as romantic as I could ; and put my neck in some jeopardy to scratch upon an almost inaccessible pinnacle two beloved names ; and I am not ashamed to tell you they were those of my wife and daughter.

Let me assure you, for the benefit of all the timid dames and nervous young ladies of your acquaintance who may be desirous of visiting this sublime region, that notwithstanding all the stories which are told of the dangers to be encountered I this morning met a young lady perambulating some of the most dangerous passes, who was exceedingly lame, and on crutches : and whom should I soon after fall in with, perched on a pinnacle and holding on by a tall cedar which crowned its summit, but my Bostonian breakfast friend the dark-coloured gentleman from Calcutta ! There he was peeping very composedly into the roaring cataract below.

As I had been more than three hours

alone and had nearly expended all my stock of admiration and romance, I was well pleased to meet with an acquaintance; and I could not have encountered a more instructive one. He had visited the place before, and took me up towards the “Rock’s Heart” and “Jacob’s Well.” He was a geologist, and talked learnedly of univalves, bivalves, terebratulæ — of the formation of the world — of the Mosaic account of the creation *generally*, — and the manner in which this wonderful chasm must have been formed, in *particular*.

His theory is, that a pebble was first deposited in a chink of some stratum; which, being moved about by the water, widened its berth: then other pebbles came to its assistance, and so on they went scraping and washing about, until this *pretty considerable tarnation* chasm, two hundred and fifty feet deep, was the result. My learned friend, however, was somewhat shy of explaining how

the first pebble was brought into the field of action. Skipping over this little difficulty, he went on to calculate, that supposing an inch to have been annually gained by the rushing waters, it would take between five or six thousand years to produce the present effect ; and this, he said, corresponded accurately enough with the Mosaic history. All this proved to me that my dark-coloured companion was not a Hindoo, as I at first conjectured. He also informed me that he believed this was the only place, either in Europe or America, where the trilobite had been obtained entire.

He then shewed me the place where Miss Sondan of New York, had slipped off in 1827. It appears a gentleman had left her on a rock about four feet square, for the purpose of looking after others of the party ; and on his return the poor girl was missing : and he proceeded onwards with his companions, presuming she had gone

forward to join the rest of the party who were in advance. Soon after this he accidentally turned round, and the first thing that caught his eye was her bonnet floating in an opposite eddy. It is imagined either that she had become giddy, or that, in admiration of the awful scene around her, she had stepped back forgetting the narrow space on which she stood, and that one single step had precipitated her into the impetuous torrent: 'alas! she was never seen or heard of more.

Another fatal catastrophe was that of a Miss Thorn, which occurred about four years ago. At the fourth fall a man servant was helping her up a steep stair, at a point where you are forced to assist yourself by a chain; when, melancholy to relate, both slipped into the foaming stream. Miss Thorn was instantly swept to the opposite bank, and sank never to rise. The servant, as he was hurried down, was caught by a gentleman and saved.

The rapidity with which this treacherous but beautifully transparent stream runs is wonderful. You are almost tempted at this hot season to cool your feet by stepping into it where it passes over large slabs of table rock with scarcely half a foot of water on them. A Doctor Bell, fool-hardily, lost his life in this very way; for he instantly, on entering the water, had his legs swept from under him, and was dashed down the first fall and destroyed!

Having recounted these appalling disasters, I may as well add that I am convinced there is no danger if but common prudence be practised, and if there have been no recent freshets; yet still I would say that female visitors would do well to be content with *a bird's-eye view* of these wonders.

Let them, on leaving the inn, request to be conducted to the "Rural Retreat;" they will have a most agreeable walk to it through a fine shady wood, and they can seat them-

selves in front of the building, with the Great Fall at their feet, pouring out its incense of variegated spray, which it sends up to them in reflected colours. Then let them turn their eyes up the stream, and they will behold the whole body of the river rushing, at one plunge, over another very pretty fall. This, I say, *should* content the ladies, but I well know it will *not*, as in all my sight-seeing excursions I have always found the fair sex more daring and more pertinaciously determined to see every thing than the men. We do not give them half credit enough for this energy of character, and sometimes most unjustifiably denominate it *insatiable curiosity*.

On my return, I sat down to an admirable dinner, consisting of trout, lamb, and mountain mutton, with iced champagne from the house of Manqueton and Co. at Rheims. I sat next a modest and fair American, who was certainly one of the honey-moonians, for

I had met her with her “*caro sposo*” in the most impervious part of the forest. She gave me a most interesting and *naïve* account of the impression that Niagara, from whence she had just arrived, had produced upon her.

After dinner I returned to the Falls, and again reviewed those points which I had most admired in my morning’s excursion; and I followed Captain O—— by a very perilous path, which he said led to the bridge, but which soon brought us to the brink of a yawning gulf. I began to ruminate and the captain to sketch, until the approach of twilight warned us to be off.

Major B—— and Captain O—— went in the morning to Boon’s Bridge, and gave me a very interesting account of the dangerous path over which they had passed, and which none but themselves have attempted this year. They were told that it is five years since any lady has attempted it.

Captain O—— is a most excellent swimmer ; the evening was sultry, and as we walked along the side of this most deceptive river, Major B—— and myself had the greatest difficulty to dissuade him from entering its rushing and destructive stream.

A day spent at Trenton Falls is one which can never be effaced from the memory.

Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Trenton Falls Hotel—Geological Specimens—Log-Huts and hard Cider will carry the day—Tree of Liberty—Journey to Auburn—Erie Canal and Mohawk River—Indian Women—Salt Works at Salina—AUBURN—Bundling narrowly escaped.

Auburn, Sept. 9, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

Never in my life did I quit any place with more regret than Trenton Falls this morning. It is one of those spots which a man falls in love with, and fancies he would be delighted to pass all the remainder of his days there. The situation of the hotel is singularly beautiful: it has a dense wood in its rear, which comes up close to it, and which no sun can penetrate; you have the noise of the rushing waters in the distance

othe you ; the gardens and shrubberies delightful ; and the tree-covered hills h surround you are now beginning to on their autumn tints ; whilst the varied contour of the more distant moun- completes the grandeur and beauty of scene.

efore breakfast I walked to the mill-dam the pretty little fall formed by it, and hed for some time a sad bungler in the me art of Izaak Walton. I regretted at noment that I had not brought my rod tackle, that I might have given him a n ; but one can't do every thing ; nei- did I intend my tour to be a sporting had such been my intention, I might been present yesterday at the Delafield s, which took place about five miles from ton ; but the mountain-road to it was rable, and we all agreed that the wild ls and sequestered dells of Trenton were h a hundred race-courses.

The very civil and intelligent landlord at the Falls has a most choice collection of the minerals and petrifications which are found in abundance in the neighbourhood. The specimen which he chiefly values is a trilobite of the largest class, and in a most perfect state, and for which he had been offered 150 dollars; but for the honour of his house he has refused to part with it until he could obtain another equally large and perfect. It resembles a land tortoise or sea crab, and was found in blasting the rock to widen the path by the side of the river.

Tearing ourselves away from Trenton, we were jolted over a rough road back to Utica, where the worthy hotel keeper, Mr. Baggs, and his family, shook hands with us "*up to the elbows,*" with all the cordiality of old friends. This is the fashion in America, and I like it well, when it is followed up, as it generally is, with real attention and kindness.

I believe I have already told you that, from all I see and hear, it is probable that "*log-huts and hard cider*" will carry the day. On our way to Trenton yesterday we were frequently hailed by the jovial militiamen returning "tired with war's alarms," and the cry of one and all was, "Well, gentlemen, who are you for?" "Log-hutites for ever!" There has been a gathering again to-day throughout the country, and I understand that nineteen troops of the red jackets, jack-boots, yellow breeches, long plumes, and white worsted epaulets, will muster at Brookfield to-morrow for a grand review before a General White.

We find the tree of liberty every where planted. The symbol is a cap or wooden globe at the top of a long pole.

Mr. Baggs, the most civil of landlords, and whose claret and champagne are as excellent in quality as they are moderate in cost, informs me that the shooting in this

neighbourhood is good, provided the sportsman will be satisfied with killing partridges, snipe, woodcocks, and squirrels.

At a quarter to four we mustered, "bag and baggage," at the railroad station, and took our places. The Erie Canal and the Mohawk River were still our companions; and, after passing an old fort, we came near the village of Whitestown; from whence I had pointed out to me the Oneida Manual Labour Institute, to which students come from all parts to study agriculture, &c., on a farm of about 115 acres, on the bank of the Sanquoit Creek River. This useful establishment has its chapel, lecture-rooms, library, and reading-rooms.

We again crossed the Mohawk, and saw Rome on our right, where we stopped to put down some fair Romans. Fort Stanwix still stands in its centre, although it is in ruins; the cost of its construction was, I believe, enormous. General Burgoyne sent a force

English and Indians to attack it in 1777 ; and here the brave General Herkimer was mortally wounded. A monument was voted him by Congress, but it has never been erected.

Soon after we left Rome, we crossed the Erie Canal, and, taking leave of our old travelling acquaintance, the Mohawk, arrived at the ancient city of Verona, or rather an insignificant village of that name, with a glass manufactory in it, where, they tell me, so much glass is blown as sometimes to clear for its proprietor 20,000 dollars a-year. Within half a mile of this place are the Oneida sulphur springs, a fashionable resort in summer.

Three miles farther on we fell in with the Oneida Creek, a great feeder of the Erie Canal ; where we stopped for a few minutes, and got out and purchased some curiosities from several smartly dressed and very pretty Indian women. I observed one of this tribe

who had a child in her arms with a crib or shield of wicker-work all round it. There is here a long aqueduct, with a great embankment at each end, to carry you across Oneida Creek valley. Our next halt was at Canastota village—I love the Indian names—and soon after we arrived at Syracuse.

I could trace no resemblance to my Sicilian friend of that name—no fountain of Arethusa—no house that boasted the birth of an Archimedes; although, I admit, few nations bid fairer to produce his equal than this “tarnation clever, whole-hog, go-a-head one!” Nor could I expect to find, in this land of liberty, a Dionysius’ ear to be hoisted into. But I beheld what was much better,—the nucleus of a great city, with a splendid site, and stone enough, hewn and collected, to build a second Babylon or Palmyra!

We here had the annoyance of again changing cars, and I took a place in the

ear carriage with the conductor, who gave me much local information. He pointed out the great salt works at Salina: they are close to Syracuse, and the quantity made in 1835 was 2,222,690 bushels! The immense volume of salt water is thrown up like a volcanic irruption on the immediate border of the beautiful fresh-water lake of Oran-laga. It is much stronger than sea water, and, upon an average, a bushel of pure salt is obtained from fifty-five gallons.

Whilst I was receiving this and other information, the railroad, or I should rather say we upon it, passed over the Camilus Creek, another feeder of the Erie Canal, which here takes a more northerly direction; and my conductor went on to tell me that the land in the neighbourhood of the lake was exceedingly rich, and had for that reason been formerly selected by the Indian tribes as their great place of settlement and rendezvous; and here the six confederated

nations used to assemble—the Mohawks, Senecas, Oneidas, Onandagas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras. The works on the railroad in this neighbourhood are magnificent: a mountain has been actually cut down to form it, and it is then carried over a deep ravine by an embankment of great length and at least seventy feet high. The cost and labour must have been immense.

The journey seemed very short, and we soon found ourselves in this large and flourishing town—I beg its pardon, this large and flourishing *city*—of Auburn. When we entered the hotel, which appeared very crowded, we were for the first time requested to “*bundle*,” that is, the four of us—all males, however,—would be contented with one sleeping room, in which I presume there would have been four separate beds. In former times the system of bundling extended to huddling men and women together into the same room, with very slight attention

as to the exact number of beds. This, I believe, is no longer the case.

Upon my stepping forward and saying that we were British officers, and unaccustomed to such habits, the landlord, who seemed a fine old chap, was all politeness; he has not only shewn us into separate rooms, but has given us an admirable supper; and we all by one accord pronounce the American hotel at Auburn to be one of the best of the many excellent ones we have met with in this agreeable and most wonderful country; with which the more I see of it, the more I am pleased and astonished. Do not trust to my praise, but come and judge for yourself.

Believe me ever, &c.

LETTER XX.

State Prison at Auburn—Journey to Cannandaigua——
 Cayuga Village and Lake—Waterloo—Geneva——
 Religious Sects—High-sounding Names—CANNAN-
 DAIGUA—Letters of Introduction.

Cannandaigua,
September 10, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

The business of to-day began by our visiting the vast and interesting establishment of Auburn state prison. The first thing that struck us—probably because we were military men—was the admirable mode adopted to shew where the different guards, sentries, and keepers, were posted. The same plan, I think, might be most advantageously adopted in any large garrison, in time of war,—such as Malta, Quebec, or, our old friend, Gibraltar; or even by

an army in the field, provided it was for a time stationary. The board, upon which an entire plan of the buildings is detailed, is hung up at the entrance of the prison, and the positions of the different guardians and officers were shewn by moveable pegs placed on it, which are of different colours and numbered.

The walls that form the enclosure are thirty-five feet high and four feet thick, and are about two thousand feet in extent : the inner yard is well supplied with water, as the Oswasco Creek flows close to the prison walls, and forms a wet ditch around them. An extensive range of large workshops, well lighted from the sides and roof, is carried all round the interior of the inner yard.

We walked through the various cells, which were clean and wholesome. Mr. Cooke, the director, who was most politely attentive to us, stated that the number of prisoners at present was 663 — a greater

number than my entire regiment; and I only wish I could employ my gallant fellows at their leisure hours as usefully as these were. When we mounted to view the hospital, which was perfection as to cleanliness and comfort, we found that there were only six slight cases in it; whereas I average always thirty in a similar climate; so much for the advantages of industry, regularity, and sobriety.

I have always advocated the German military system; with them the men of each regiment make their own clothing and accoutrements. The saving of expense is immense; but the advantages in discipline and morals are still more important.

One of the attendants, a queer-looking fellow on stumps, attracted our notice. The gentleman who has the medical charge of the prison, informed us that, having committed arson, this man secreted himself in the woods; and, when taken, was so frost-

sitten, that both legs were obliged to be amputated.

In the workshops occupied by the shoemakers, we were shewn a lad, of about eventeen years of age, who had killed his father. This parricide's sentence had been commuted by a humane government from death to perpetual imprisonment. The young man had not a bad expression of countenance; but his forehead was very narrow, low, and ill-formed.

Every trade is here carried on — cabinet-making, shoemaking, tailoring, weaving in all its branches, and some most beautiful specimens of carpeting were shewn to us; saddle and harness-making, with all kinds of blacksmith's and tinman's work — nay, we even saw a locomotive engine nearly complete. All kinds of tools are also made here; and stone-cutters and sculptors were at work.

The discipline of the prison must be ex-

cellent ; for although hundreds of felons are armed with deadly weapons, for most of their tools are such, still no danger is apprehended. One keeper, with no weapon but a bit of cane, keeps in subjection one hundred great, stout, ferocious-looking criminals ! And although all sit or stand close together, while at their various occupations, no man is ever permitted to hold communion with another, neither at work, nor at meals : at the latter they touch each other ; and the tailors and shoemakers, whilst at work, do the same ; yet they neither know the crime, the name, nor anything connected with their fellow-culprit. This enforced silence is the severest part of the punishment. The plan does not extend to the ladies ; with them, I suppose, taciturnity and death would be the same thing.

The prisoners work from five in the morning till six in the evening, with half

an hour for breakfast, and the same time for dinner: their supper is served to them in their respective cells, which are admirably constructed; all being open to the front, and are arranged in five distinct stories. Their labour is let out to wholesale dealers or contractors, who allow the government 40 cents per man per diem: at least that is the present contract price.

We left Auburn about mid-day. It is a beautiful and rising city, and contains many fine buildings, a variety of churches, and seven-and-twenty schools. Indeed, schools and churches are abundant every where throughout the States; and I do not believe there is a single male or female adult, who has been born and bred in the Union, that cannot read and write.

Passing through a rich corn and cider country, we saw a mineral spring on the right, near a place called Aurelius; and fruit gardens extended on both sides of the

road, until we reached Cayuga, which is a pretty village on the margin of its beautiful lake. This lovely sheet of water is about forty miles long, and one and a half broad, is full of trout, and has a bridge across it, which is supposed to be the longest in the States, over which we passed.

The inn seemed a most comfortable one; and close to its door was moored a very fine steamer, just about to start for Ithaca, which is called the fourth city of the lakes, and is situated at the head of this beautiful piece of water. Here I would recommend all travellers who have time to spare to halt a few days. We, unfortunately, had none; and therefore, unwillingly passed on through Seneca, another frame-work of a great city which is to be.

In 1827 it had only 265 inhabitants; now there are nearly 4000. It boasts of various flour and paper mills, factories, tanneries, and distilleries; many churches,

four taverns, *six lawyers, and five physicians*; an academy, a newspaper, and a printing-office. Seneca Falls are extremely picturesque: they are formed by the river, which is the outlet to the lake of the same name. Land is here valued at from fifty to seventy dollars an acre; at New Brunswick it can be bought for half a one!

We stopped to dine at Waterloo, another rising, thriving, and pretty village, with fine Grecian built houses and broad streets: all giving indication of the prophetic feeling of the inhabitants, “*that their country is destined to be the greatest and the grandest on the face of the universal earth!*”

Next came Geneva, where, to-morrow, a grand democratic demonstration is to be made: the multitude is to be collected from the counties of Ontario, Wayne, Seneca, and Yates. This place, Geneva, is another proof of the rapid growth of towns: it is called the fifth city of the lakes; is placed on a

beautiful slope ; has a fine college, and a fine steamer. Geneva Lake is about thirty-five miles long, and between three and four broad. It has on its banks the towns of Ovid and Dresden ; at the last-named place the waters of the Crooked Lake enter the Seneca ; and there that female humbug, Jemima Wilkinson, had her farm and her fanatics. But in this fine free country you may do and be what you like.

I am really sick of hearing of the Mathiasites and Mormonites, Jumpers, Shakers, Lynchers, Saturday Saints, &c. &c. A fellow-traveller this day amused us with a description of some of these sects ; and told us, as a piece of most important intelligence, that Joe Smith, the Mormonite, and Abner Kneeland, the atheist, were now residing close to each other on what he called the half-breed land, between the Mississippi and Des Moines rivers.

He said that Smith, who was an obscure

individual, with great cunning, asserts that he has the power of discovering hidden treasures by means of mysterious plates sent him from above, inscribed with precepts and prophecies in Scriptural language. This madman gathered together twelve thousand followers, whom he induced to settle on the banks of the Missouri, or Promised Land, where he erected a temple, and established a bank. The bank failed; many of his deluded followers were murdered; and he fled: but enough, and too much, of these frenzied blockheads!

The high-sounding titles of the cities, towns, and villages throughout the Union is a subject of no little amusement to us, as it must be to all travellers in America; and Hector's Town must be added to those I have already named.

The scenery throughout the whole of this region is very pleasing; but Geneva itself, the prettiest of all the lakes, still lacks a

Mont Blanc for a background. It is said that its waters rise and fall once every seven years.

We reached Cannandaigua before dark, and witnessed a most splendid sunset on its lake. The village is long, and well laid out, with fine large gentlemen's seats, surrounded by walls and gardens. The society here is said to be excellent; nor is it wonderful that men of eminence and wealth should seek retirement in this beautiful spot.

As soon as we had established ourselves at an excellent inn, I started off to deliver the two letters of introduction I had received from General Scott; one to the Honourable Mr. Granger, the other to Mr. Greig: the former gentleman was absent; the latter I found; got a hearty welcome, a glass of good wine, rendered doubly agreeable by very pleasant and interesting conversation, some of the most delicious peaches I ever

tasted, and a most pressing invitation to pass the night at his house, and allow my baggage to be sent for. The invitation for the night I declined, but promised to parade myself and my friends at breakfast the next morning ; and departed with my pockets crammed with peaches, for the benefit of my fellow-travellers.

Breakfast is a meal which I am not fond of taking out of my own quarters ; but I knew the shortness of Capt. O——'s leave, and the anxiety of both my friends to progress : and, therefore, in order to make the most of our time, I promised Mr. Greig to be with him early in the morning.

If a hard day's work entitles a man to a good night's rest, I shall sleep soundly.

Believe me ever, &c.

LETTER XXI.

Cannandaigua—An American Gentleman's Country Residence—Love of Country—Patriotic Innkeeper—The Ladies against Van Buren—Journey to ROCHESTER—Chimneys—American Character—Grecian Architecture and Classical Names—Papineau and the Patriots.

Rochester, Sept. 11, 1840.

Near midnight.

MY DEAR S——,

The village of Cannandaigua is sweetly situated; it boasts of an academy partly endowed by the State and partly by individuals, and has also a seminary for young ladies: both these establishments are in high repute. The whole village is so shrouded in luxuriant shrubberies and magnificent trees, that it reminds one of the seclusion of a cloister! It stands on a

rising ground ; the street is a broad one, and made up of a succession of gentlemen's country-seats, all commanding a magnificent view of the Lake.

The weather was delicious ; and as Captain O—— and myself betook ourselves to Mr. Greig's hospitable mansion, we both agreed that a prettier resting-place after the toils of active life could not often be met with.

Mr. Greig has been a resident for forty years in the States : his wife and sister-in-law are Americans, well-informed, and agreeable. We were most graciously received, and soon found ourselves assisting at a regular Scotch breakfast, with the addition of most magnificent, highly-flavoured peaches, sliced in cream, a dish by no means to be despised, I can assure you.

The repast ended, we were shewn over the gardens and pleasure-grounds ; and a very pressing invitation to dinner was given us, which we declined with regret ; for

there was much to have amused and interested us—an excellent library, a choice collection of pictures, a cabinet of fossils, cameos, and coins, an excellent billiard-table, splendid apartments, and hot and cold marble baths. Is not this a pretty comfortable sample of savage life for you?

It is for the honour of bonnie Scotland, that I thus detail to you the splendour of Mr. Greig's princely mansion; for he is a son of the Land o' Cakes, and a most worthy son too; with the love of his native land still warm in his heart: for he pointed out to me with pride and exultation in his beautiful and well-filled flower-garden, *the Whin and the Bracken Bush*; which, he told me, it had cost him time and trouble to rear, and which he was obliged at first to cherish in his greenhouse. Think of this, Caledonia! and let us hear no more of

“Barren are thy hills, Old Scotia!
Barren are thy plains!”

For my part, I love to see every man as

fond and as proud of his own country as Mr. Greig and I are of ours. I would have every one exclaim with Sir Walter,

“ This is my own, my native land ! ”

and I respect the Americans for their love of country ; and although I smiled at my host at the inn yesterday evening, I liked him all the better for his telling me, that “ Cannandaigua was not only the most splendid village in the world, but the most beautiful in the Union ; ” and afterwards, when I was talking with him about the approaching political meeting at Geneva, and said that I understood a Mr. Smith from Pennsylvania was expected to be the best speaker ; he replied, with vast energy and quickness, “ I *guess* not, Colonel ; *our* James Wright is to speak, and I calculate he is the finest man in the State of York, and that’s *our* State, and that’s the smartest in the Union.”

Mine host gave me some curious anecdotes about Mackenzie the rebel ; and said he had refused to secrete him in his house ; and described with humour, and I believe with truth, the rows of the sympathisers at this place, Rochester ; for it and Buffalo were the very centres of the sympathising interference ; which the landlord seemed to hold in the greatest horror and abhorrence. “ How,” he said, “ should we Americans like to be interfered with by the English, as we have stirred up the Canadians, and meddled with their affairs ? ”

This morning also I had a very interesting political conversation with Mrs. Greig ; and take my word for it, my dear fellow, all travellers who are anxious to obtain political information free and undisguised should seek it from the ladies. The moment my two fair friends, Mrs. Greig and her animated and intelligent sister, opened their mouths, I knew it was all up with Van

Buren : they were eloquent in their detestation of slavery ; depicted poor Van as wishing to get up a standing army, intending to seize the Treasury, and meditating I know not how many other treasonable deeds.

Soon after Captain O—— and myself had quitted Mr. Grey's hospitable mansion, he very kindly rode down to the inn to repeat his pressing invitation to the whole of our rather large party—for we have increased to seven, having been joined *en route* by a Mr. M——, two guardsmen, whom we voted to be “exclusives” at Trenton Falls, but whom we have found most agreeable companions, and an army doctor, whom we picked up at Saratoga. But *en avant* was the order of the day, and we started at two P.M.

After travelling through a rich, fertile, and beautifully variegated country, we stopped at Victor and at Menden, and passed

through Palmyra : none of these places seemed flourishing ; and I note this as a rare exception to the general appearance of the towns we have visited.

When we reached this place, Rochester, and disgorged our luggage at the magnificent hotel "The Eagle," I hurried out to inspect the place. General Scott had particularly called my attention to it, and begged me to mark its rise and progress. In 1813, when he marched through it, it had, he said, only two chimneys. It was vain for me to attempt to count them now ; for "increase and multiply" has been the order of the day, and those two nest eggs have produced chimneys enough to afford warmth to 20,000 inhabitants ! The shops are excellent, and the size and depth of them extraordinary.

I viewed the Genesee river, which runs through the town ; and also the splendid aqueduct which carries the Erie Canal across

it; and took a rapid glance at the magnificent Town Hall. During my ramble I held converse with several of the townspeople, all anxious to be civil and to give me every information in their power.

I told them of General Scott's remark about their chimneys, and of my abortive attempt to number them. There is nothing like knowing how to throw in the "soft sawder." Civility is the "*argent comptant*" of all countries; and if you use it you'll get good interest for your money. I again repeat, and you must bear with the repetition, that a more agreeable, charming, communicative people I have never met with than the Americans.

Don't look for French grimace or kissing Italians; but have a little patience with them, be civil and *undandified*, and you soon find yourself well received and comfortable. I grant there is a little huskiness about their first manner; but that wears off,

and gives place to friendly communication and good fellowship. Also, I will again re-echo the assertion that I have never seen a beggar nor a drunken man; and I have never beheld a rude or forward action. The words “stranger” and “British officer” act as magic, and are a *passe par tout*.

Were I to venture a word of censure, it would be against the affectation of building many of their houses to represent Grecian temples; by which much valuable house-room is sacrificed to galleries and porticoes, and useless display. Their fondness for Grecian, Roman, and high-sounding names for their towns and villages, to the abandonment of the appellations given by the original possessors of the soil—the poor homebereft Indian—I must also quarrel with. We have already passed through “Syracuse,” “Utica,” “Greece,” “Rome,” “Palmyra,” “Hector,” and even “Ovid!”

But as it waxeth late and I have to be

called betimes in the morning to view the falls of the Genesee river, I shall only tell you that at supper we had a splendid display of beauty; and that since then I have heard nothing but thumping pianos, the warbling of voices, and hearty peals of laughter.

Every one with whom I have conversed, the lower as well as the higher classes, all seem to hold in detestation the "craven Papineau," and their execrations were loud and long against the falsely-named "patriots," and the vile sympathisers.

Good night!

LETTER XXII.

NIAGARA — Night View of the Falls — Anecdotes —
 Journey from Rochester — Falls of the Genesee —
 Their Utility has Injured their Beauty — Banks of
 the River — Ridgeroad to Lockport — No Gambling
 in America — Its Absence supplied by Speculation
 — Clarkson — Lake Erie — Lockport — Niagara.

Cataract Hotel, Falls of Niagara,
Saturday Night, Sept. 12, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

By casting your eye at the date of this letter, you will perceive we have made a glorious day's work; for this morning I beheld the sun rise in all its majestic splendour on the Falls of the Genesee, and this evening I have seen him set in a blaze of refulgent light on those of Niagara!

Niagara! What an event it is in a man's

life to have seen it! and to find that the hopes and anticipations of years are more than realised!

Before my baggage was deposited at the hotel, or a room inquired for, I found my way to the summerhouse, close to the ferry; and gazed, till I was absolutely *entranced*, on the awful rushing of the mighty waters, through all the changes of light until the sun had set. I then walked up by the side of the Rapids, which very nearly drew me into their vortex; for it was now dark, and the ground I was treading was almost on a level with them: and my impatient disposition led me onwards without a guide.

I recollect in my younger days rushing from the Piazza d'Esperia in Rome the moment I alighted from my carriage, that I might have a view of St. Peter's by moonlight. I really had thought that my blood was cooler now; but nobody's blood can be cool at this place if he has a grain of energy

about him : and before I could make up my mind to return to the inn, I found I had crossed the Rapids by an apparently slender bridge that leads to Goat Island, and had wandered I knew not whither.

At length I retraced my steps, got a comfortable chamber and a good supper at this magnificent hotel ; and then, with an intelligent young fellow for a guide, returned to glut myself with the glories of Nature.

The effect, when you approach near to the cataract during the gloom and stillness of night, is indescribable ; and my guide, fearful, I presume, that I should become too poetical and sublime, took care to interrupt my meditations every now and then with a few mundane anecdotes. He shewed me the leap of Sam Patch, and the little island in the middle of the mighty rush of the Rapids where a man was most miraculously saved. I was told also a frightful story of three recreants of the 93d Regiment, quartered on

the opposite shore ; who, having resolved to desert their country and their colours, had the hardihood to face the foaming torrent, and met a dreadful and inevitable death.

Mais il faut recommencer. I must take you back to Rochester and the Genesee ; and bring you here again gradually. Before sunrise I turned out and took a walk through Rochester, again viewing the old and new aqueducts thrown across the Genesee, which I also traversed on a fine bridge ; walked down St. Paul's Street, and soon found myself opposite the scene of the renowned Sam Patch's last leap in the Autumn of 1829.

Poor fellow ! it appears he had mixed too much brandy with his water. It was at what are called the Great Falls that he took his fatal jump : they are ninety-seven feet in height, and he leaped from a scaffold erected twenty-five feet above the Table Rock, over which the Genesee flows ; making the total

height from which he precipitated himself 122 feet! He never rose, and his body was not found until the next spring!

I was somewhat disappointed on beholding this celebrated cascade; for the industry of the neighbourhood, by employing the water, had left the ledge the river was wont to leap over almost dry. The pool at the bottom, into which poor Sam leaped, is still there; but a different direction has been given to the river, which is parcelled out into streamlets to turn numerous flour mills; which they say are capable of grinding 12,000 bushels of wheat every twenty-four hours. This robs the river of much of its original beauty; but its rocky bed, the bold outline of the hills, and the new railbridge, with the magnificent city in the back-ground, still make it altogether an extremely fine and interesting picture.

I walked upwards of two miles down the right bank, to near Carthage, or as it is

termed “The Little Fall.” The autumnal tints of the maple, shewing both scarlet and crimson of the brightest hue, numerous trees laden with fruit, some yellow, some green, and some red, with birds singing, and lively squirrels jumping about, made this a most charming morning’s ramble. About a mile from the city you can descend to the margin of the river; where there is a beautiful meadow and ample shade, well adapted for a pic-nic party; but I *guess* the folks in this “go-a-head” country have no time for such recreations!

On my return I found my friends and fellow-travellers at the inn door with a carriage and four, and my baggage thereon,—an arrangement of which I knew nothing, for the plan of the preceding evening had been that we were to take the railroad at half-past eight for Batavia, and from thence to Lockport. However, they had been coaxed

and persuaded by a coach proprietor to take the ridgeroad, he pledging himself to land them at Lockport by five P.M., and in time for the train to this place, which arrives here at half-past six.

I had now to be coaxed in my turn, and that on an empty stomach. But “ready, aye ready,” is a soldier’s motto, and I made no demur; swallowed a single cup of tea, and off we started to perform a journey of sixty-five miles over the ridgeroad, and then twenty more to the Falls of Niagara; our coachman having promised to shew us the Falls of the Genesee from the opposite bank to that on which I had been, as well as those of Carthage.

This he did; and when our vehicle halted opposite each, away we all rushed like hungry vultures to devour the beauties of Nature. The fall lowest down, that of Carthage, was very splendid.

Our Jehu kept his word as to time ; and rattled us through a perfect garden until within ten miles of Lockport, where it begins to exhibit symptoms of the wilderness ; and a squatter's abode or two—General Harrison's real log-huts—were pointed out to us.

The whole country we had traversed was covered with trees loaded with apples, pears, peaches, and plums ; and there was corn of all sorts in abundance. We passed through Greece, and changed horses at Parma. The last time I was in a city of that name, I had a curious interview with the celebrated widow of the great Napoleon. Count N——, her gaoler, and afterwards her husband, I used often to meet : the last time I saw him was at Wisbaden, where he was very conspicuous among the high players.

In this country there is gambling, but of a different sort. Men sometimes “go a-head” on nothing, create a credit, dig a canal,

build a steamer, or a bridge, and then break ; but, as Pope says,

“ Partial evil ’s universal good ; ”

the wilderness is cleared, the country is improved, and money circulates.

We halted at Clarkson, near which there is a very pretty village, some calling it Brookfield and others Sweden — two somewhat dissimilar names — and got fresh horses at Sandy Creek, a trout-looking stream ; whilst all along the road are to be seen capital woodcock covers, consisting of alders which grow luxuriantly on moist soils.

Our pace generally was ten miles an hour, the road, a natural, unmacadamised one, being excellent. We changed horses again at Orchard Creek and at Johnstone’s Creek ; the latter a romantic and sequestered spot. We saw multitudes of black squirrels ; and, in addition to the fruits which I have already named, we observed heaps of gourds and

pumpkins piled like the shot and shells in Woolwich arsenal.

We again fell in with our old travelling acquaintance the Erie Canal; which, at Lockport, where we took the railway, is lifted over a mountain-ridge by a series of double locks; and thence it is continued to the village of Tonnawanta, where, by means of a dam, it is connected with the Niagara river opposite Grand and Navy Islands.

Lockport is the capital of the Niagara country, and seems a flourishing place; part of it is built on the low land and close around the basin of the Erie Canal, and part on the mountain-ridge which continues the whole way to Louiston; from which place, according to tradition, the Falls of Niagara have receded; and which we reached in about an hour from Lockport, after passing close to the Devil's Whirlpool, and in time, as I have already told you, to see

old Sol take his departure from this nethe-
world amidst the roaring and rushing of the
St. Lawrence on its journey to Lake On-
tario, which we saw in the distance as we
were whisked along. And now I will take
my leave of you for the night, by subscrib-
ing myself the most wonder-stricken of tra-
vellers, but still your very obedient, humbl
servant.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIII.

**Niagara—View from Point House—Goat's Island—
Cataract Hotel—Iris—Horseshoe Fall—Prospect
Tower—Rapids—A Sunday devoted to the Wor-
ship of Nature's Works—Introduction to General
Porter—Delight of seeing Old Scotia's Warriors—
Death of Four Soldiers of the 93d Regiment—
Animals sent over the Fall—Escape of a Cat—
Appearance of the River above and below the Falls
—Din of Waters.**

*Cataract Hotel, Niagara,
Sunday, September 13, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

The poet tells us “to look through Nature up to Nature's God.” I have been doing so through the entire day, and the Niagara page of the Book of Creation is, I will venture to assert, the most awful, sublime, and beautiful, in the whole volume.

I first proceeded to Point House, as it is called, just above the spiral staircase by

which you descend to the ferry, and there remained at least two hours, with my eyes riveted on this surpassing scene of surpassing grandeur. The view from this spot embraces the American Fall and the end of Isis, or, as it is more commonly called, Goat's Island. The commencement of the Horse-shoe Fall is also visible, and the summit of the tower erected in the middle of the roaring surge.

I then crossed over to Goat's Island, where there is a reading and refreshment room, and where a small toll is exacted, I presume to keep in repair the beautiful bridge thrown across the Rapids, and by which you reach it. I also, by means of another similarly constructed bridge, visited Lover's Island in the middle of the Rapids, and on which there is a summerhouse. I then returned to the Cataract Hotel to an excellent dinner, at the barbarous hour of one! The table, which was well covered with the produc-

tions, *erudite* and *elegant*, of a professed French *artiste*, was surrounded by all the beauty of the neighbouring country ; for a fine Sunday collects visitors from all parts, who flock hither to shew their devotion to French cookery as well as to the sublimities of Nature.

Dinner concluded, in the usual flash-of-lightning style, off flew the fair worshippers, who were to be seen in groups wandering about till dusk ; and off flew I, setting at nought all rules and regulations for digestion, and, again crossing the Rapids, which, by the way, I think more wonderful even than the Falls, I took a path to the right, which brought me to a most magnificent view of the American Fall, which I hung over in rapture, whilst I held on by the branch of an adjoining tree. The bow, produced by the rays of the sun on the spray thrown up from the surge, was perfect and brilliantly coloured.

I then turned my steps in another direction, and, continuing along the outer bank of the island, descended a long, deep, dark, spiral staircase, until I found myself on the margin of the mighty waters with the frowning and projecting rocks high above me. I scrambled on until I was close to the great Horse-shoe Fall, on which, as well as on the rocks I was climbing over, the sun was shining so fiercely, that I really think I should have been burnt to a cinder, had not the spray from the contiguous cataract come to my relief. My broken arm was sadly against me, and I was soon constrained to retrace my steps; and, indeed, I would recommend all sober-minded people not to make this descent, for *it does not pay!*

Ascending into day, I visited the tower, and stood lost in wonder on its top, in the very midst of the mighty rage and roar of the waters. The scene around you is as fearful as it is beautiful.

I next made a tour round the upper part of Goat's Island, from whence you can survey the entire breadth of this stupendous river; which is, I should say, about three miles just above the point where it begins to thunder, foam, and rush down the declivity of the Rapids, as if gathering strength to leap the frightful precipice. All who wish fully to enjoy this wondrous sight should continue their walk entirely round this the northern side of the island, between which and the American shore is the principal Rapid.

The moon, when it arose in all its splendour, found me still unsatiated with the wonders of the scene; and whether this Sunday has been well or ill spent, I must leave to Him to determine, who reads all hearts;—

“Accept, then, O Supremely Great! O Infinite! O
God!

From this primeval altar—the green and virgin sod—

The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would
pay
To Thee, whose shield has guarded me through all my
wandering way."

This morning I presented a letter I had brought from General Scott to a fine old veteran, General Porter, who has a splendid house here. He commanded the American army at the battle of Queenston, as well as at Chippawa. He is extremely deaf, but, barring that, is very agreeable; and his daughter was most amiable and polite. Her husband, Captain Grayson, is the General's aide-de-camp.

As I stood on Prospect Tower, close to the Terrapin rocks, which looked as if the tip of a giant's toe could have hurled them into the abyss, I espied the plumed bonnets, belted plaids, and tartan philabegs of old Scotia's warriors moving about on the opposite bank. The sight of them did my heart good, and gave a new current to my

feelings. There was something soul-stirring in the thought, that whilst I stood on American ground, they were proudly treading on that of Britain, and that the two great countries should have so glorious a barrier between them.

It is melancholy to reflect on the recklessness of soldiers in all countries and on all occasions. I have already mentioned that very recently three privates lost their lives when attempting to desert their colours; and General Porter informed us of a sad occurrence that took place no longer ago than last Thursday. Four of the 93d Regiment, having gone in to bathe at a mill-dam above the Falls, were swept into the Rapids. It was at first imagined that they had deserted, but some ladies happened to observe three of the bodies as they were hurled over the Falls.

Some cruelly disposed persons put a poor fox into a barrel lately to take this appalling

leap, and a reward has been offered for reward dead or alive, but it has not yet been claimed. Much as I abhor cruel sights, I should have liked to have beheld the vessel sent over some years ago filled with beasts of prey; one of which, a bear, jumped out before the ship approached the cataract, and, struggling amidst the Rapids, reached the shore; and they say a cat once made the terrific plunge, and escaped. It is the only instance on record where this has been done without the loss of life.

Above the Rapids the river looks calm and tranquil; and below the Falls, and within a very little distance, it glides tranquilly along as far as the eye can reach.

The first night I lodged at this splendid inn, I was given, as a compliment, the favourite bed-room of General Scott, whom, by the bye, I have promised to meet at New York; but the din of the mighty waters put sleep out of the question, and I have now

en transplanted to the opposite side of the
use, where the murmuring noise, loud
ugh it be, will soon serve me as a
laby.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

Departure of Sunday Visitors—Praise of America—
 Excursion to Louiston—Whirlpool—Dancing
 Trees—Abrupt turns of the River—View of
 Queenston and Brook's Monument—Niagara
 smooth and tranquil—Zacaressa, the old Indian
 Chief—Emigration of his Tribe—Ill-timed Boasting
 of an Indian Bravo—The Ladies of the Tribe—
 Their Coquetry and Cunning—Sulphur Springs—
 The finest View of the Falls.

Cataract Hotel, Niagara,
Sept. 14, 1840.

MY DEAR S—,

This morning, at least fifty worshippers of Niagara sat down together to break their fast; the viands set before them were first-rate, and so in faith were their appetites. They had been flying about in large coveys last night to feed on Nature's works; to-day, after fortifying themselves with a more sub-

stantial sort of food, they have taken a flight to their respective homes.

Again I must repeat,—for repetition is a pleasure on such occasions,—that having travelled from Boston to Niagara, a distance of upwards of 500 miles, I have, throughout, experienced nothing but civility, marked attention, comfort, pleasure, and hospitality; no political opinions ungraciously intruded upon us; every body anxious to oblige us—good fare, excellent management, capital bedrooms, splendid and commodious eating-rooms, no grasping waiters, no greedy chambermaids, no expectant boots, no unsatisfiable porters; and last, not least agreeable, no beggars nor drunkards to cross your path.

Having resolved to make an excursion down the Niagara river, take a peep into the Devil's Hole, visit the Tuscarora Indians, and view Queenston Heights, we procured a phaeton with a capital pair of

horses. The black driver soon brought us to the Whirlpool, which is formed by a sudden turn in the river, about half-way between Niagara and Queenston ; where trees have been known to whirl round and dance for a week ; occasionally during this *dervise-like* operation, being drawn under water, and then, after being thrown high in air, falling again into the vortex of the Devil's Hole, and resuming their giddy round.

The river here forms a kind of basin, being met by a high and imposing cliff which turns it off almost at right angles, and it appears to be hemmed in on every side, not being more than ninety or a hundred yards across in one place. This compression makes it fret, and fume, and roar, and turn like a hunted bull. Here you behold it making its angry rounds, and then rushing off in the same grumbling mood as far as the eye can reach ; standing, as I did,

on a fragment of rock almost detached from the banks, and only retained in its position by the interlacing of the roots of a large larch-tree.

The banks are upwards of 200 feet high, crowned with forest trees, hemlock, pine, spruce, and other evergreens, intermixed with oak, maple, and chestnut ; and the wild grape grows here in profusion. The scene is lovely ; and a large rotunda, affording shade and repose, has been erected to induce the lovers of the Sublime and Beautiful to congregate on the spot.

After emerging from the wood and regaining the highroad, a mile farther brought us to another turn of the river ; where you obtain a splendid view of Queenston Heights and General Brook's monument, which still rears its triumphant head high in air, notwithstanding the malignant attempts of heartless miscreants, who neither respect the living nor the dead. Here you

behold the soothed and placid Niagara, hushed like a huge baby to sleep, winding its unruffled way to the distant and beautiful Lake Ontario, with Fort George and Fort Niagara at its gorge.

We now turned off to Tuscarora, and made our salaam at the cottage of poor old Zacaressa, the chief of the tribe. His lamp was nearly burnt out; he was bed-ridden, and acknowledged to upwards of eighty summers: his squaw sat by him in wretched silence. This tribe have a considerable tract of ground which they cultivate, although the policy of the American government has lately bought them out, and now *warned them off*: and many of their most active chiefs are at present beyond the great river, seeking for new homes and fresh hunting grounds. This is cruel work on the part of the Americans.

We observed some of their most active young men painted, and with battle-axes in

their hands, and red feathers stuck behind their ears. A powerful-looking chap stepped forward, and earnestly implored us to read a certificate which he held forth in triumph. It stated that he had performed prodigies of valour at the battle of Chip-pawa, having killed and destroyed all around him, standing *up to his knees in blood*, and afterwards scalping his victims. We looked with horror at the atrocious monster ; and, I regret to say, that this infernal document was signed by some American Officer.

When we told him we were English, and upbraided him with taking part against us, the confusion of this crest-fallen champion was extreme ; and he slunk off in the most sheepish manner, amidst the jeers and long-continued laughter of his surrounding companions, who enjoyed their comrade's mistake excessively.

We visited several of the huts ; and Capt. O ——— took the profile of one handsome

squaw, who first looked steady and demure, then coy, and then ran away. We entered a good comfortable house, where there was another very handsome woman with three children ; from whom we purchased several nick-nacks, and whose husband had gone westward. And here we had a curious instance of the cunning and coquetting of this race, whose distinction of caste and quality is displayed in the never-failing attribute of small delicately formed hands and feet. We expressed admiration at the beauty of a very gaudily embroidered petticoat which she wore, and a wish to purchase a similar one. She immediately disappeared up a stair ; but, before she returned, an old Indian had entered. The instant her eye glanced on the intruder she dropped the finery she was going to exhibit, and became reserved and caustic during his visit, which she endeavoured to make as uncomfortable to him as possible.

We then drove to the inn at Louiston, opposite to which, on the other bank of the river, is Queenston. We walked down to the ferry at this place, and afterwards took a bird's-eye view of the field of battle, and the spot where the ashes of a brave British soldier repose.

On our return we halted at the sulphur-springs, whence the view of the Falls is unspeakably sublime and magnificent. This is the point from which I could wish all travellers first to behold Niagara ; but how to bring them hoodwinked to the magic spot is the difficulty.

The evening sun was again shewing the Falls off to advantage. But, I hear you exclaim : “ What ! another dose of raptures ? ” No such thing : if my admiration is boundless, my descriptions shall not be so ; therefore, at once

Adieu !

LETTER XXV.

Niagara above the Falls—Navy Island—Mackenzie—
Tona-wanta—Erie Canal—Black Rock—Buffalo—
Regiment of Artillery—Major Zantzinger—Bar-
racks—Parades—Colonel Bankhead—Politics.

Buffalo, "The Queen of the Lake Cities,"
September 15, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

I this morning sent my servant and baggage across to the Canadian side of the river, and then got into the railroad carriage and coasted along the right bank of Old Niagara, who now appeared staid, solemn, and grand. Who the deuce could imagine that this quiet, demure, cool-looking gentleman was so soon to be put out of temper, and to play such cantrups by flying, flourishing, kicking, jumping, splashing,

foaming, roaring, and leaping at the rate he does.

Here, at Navy Island, he was all placidity, and more like a millpond than an all-powerful torrent. This said island is situated about 600 yards from the Canadian shore, and is upwards of a mile long and half a mile broad. It is said to have obtained its name from the circumstance of a British fleet having been built upon it for the protection of the Upper Lakes. It is now become famous from the atrocious deeds of that miscreant Mackenzie, whom all good men in America hate and despise ; and who had the hardihood to form a provisional government upon it, whilst, at the same time, his amiable coadjutor, Mr. Van Ranssalaer, the son I believe of the general who fought against Brock at Queenston, was organising a military force. This last-named madman — for who but madmen

would have dared

“ To beard the lion in his den,—
The Douglas in his hall? ”

and that in the face of day, and within the lion-grasp of Great Britain,—intended to have fought his way to Toronto, if his confederates had furnished him with the means to land above Chippawa, a village on the Canadian side nearly opposite: but the prompt destruction of the *Caroline* steamer—meant to be employed in that service, as she had been in others of a piratical nature—put an end to the affair at once; and the Patriots, as they were misnamed, soon after abandoned the island.

We changed cars at Tona-wanta, which is opposite to the north-eastern end of Grand Island; where, as I have before observed, our friend and fellow-traveller, the Erie Canal, enters the Niagara, which is here upwards of eight miles in breadth. When

I say the Erie Canal enters it, I mean that there is a lock which connects the two ; but still a dam runs up all the way alongside of it to Blackrock, and is carried up to Buffalo, which renders the canal distinct and independent of the river.

Blackrock stands very nearly opposite the British village of Waterloo, and the *débris* of Fort Erie. Its former activity has been smothered by the rising and flourishing city of Buffalo, which possesses the two-fold advantage of a lake and canal navigation. At this latter place we were safely landed about mid-day, and immediately drove to the American hotel,—a magnificent affair, with its grand cupola, from whence I enjoyed an interesting and splendid view of Buffalo, with its broad streets, numerous spires, and busy population at your feet, as it were ; while its vast and beautiful lake is seen covered over with vessels of all descriptions, spreading their white sails to the breeze.

Buffalo has an excellent pier, a safe harbour, and many steamers. It was destroyed by the British in 1814; but, phoenix-like, it has sprung up from its own ashes, and now boasts of a population of upwards of 20,000. It has a large garrison, and a theatre open throughout the year. The attendance and the cheer at this inn are admirable; the rooms superb, and well filled with guests. The commandant of the garrison and his family are living in the house, and dined to-day at the *table d'hôte*.

After dinner I drove to the barracks occupied by the 2d regiment of artillery, and presented a letter furnished us by General Porter's aide-de-camp and son-in-law, Captain Grayson, to Major Zantzinger; who most kindly and politely shewed me round the barracks, which were neat, clean, and well arranged. He entered into a detail of the manner in which the American soldiers were paid, clothed, and fed; they certainly

seemed well lodged and comfortable. I was then presented to his amiable lady, a native of Louisiana, who was pretty, sprightly, and unremitting in her attentions. She had her two beautiful children brought in—born in that grave of the American army, that fatal bone of contention, the Floridas. She and they, however, appeared to be entirely recovered from the noxious effects of the climate. I was pressed to spend the evening with this kind-hearted and very agreeable couple; but I was forced to decline doing so.

In the evening I attended the parade. Their system of carrying on all parades seems good. As soon as it is reported formed, the senior officer steps to the front. The reports are collected; and if no superior arrives before the last roll of the drum, the parade proceeds. Should any senior officer arrive after that time, it would be reckoned an uncourteous act in him to take the command. This etiquette, how-

ever, does not extend to the colonel. Thus a parade waits for no one ; and the trooping and retreat beating takes place at the specified hour. Great form seems to be observed in dismissing a parade. The officers, by order, leave their respective places in line, and assemble in front : then march up, whilst a quick step is played, to the commanding officer ; then halt, and respectfully salute him before breaking off. The effect of all this is very good.

On my return to the hotel, I spent the evening with Colonel Bankhead, the colonel of the regiment, as well as the commandant of this frontier district ; and a more straightforward, hearty, frank, intelligent soldier I have seldom met with. His beautiful and engaging daughter, with the whitest and smallest hand I ever beheld — a Georgian brunette — rendered this agreeable evening still more delightful by her presence ; and good-humouredly permitted her honoured

sire and myself to smoke cigars and suck mint juleps ; whilst I listened to his manly and honourable opinions about Sir George Arthur, the acts of his own government, and the manner he had endeavoured to deal with the wretches whom he had detected trying to involve the two countries in war. I was greatly pleased to find that his opinions were an echo of what General Scott had so repeatedly and emphatically stated to me.

Colonel Bankhead, who commands under the General, gave me most ample proof of the correctness of every thing he advanced : and of this I am firmly convinced, that so long as the military command is in the hands of men as honourable as the two I have named, we have nothing to apprehend from the ruffians and wretches who, whilst they call themselves Patriots and Sympathisers, are labouring only to stir up the evil passions of their deluded followers.

£ ..

Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

Military Details at Buffalo — Parade Business — Review — Attention to the Comforts of the Soldier — Powers of Commanding Officers — Daily Court-Martial — Advantages resulting from it — Liberality of the American Government to her Defenders — Strength of the United States' Regular Army — Militia Force — The Union too extended to endure — Colonel Bankhead — Banks of the Niagara — Navy Island — Fort Schlosser — Major Zantzinger — Kentucky Manners — Bowie Knife — Sicilian Bravos — Ground of the Quarrel — Crossing the River below the Falls — Still Water — CANADA — 93d Foot — Stragglers — Race — Want of Decorum in a Lieutenant beating his Commanding Officer — Whist on Board-ship — Lundy Lane — Canadian Inns *are not* American Inns.

Clifton Hotel, Falls of Niagara, Canadian Side, September 16, 1840.

HERE I am, at length, my dear S——, on British ground. My progress has been as

follows : — after breakfasting at Buffalo, we walked up to the barracks, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, where we found Colonel Bankhead mounted on a fine old white charger, and saw him received with all the honours of a reviewing general. The line, with a half battery of artillery on its right, presented arms, &c. ; and after he had ridden up and down it in the usual manner, it broke into open column right in front, but not by facing about, or wheeling backward, but by each company facing to its right, and then right-wheel round their respective markers, and then halt front. They next marched past in slow time, the officers saluting by dropping their swords, but not touching their caps ; and I thought it had not so graceful and military an effect as our mode.

The column was again halted on their original ground, formed line, again broke into column as before, and passed in quick

time ; the half battery galloping past. They then performed a variety of parade movements. Their words of command are prolix, and their style of movement not so compact as ours, being generally file marching ; although I admit they were well *locked up*. Their system is taken almost entirely from the French. The guns were admirably manœuvred.

They then marched out to an open space in front of their barracks, and went through a variety of evolutions, covered by the brigade of guns. Their firings were steady and excellent ; and the men were taught to level *very low*.

When they were dismissed, we accompanied the colonel round the barracks. Every thing appeared clean, comfortable, and admirably arranged.

Each company has a store-room, which is also the quarters of their colour-serjeant, and where every kind of necessary is kept.

They dine in their mess-kitchens, which are clean, large, warm, well-ventilated rooms. We tasted their soup, bread, and meat; each excellent of its kind. Their pay, clothing, and food, are all on the most liberal principle. Many of the companies had well-chosen libraries; and there was a sutler's store, where a soda fountain and other harmless luxuries are kept for the men, and where each man has the liberty of having a credit account to a certain extent, which is paid by the paymaster monthly: but this only under the proviso, that the officer in command of the company to which he belongs has no charge against him for extra clothing or repair of arms, &c.

One dollar per month is stopped from each private's pay for the first two or three years of his service: this operates as a great check on desertion. The accumulated sum is handed over to them when they obtain their discharge, even if they do not complete

the prescribed period of service, which is five years.

The commanding officer's power of punishment, without court-martial, is very limited: but no disadvantage is found to result from this; and the most laborious and distressing part of his duty, in the shape of orderly-room legislation, is rendered easy, by having a daily court-martial, composed of the captain of the day, the officer on guard, and the next in waiting; the proceedings of which are submitted for approval to the commanding officer. The hospital also has every appearance of being well and systematically conducted.

As I have before remarked, the government of America treats her defenders most liberally, and takes the greatest care of them. The colonel commanding has extra pay and double rations, with forage for four horses; and each major has forage for three. I was introduced to all the officers, and received

the greatest attention and civility from them. I afterwards accompanied Major Payne, the senior major, to the exercising ground: he was on the sick list, having lately returned from Florida. I found him a fine intelligent old soldier, and received from him much valuable information connected with the internal economy of his corps and the Florida war.

The United States regular army consists of two regiments of dragoons, four of artillery, and eight of infantry, making a grand total of 735 commissioned officers and 11,800 noncommissioned officers and privates. With this force they have to garrison sixty-four military posts and arsenals!—that is to say,—in the eastern division, which extends over the immense tract of country I have already mentioned, there are thirty-seven forts or castles, and three barracks or establishments not fortified; and in the western district, one range of barracks,

nine forts, and fourteen arsenals! The eastern division is General Scott's command; and he has his head-quarters at Elizabeth Town.

You will say this is a *somewhat* small force for so respectable a slice of the habitable world as the United States. True! but then you must be pleased to add a *few* militia men, to the number, viz. *sixty-seven thousand* commissioned officers and *one million three hundred and twenty thousand seven hundred and thirty-three* noncommissioned officers and privates!! Union is strength, and this is strength with a vengeance! — twenty-six states and three territories, as they call them — but will it last? Free states and slave states, will they continue to pull together? I say, No! the Union is unnatural, and cannot last.

The review over, we all assembled in Major Zantzinger's quarters, where his amiable lady did the honours with much

grace, ease, and affability; and where all kinds of good things were pressed upon us.

The colonel drove me afterwards to the hotel, where our dinner-table was honoured with the presence of himself and his beautiful daughter, his adjutant, and Major Zantzinger: the latter officer having agreed to accompany us back to Niagara. The hospitable colonel treated us to a stirrup-cup in brimmers of champagne; and we took leave of our warm-hearted friends, much pleased with our trip to Buffalo.

We again skirted along the banks of the sleepy, sluggish-looking, *gentle* Niagara! — one really could have thought a child might play with him — till we passed Navy Island, and approached Fort Schlosser, a kind of stockade erected by us in the war of 1756 and 1759. Here the land conveyance to Queenston begins, — here the Caroline was lying when she was attacked, — and here the Rapids begin. Major Zantzinger, a fine

open-hearted, rattling, mirth-making soldier, amused us by a recital of his campaigns in this neighbourhood: he was also at Stoney Creek, the scene of glory of my valued friend, Sir John Harvey.

On our landing from the cars at the village of Niagara, a Kentucky scene presented itself, the first we had witnessed. We observed a tall, robust youth, with a pallid hue and a heavy eye, trembling with passion: his head was bleeding; and he had a bowie-knife in his hand, the handle and part of the blade of which he displayed from under the sleeve of his coat, the usual resting-place of this instrument, exactly as the Sicilians carry them. Now I would tell all Kentucky men, that it is a cowardly, disgraceful weapon to carry, and that they should scorn to put themselves on a level with those Sicilian knaves, whom I have heard exclaim, "*Cosa volete, Signor? Io son codardo!*" and then with a dignified

air, adding, “*E mio padre era codardo!*”
What a descent to be proud of!

The quarrel arose, as I understood, from this athletic-looking traveller, fresh from the wilds of Kentucky, being pestered by one of the *catering cads*, who was anxious to get him into the toils of his employer; for you are sadly badgered in some towns by the number of hand-bills thrust into your face, and the bellowing in your ears, as was now the case, “Who’s for Kingstown?—Who’s for Queenston?—Who’s for Ontario?—Who’s for Oswego?” &c.; for every coach, rail-road, and steam-boat employs a procurer!

This gallant son of freedom had been put out of temper by such pestering; and thought to frighten away a mere stripling of a lad by displaying the end of his bowie-knife; but the young functionary, nothing daunted, rushed at his threatener, struck

him a violent blow, then hurled a stone at his head, inflicting a severe wound, and suddenly concluded his attack by rushing behind him and kicking him. The bowie-knife would probably soon have revenged all this; but the crowd fortunately interfered, and led off the wounded and indignant Kentuckian. Had such a cowardly weapon been exhibited in England, the bearer of it would have stood a good chance of being torn in pieces.

Taking leave of Major Zantzinger, who went to visit his friend Captain Grayson, but promised to be with us at breakfast the next morning in order to see the 93d Highlanders at drill, we walked to Point House, and took a parting glance from the American side of the river: but I will be merciful, and not inflict a single word of raptures upon you. We then descended the spiral staircase, and got into a boat rowed

by a single man, in which several passengers had already taken their seats, and crossed directly under the impetuous falls, and yet in tranquil water, and with perfect safety; a complete equilibrium being produced by the counteraction of the various currents and eddies, caused by the enormous mass of falling waters. On landing, I left Major B—— to stand sentry over our baggage; and passing a Highland guard mounted the zig-zag, often turning back to view the magnificent scene, for here the eye takes in at once the whole extent of the Cataract.

I found my little lad expecting me, and sent him with a house-servant to the Major's relief; and then started off to see my kilted countrymen at drill.

I had some conversation with a couple of stragglers belonging to the band, who told me there had been a race in the morning between the Colonel and a Lieutenant; the

Lieutenant very improperly beating his commanding officer. Almost as bad as the officer of marines on board-ship venturing to trump the captain's king, to the unutterable horror of the first lieutenant! I inquired the name of the offender, when they said, "That's him coming yonder!" and a very gentlemanly-looking youth in plain clothes passed me: upon which Donald exultingly exclaimed, "He's the son of a great Parliament man; he's the son of Sir Andrew Agnew, baronet!" I might have claimed country-cousinship with him, and I now regret I did not; for I do not know a single soul in the regiment; and after all the kindness of our Buffalo friends, I shall be thrown out, if I cannot contrive to do the honours to the American major.

I now inquired my way of an old artilleryman to Lundy Lane Barracks; he informed me that my old friend Colonel Fre-

derick Campbell had been there the night before to inspect them. I walked over the field of Lundy Lane; the ground seemed good to do battle on. The Hospital of the Highlanders is on the very spot where the greatest number fell in this hard-fought action; and there is a small burial-ground adjacent, which contains their ashes.

The 93d appear a good deal scattered, their cantonments extending through Drummondsville and up Lundy Lane.

I got back in the dark. The landlord of the Clifton Hotel was very intelligent and very civil; but when we compared his establishment with an American inn,

“ Oh, what a falling off was there !”

He had, however, one important qualification—he could make mint julep worthy to pass over the lips even of a traveller fresh from America; so I took to whiffing, suck-

ing, and writing this epistle. And now, *buenas noches*. The deafening, never-ceasing din of the cataract is at length become familiar to me, and I can sleep in defiance of it.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON

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LEICESTER SQUARE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. I.

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GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND .. } *Frontispiece.*

VOL. II.

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT, COM- }
MANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED } *Frontispiece.*
STATES' ARMY }



•

A RUN .

THROUGH

THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. II.

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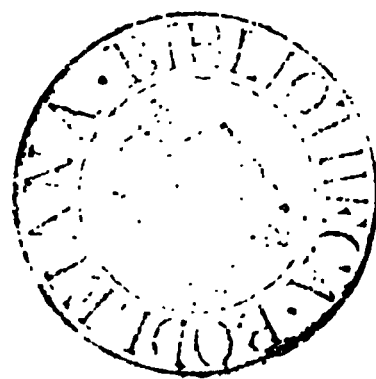


A R U N
THROUGH THE
UNITED STATES,
DURING THE AUTUMN OF 1840.

BY
LIEUT.-COL. A. M. MAXWELL, K.H.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:
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THE
UNITED STATES.

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*Niagara Falls, Clifton House Hotel,
Drummondsville, Upper Canada,
Sept. 17, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

I AGAIN address you from this sovereign of the world of floods, contrary to my intention, as it had been arranged that we should quit the Falls this evening, either for To-

ronto or Osweigo ; but things have turned out otherwise, and I have another day's cascading to give you. I will, however, be brief and merciful.

In the morning I went down to Table Rock, on my way to which I was decoyed into the Museum, and nearly ruined myself by the various purchases I made of Indian workmanship, and all manner of *inutilities*.

Major B——, who before breakfast this morning had been at Termination Rock, which all intrepid travellers visit, was so coaxing, and spoke so seductively of the easy descent, and the wonders I should behold at the foot of the Horseshoe Fall, that, although I had forsworn all spiral staircases since I descended that styled Biddle's, at Goat Island, I resolved to undertake the enterprise. It was a most tremendously stormy, wet morning ; but the stair was a covered one ; and I was led from one thing to another, until I found

myself under the cataract, and at the mouth of the cave that leads to Termination Rock, my ears filled with noise, my mouth with spray, and my clothes completely saturated.

We had no guide with us, for I had never contemplated a visit to these gloomy regions; presuming I could obtain the certificate, which my friend exultingly exhibited, without getting half smothered with water, or being obliged to strip to the skin, and thrust myself into a dirty canvass bag, that half the world have worn before me; and all this without the possibility of seeing any thing, for you sidle in with your face to the rock.

So, prudence being the better part of valour, I respectfully declined the operation, meekly endured all the Major's exultations over me, and returned to the upper regions, where I inspected the books in which the names of all the watery adventurers are registered; and for the honour of the fair

sex be it said, that woman, lovely woman! for courage and daring has it hollow, twenty to one at least! Two fair dames, the guide told me, had entered the dreary arch this morning, whilst the spouse and the lover hung back. I well remember my own better half at Orleans insisted on mounting a pinnacle of the cathedral, where I was afraid to follow her, and where few midshipmen would have ventured!

To make up for my lack of enterprise on this occasion, I set out, in defiance of the pelting storm, and traversed Table Rock in all directions; dipping the tips of my fingers into the mighty river where he takes his mightiest bound—actually into the very cataract: you ought to respect and venerate this letter when you consider that it is written by those self-same fingers.

The part of the Table Rock we stood on is not above a foot and three-quarters thick, perfectly scooped away, and stands out at

least forty feet from the other parts of the rock, shewing several large rents or cracks. On looking over you behold a huge slab, which detached itself last year.

Here we fell in with three Italians, a Baron B—— from Parma, and his fellow-townsman, the third a Sicilian : and whilst we held our hats, and hugged the Table Rock with our feet like crabs, and Niagara was foaming and roaring around us, the baron strained his voice amidst the deafening flood, to tell me that he had come “ *cinque mille miglia à posto ;*” that he had felt disappointed at first, but that wonder, awe, and all manner of grand sensations had gained on him as he gazed ; that he had been under the cascade a distance of sixty paces ; that he had been blinded, and breathless, and drenched, and almost blown away by the diabolical wind that issued from the slimy cavern ; and concluded by shrugging up his shoulders, and exclaiming,

“*Non paga l'incommodo.*” The Sicilian had declined the adventure. The poor baron must have been sadly put to it during his subterranean excursion, having for his conductor an Englishman, of whose language he did not understand a single word.

The wet day has been a source of disappointment to various of the visitors, as many of them were anxious to have seen the Highlanders at drill this morning. For myself I rather rejoiced that it has turned out so, as my friend, the American major, might have thought it odd that, amongst so many British officers, for we were six at the inn, not one of us should be acquainted with a single soul belonging to the 93d; and after all the attention that my friends and I had experienced at Buffalo, I should have felt chagrined at not having it in my power to return such kindness. However, it was mentioned to me, both at Buffalo and Boston—for kind acts are communicated—that the

American officers spoke of the hospitality and attention they had received from my regiment; and I must say that no stranger, entitled to wear a red or a blue coat, is allowed to be one half-hour in Fredericton, before a shot is fired at him in the shape of a hospitable message to parade himself at the board of the Grass Greens. This I do not say in the shape of reproach, for the gallant corps here quartered have no mess, in consequence, I presume, of their detached position.

Well! after getting drenched, getting back to the inn, getting dry clothes, and then getting our baggage packed up, preparatory to a start, we were counselled not

“ To tempt the stormy firth to-day ! ”

for an old sailor told us it was a regular equinoctial, and that we should find Lake Ontario, which we had to traverse, in a frightful fury. The advice came from too

erudite a source to be neglected ; so here we still are.

Several recently married American couples are at this place, billing and cooing, and *honeymoonising* at a great rate ; not amidst the soft and murmuring sounds of trickling rills, but the roaring and bellowing of the by no means niggardly Niagara ; who pours his tributes at their feet to the tune of about seventy millions of tons of water within the hour !

We also have several agreeable English pairs, some of them evidently in the same interesting predicament.

To-morrow, by another route, we retrace our steps to Albany, where we left some of our heavy gear ; and thence we go down the Hudson to New York—see more of American men and manners—then to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. So you see that my *cacoëthes scribendi* will still have abundance of opportunity to indulge itself, and

pester you ; but were I to write a thousand letters to you, none could ever be concocted amidst such an accumulation of noises, such a *concerto terrifico*, as this has been. The rain is pelting, the wind is howling, the cataract is raging and roaring, and the Venetian blinds of my windows tossing about as if they were bewitched, and letting in the wind and the rain in all directions. I must creep into bed in self-defence.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Niagara quitted without Regret—Canadian Dinners—
 Journey to Queenston—Sir Isaac Brock's Monument—
 Cowardly Attempt to Destroy it—Mob Rule—A Faithless Domestic—Honourable Conduct of an American Officer—Supineness of the Local Government—Fort Niagara—Agreeable Party on Board the Steam-boat—Water Snake—Toronto—The Tunkers—Lake Ontario.

*On Board the United States Steamer, on
 Lake Ontario, Sept. 18, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

WHAT will you think of me, when I confess to you that I felt a sensation of pleasure at departing from this wonder of the world? Whether the mind had been over excited, and sought repose, or whether it was my usual fondness for novelty, I know not: certain it is that I left Niagara without regret. I fear I am a Goth in taste;

for I well remember giving great offence by not being in raptures with the Venus de Medicis, which really appeared to me to have lost all her interest and her beauty by having been thrown out of a three pair of stairs window, and picked up with a broken head, a broken arm, and a broken leg ; and then cobbled up for want of a better. Give me Canova's, or that glorious one at Naples, with the somewhat indecorous French title.

But to resume my journeying. This morning I again visited and studied the battlefield of Lundy's Lane, lounged in the Museum, and rambled around the Falls. The coach for Queenston did not start until the afternoon ; we therefore joined the large dinner-party, many of whom were bound for the same route as ourselves. The company were chatty and agreeable, the dinner bad, ill arranged, and worse served, and miserably inferior to the very worst American one we have yet seen ; and yet the landlord

was a civil fellow, and anxious to do his best.

I hold that when a man is past five-and-twenty, a bad dinner is a positive misfortune. I endeavoured to console myself by some extremely strong coffee ; but before I had completed the operation, "Coach a-going! Coach a-going!" was shouted ; and a large party of us were bundled into two carriages, and trotted and jolted to Queenston Heights ; where we surveyed the monument raised as a tribute to the memory of the brave Sir Isaac Brock, who was killed here in action on the 13th of October, 1812, whilst fighting against the Americans, commanded by General Solomon Van Ransalaer.

This column was erected by some spirited Canadians a few years ago : the shaft of the pillar is about 125 feet high, and it stands on a base of about twenty feet square. Last year some envious and malignant wretches tried to destroy it ; and I regret to add that

it is whispered on the Border that the son of the antagonist of the fallen hero, who is known as the aider and abettor of M'Kenzie at Navy Island, was at the head of the atrocious gang of "sympathisers."

You are filled with astonishment when you hear of a government being either so supine or so powerless as to permit her magazines to be plundered, her arms seized, and her cannon dragged forth to attack a friendly and unsuspecting power. I had a pretty good example of *mobocracy* and mob-law in an affair personal to myself, when a treacherous domestic left me one fine morning, while I commanded at Woodstock on the frontier, and presented himself at Houlton, in the Union, with my keys in his hand—a clear indication of his treachery.

The American commandant—a gallant and honourable soldier—had him immediately arrested, with the intention of sending him back ; but the mob turned out, beat

the military, and *rescued* a faithless domestic : thus proving that the most glaring breach of trust—which must have come home to the mind of the humblest of them—could not influence the acts of the sovereign people. The generous and noble conduct of the commandant of the American garrison made an impression on me that will never be forgotten ; and the long correspondence that we had on the subject of that vilest of military crimes, desertion, was ample proof of the sincerity on both sides : but although Major K—— offered, from his own private purse, a reward of fifty dollars for the apprehension of the recreant delinquent, and forwarded my letter on the subject to the Governor of Maine, his Excellency did not condescend an answer to our joint appeal.

This digression over, I must inform you that we crossed the river in rather a rickety barge, and embarked at Lewiston on board this splendid and commodious steamer,

called "The United States," where you have a pastrycook's shop, a flower shop, a toy shop, and a library; and soon hauled off from the wharf. It was a beautiful afternoon, and we paddled down the majestic Niagara, whose verdant banks, solemn-moving current, and transparent surface, contrasted strongly with his appearance a few miles above. Brock's column was seen rearing its head high in air, and, notwithstanding the dastardly rent in its shaft, which in my mind adds to its interest, seemed to frown defiance on its ignoble assailants.

We first stopped at Youngston, not far from the river's mouth, and next at Fort Niagara, now reconstructing; where I observed a flagstaff and a lighthouse. It is a place renowned in our colonial history. It was first erected by the French in 1751, was taken by us in 1759, and remained in our hands during the war of independence,

and was ceded by the treaty, but not delivered up until 1795. During the last war, Lieutenant-Colonel Murray crossed the river from the Canadian side, and took it by storm; it was again surrendered at the peace, and we have now no hold on the American side of the river.

Fort Niagara is on the gorge of the river at its entrance into Lake Ontario; and Fort George, now in ruins, having been the scene of warm work, is on the opposing bank; its *debris* are still visible: whilst a little lower down, and more immediately on the lake, is Fort Mazasogo, with one or two bristling cannon peeping over it. This work has been lately constructed.

In the steam-boat I again fell in with the dark-coloured gentleman from Calcutta, who had come to Lewiston by the American side of the river. I seem constantly to be falling in with him, although I have never yet ascertained his name. By the same route

the Parma Baron and his two friends joined us, and we really are a very jolly party in this most magnificent steamer, from the state cabin of which I am indicting this epistle, on the pure and broad waters of Lake Ontario; and a pretty respectable-sized lake it is, being 180 miles in length, and in some places sixty miles broad. Its waters are deep, cold, and clear, and abound in sturgeon and salmon. It would appear that this inland sea has other tenants, for my Calcutta companion informs me that in 1800 a boat had put out from York, now called Toronto, on an excursion of pleasure, but speedily returned with terror and dismay, having fallen in with a huge water-snake more than thirty feet long, which approached the boat and shewed fight, rearing his head and half his body out of the water.

I am debarred the pleasure of paying my respects to Lord Sydenham by the impatience of my travelling companions to get to

New York, and must thus lose the opportunity of seeing the capital of Upper Canada, where his lordship now is. I regret this, for I should like to compare the rapidity with which a town had sprung up on our side with the quick growth of American cities; but, according to my Calcutta friend's account, who had just come from thence, it is a thriving, "go-a-head" place, and more like an American town than any other he had seen in the Canadas. He told me that near it they have fellows called Tunkers, who wear little white *skimmer* hats, *Anglicè lilly shallows*, long-skirted coats that almost touch the ground, and beards nearly two feet long, and that they have Davidites, and no Bathshebas, but singing virgins.

We have just wind and wave enough to assist the steamer, at the same time serving as a hint to us that, had it so willed, Lake Ontario could have given us a very spirited touch of "the Bay of Biscay" in miniature;

and now, after passing a very gay and pleasant evening on the broad expanse of the lake, I shall turn into my dormitory, which looks clean and comfortable, with neat white curtains to shut me up from the vulgar gaze.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

Comfortable Quarters at Utica better than a Night-journey by a new Railway—Energy of a poor Irish Woman — Osweigo — Departure from Syracuse — Confusion of Passengers and Packages — Stage Coach to Syracuse—Horrors of a *rutty* Road—A faithless Charioteer, as usual—Sea Phrases on Land—Hurried Departure from Syracuse.

Baggs' Hotel, Utica,
Saturday, Sept. 19, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

I HATE night travelling, and I doubly hate making a toil of a pleasure ; and therefore, although my more resolute friends have determined to continue their journey by the night train, I resolved to halt at Utica, having, as I think I told you, been there twice before, and aware of the merits of the hotel and of the hotel's keeper, and I can

assure you I have as yet had no reason to feel dissatisfied either with my resolution or my reception ; for, on presenting myself at the bar, my phiz was no sooner recognised than five different hands, all belonging to the family of Baggs, were extended towards me in friendly greeting ; and a Spatch cock, a bottle of iced champagne, followed by excellent Mocha coffee, a good cigar, a sherry cobbler, a large room, and a good bed, were better things than rattling over an insecure railroad on a dark night ; for on this line there are neither guards nor fences, nor is the engine provided with what some have, and all should have, a machine denominated a *cow-lifter*, which is placed in front, and which trips a cow, sheep, or calf off its legs, and suspends the animal in mid-air until the engine can be stopped.

My more adventurous friends, however, have started off, although aware of all this, and aware also that a few nights ago a

chasm had been formed by an *écroulement* of earth, which would have proved fatal to the passengers of one of the trains, had not a poor, kind-hearted Irishwoman, who saw the devoted carriage coming, rushed out from her hut, and ran, and roared, and screamed, and gesticulated, until she compelled the engineer to stop the locomotive, and thus, by her good Irish lungs and good Irish heart, saved the lives of the passengers.

But I must “hark back” to the steamer and Lake Ontario. I started from my cot in time to witness a glorious sun-rising, discussed three or four most luscious peaches, which were doubly acceptable after the somewhat late sitting of the preceding evening, got a splendid breakfast, and disembarked precisely at eight o’clock A. M. at Oswego, which is situated at the mouth of a river of the same name, and is reckoned one of the very best harbours on the lake,

being formed by a pier thrown as it were across the mouth of the river, and which must have cost a great deal of money.

There is also a fine dry dock, and a beautiful bridge carried over the Oswego to unite the two parts of this rising town, which will always be of importance as connected with the northern frontier, and from its contiguity to the Welland and Oswego canals. It is at this place that Oneida, Cayuga, and Seneca Lakes pour in their tribute to old Ontario ; and here also is a fort of some respectability.

Hurry-skurry, bustle, row, pulling, and hauling here commenced : coaches and canal boats were starting for Syracuse and a dozen other places, and the recommendations bellowed into our ears by the parties interested were absolutely astounding ; half our baggage was stowed away on one of the coaches, whilst the other half was carried off to the canal boat ; and in flying about in

various directions to recover our valuables, we parted company, and very nearly lost not only our chattels, but ourselves.

As we were apprehensive that the track boat would not arrive at Syracuse in time for the afternoon train for Utica, from which we were still distant seventy-three miles, we resolved to take the stage — and a pretty *stage* we had of it ! being nearly capsized a dozen times, and jolted to a jelly without intermission. We first changed horses at Fulton, then travelled through an unsettled country and changed again at a miserable hostellerie called Three-River Point, shortly after crossing the Oneida River (which runs from Seneca Isle), near its junction with the Oswego.

The road got worse and worse, but our charioteer still continued to assure us that we should be in time, although his tone altered considerably when once he had fairly hooked us ; for at first he positively asserted

that we should be at Syracuse two hours before the train started ; whereas, when we reached that place, jaded and hungry, after passing through Liverpool and Salina—both teeming with smoking salt-houses (built much in the shape of those for the manufacture of glass), and with numberless salt-pits—we were barely in time to have our effects shifted from the stage to the rail carriage, without a moment for refreshment or to look about us.

It is true, our friends who took to the canal lost the rail conveyance for that evening, but saved their bones. Our coachman during the day repeatedly roared to us “ *to sit to windward to save a lea lurch.*” This was to assist him in getting the vehicle through an abominable deep rut. On asking him which side we were to lean to (for from our inside position we could not well tell which wheel was going to sink), he not

over-civilly answered, “Why, the weather-side to be sure!”

I have observed that in this country of lakes, rivers, and canals, sea phrases are as continually used when you are in a carriage as when you are afloat—“all on board!” “go a-head!” “steer clear!” &c.

We were hurried off from Syracuse, which I have before described to you, dinnerless; and I believe my friends and fellow-travellers were hurried off to Albany supperless and sleepless, whilst I have had the best of cheer at the best of inns; and now intend to close a heavy day’s work with a good night’s rest.

Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

Railway Journey to Albany—Erie Canal—Misfortune of an English Girl—Kindness of the Americans—Congress Hotel—Advice to Innkeepers—ALBANY—Buildings and Views.

*Congress Hotel, Albany,
Sept. 20, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

ON getting into the railway car this morning, I found my Italian, as well as literary, friends; and when we compared notes, I failed not to crow over them most unmercifully. They had been travelling all night from Syracuse, having lost their chance the previous afternoon by preferring the tedious canal-boat from Oswego to the *bone-setting* I underwent.

We again fell in with our old companions, the Erie Canal and the Mohawk River, with

its fertile valley improved in aspect by the increased richness of the autumnal tints.

After leaving Scenectedy and the road to Saratoga to our left, we were dragged up one side of a mountain and lowered down the other into the city of Albany, where I rejoined my companions, who, by neglecting my advice, had passed but a sorry night of it on the road.

The distance from Utica to Albany is 110 miles, for which you are charged three dollars and seventy-five cents. That part of the railroad extending from Scenectedy to Utica, and which I mentioned in a former letter as having been carried over hills and through dales, was begun in 1834 and finished in 1837 :—and cost, including cars, &c., one million six hundred thousand dollars.

The Erie Canal, which runs by its side, must also have cost a “pretty considerable tarnation sum, I calculate ;” and has, also,

to be lifted over the aforesaid hills by means of twenty-seven locks, before it unites with the Hudson at Albany.

I ought not to omit to tell you that I had as one of my companions to-day a very pretty, innocent-looking young woman, who had been travelling by the night-train from Rochester ; as had also a young Englishman, who seemed to smile tenderly upon her. This fair damsel was going to New York to embark for England, so was the gentleman ; but “ the course of true love never doth run smooth.” When the rail-cars halted at the station, and the amiable young gentleman was assisting the amiable young lady to collect her handboxes, &c., the poor girl discovered she had either forgotten her purse or lost it somewhere on the road : she appeared to be, and I really think was, in great distress.

The young gallant volunteered to pay her passage home, but the poor blushing girl rejected the offer, and was inconsolable. I

spoke to the landlord about her, as well as to some of the lady passengers, particularly to Mrs. E——, and her clever English friend Mrs. J——. In short, there was a general interest taken in the young woman's misfortune; the landlord gave her a good bedroom and a good dinner and supper, and it was arranged she should return to Rochester by to-morrow's train.

Poor girl! she had accompanied her parents to this country, where they had both died; she had then gone into service, had made up a little purse by her savings, by the aid of which she was about to return to her native land.

I mention this incident to shew the kind-heartedness of the people, for every thing was done for her that could be, and she was permitted by the railroad proprietor to return by the road she came, free of charge, to look for her lost treasure; and I sincerely hope she may find it.

I had exerted my eloquence to persuade

several of my fellow-passengers to come to this hotel ; as a reward for which, the managers of it put me into the worst room in the house. I had had a splendid one when I was here before. On my pointing out this to them, in a good-humoured manner, they have given me a better ; but, unluckily, it is a double-bedded one. American inns are constantly crowded from the perambulating propensities of this keep-moving race.

The Congress Hotel wants looking after, although I admit it to be a fine establishment. Let me recommend all men who embark their money in such speculations, either to superintend them themselves, or let it be done by some near and dear relatives ; and, better still, let these relatives have an interest in the concern. They will then look, as they ought to do, into the cleanness and comfort of every hole and corner, from the kitchen to the garret ; if

they do not—to make use of their own expressions—they 'll seldom go a-head, and never be *first-rate*!

After dinner I went and heard an excellent discourse in the Episcopal Church, and then promenaded the elegant, airy, and well-built city, where I observed numerous very fashionably dressed females, some black, and many brown. The coloured ladies were decked in many-coloured dresses, and strutted about with an air of no small consequence and dignity.

I counted twenty churches; but I am told I ought to have counted twenty-two. The different persuasions I will not attempt to enumerate.

The Congress Hotel is on a line with the Capitol, and about 130 feet above the river, and commands a fine view; but every one who visits Albany should mount to the Observatory on the top of the Capitol, or Parliament House, as I did when I was last

here, from whence you enjoy one of the richest, most extensive, and varied views to be seen in this or any other country.

The Museum, of a semi-elliptical form, has a fine appearance, as have many other of the public buildings; but lest I should repeat what I have formerly said about them, I will at once conclude this epistle.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

Voyage to New York — Astor House Hotel — Letters useful in Various Ways — Departure from Albany — Troy Steamer — Alarm that Fanny Elssler was on Board — Russian Lady and Political Arm-chair — Whigs and Democrats — A Zealous Loco-foco — Meeting of Van Burenites and Consumption of Pickled Oysters — Steam-vessels — Miniature Town — Meeting with Friends — All Events regulated by Sound of Bell — Dinner ! — American Bridegroom — Hunger masters Love — The Catskills — Military Reminiscences — Washington — St. Anthony's Nose — André — The Palisades — Praise of the Hudson.

*Astor House, New York,
September 21, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

HERE I am, at length, in this great emporium of the Western world, and on the first floor—reckoning from the clouds—of the great Astor House, which is crammed to

overflowing, as, I am told, every hotel in New York now is, in consequence of the great political crisis which is fast approaching.

I found several letters awaiting me ; amongst them a large packet from my very obliging friend General Scott, whom I had hoped to have met here, and two from my kind and gallant commander, the Governor of New Brunswick. The envelopes bore the names of these formerly gallant opponents in the battle-field, but who have recently done their countries good service by their judicious and peace-preserving arrangements : and I am quite sure it was these two honoured names which induced the proprietors to receive us into their already over-crowded establishment, whilst they were forced to close the doors against many who had accompanied us from the steamer.

Well! after the ringing of various bells, the making of various inquiries, and the looking through various lists, I was at

length handed over to an amiable "help," who landed me, breathless and bewildered, in this eleventh heaven, from whence I am now going to report to you my proceedings during the day.

Be it known to you, then, that this morning I bade adieu to Albany and its Congress Hotel ; and, by the assistance of two or three rawboned Irish waiters, who had not been long enough out of their own country to spurn the European ceremony of tipping, we had ourselves and our baggage, precisely at seven o'clock, placed on board a floating palace, yclept The Troy, at the very moment she was majestically leaving the quay. This splendid new steamer is twenty feet longer than the British Queen, being 294 feet from stem to stern ; and in her magnificent cabins you can walk a length of seventy paces ; and the 'tween-decks is high enough for Fanny Elssler's highest leap, and the most superlative jumper might

exhibit without the risk of breaking his skull.

Talking of the adored Fanny, it was first mysteriously whispered, and then proudly proclaimed, that she was on board ; but, to the unspeakable disappointment of all the young gallants, and, I may add, the old ones too, this proved not to be the case. The report originated in a highly-dressed, well-shaped, very foreign-faced lady, being mistaken for her ; but, alas ! alas ! this personage was at length discovered to be only the Frenchified-looking wife of a captain in the Russian navy, who is now residing at New York, for the purpose of superintending the building of a steam frigate for the Emperor Nicholas.

There was a tremendous rush made to view the supposed *Sauteuse*, and when it came to my turn to gaze on her, she was quietly sitting on a wonderful chair, brought from General Harrison's country, and going

to be exhibited at New York. It was a very large arm-chair, formed of the rough, unpeeled, or unpolished branches of the Ohio *buck-eye*. So, whilst the unconscious Dame Russe was enjoying her loll on this rude structure, and listening to a recital of its history, the uses to be made of it, and the thousands of proselytes it would gain to the Whig cause, she little imagined that she, and not it, was the object of such universal admiration.

Perhaps I ought to inform you that the two great political parties in America are called Whigs and Democrats; the Whigs being the Conservatives, or high Tory party, the Democrats, the liberal or revolutionary. I hope I shall contrive to steer clear of politics, now that I am approaching the very centre of the political caldron, which seems already to be boiling over in anticipation of the Presidential election. I trust I may escape unscalded; but this day,

during our voyage, an old gentleman, an Uncle Toby sort of personage, got me by the button-hole, and I was obliged to listen to a long yarn about General Harrison and Colonel Grogan, untenable posts, interminable forests, savage Indians, the attack and defence of Sandusky, &c. &c., every one of which subjects lost me a dozen beautiful views on the splendid Hudson.

My chatty friend informed me, also, that the very ship we were on board had, a few days previously, carried from Troy and Albany to Ploughkeepsie (a place of considerable note, where the first New York Convention assembled in 1788, and which now sends several whale ships to sea) no less a number than 2600 Loco-focos!!

Here 's combustible matter enough, at least to set the Thames on fire, if not the Hudson: and my informant further apprised me, that on the same occasion a party, of whom he was one, had devoured

eighteen barrels of pickled oysters in the space of two hours!—no doubt with intent to whet their political appetites, it having been a grand convocation of Van Burenites, several of whom pointed out to me, as a matter of great interest, the birth-place of their chief, as we glided past Render Nook, the great centre of Loco-focoism in these parts.

In these steam ships, or steam towns rather, one encounters all the world. I met General Porter's aide-de-camp and his lady, from the Falls, a friend from Buffalo, another from Boston, Mr. W——, the nephew of an admiral in our service, and a brother officer from the Havannah. The promenade absolutely resembled Regent Street on a fine day; and when the cabins were lighted up, which they were in consequence of an accident having delayed us in getting along side the wharf, you were reminded of a gala night at Vauxhall.

The run from Albany to New York is 140 miles, and this vessel generally performs it in about eight hours and a half. A bellman runs about the huge ark, warning passengers of coming events. For instance :—Ting, ting, ting ! “ Passengers are desired to attend at the office to pay their fares ! ” Ting, ting, ting ! “ Passengers inclined to purchase meal-tickets must immediately provide themselves ! ” This summons was promptly attended to, the keen morning air having miraculously sharpened their appetites, and the “ meal-ticket officers ” were beset on all sides. Then came the most important ting, ting, ting, of all ; and troops of hungry men, women, and children, rushed down the several staircases, and, after struggling, crowding, and jostling, round the amply covered tables, at length between two and three hundred well-dressed men and women arranged themselves in order of battle in

the state cabin ; and—oh, ye gods !—what a clattering of plates, what a jingling of glasses, what a din of knives and forks, and what a scramble for food, then took place !

I sat directly opposite a newly-married pair. The bridegroom had, during the morning, been all fondness and attention, but the sight and smell of the viands changed at once the current of his feelings. What a knife and fork the fellow played ! He was a perfect cormorant for fish, helping himself to every particle within his reach, and bellowing for more when that had disappeared.

Now, being a lover of the finny race myself, I became rather nettled at this exclusive proceeding of his, and ventured to give him a civil hint or two upon the subject, in the shape of congratulations, as to the astonishing effects of the lake breezes upon his appetite. He winked his eye at

me good-humouredly, as much as to say he understood what I meant, but continued to clear the dishes as fast as ever. When at length tired nature could no farther go, he very deliberately turned round to his fair bride, and resumed his billing and cooing, in a matter-of-fact, straight-forward manner, that diverted me excessively.

About forty miles below Albany we passed Catskill, a village at which you can land and take coach, should you be desirous of visiting the mountains of that name. The wind was high and bitterly cold, so I contented myself with a distant view of them, but it was a superb one. The Catskills are a continuation of the Alleghanies. The summit of the highest is 3019 feet above the level of the Hudson. I recollected reading Leatherstocking's description of them in the "Pioneers," and I must admit that the scenery about and behind the flourishing town of Hudson is very fine ; and Athens,

on the opposite bank, is seen to great advantage, as these mountains form a magnificent background to the picture.

Now don't be alarmed, my dear friend, for I am not going to surfeit you with all the beautiful and picturesque views I have seen on this noble river, which, by the bye, the Americans generally denominate the North one. But, as a military man, I cannot let you off without enumerating some of the spots rendered famous, or infamous, by the events of former times. Columbus Point, for instance, which General Vaughan reached when he made the attempt to get to Albany to succour Burgoyne, was an object of interest to me ; and still more so was the old stone house which you see after passing Ploughkeepsie, and which the great Washington occupied close to Newburgh as his head-quarters, and where the celebrated Newburgh letters were concocted.

West Point, Fort Putnam, and Kosci-

usko's Monument, all give rise to vivid recollections of the olden time ; but ten times more than all the rest, the small house where the patriotic general held his headquarters during a part of the revolutionary war ; and a few miles farther on, I sighed as I beheld the site of Fort Clinton and of Fort Montgomery—I have a great respect for that name—and thought of the gallant and daring deeds which my countrymen had performed there. But, as Napoleon said, “It's only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous ;” and my historical and patriotic reveries were interrupted by a host of pretty spinsters running forward to look—oh, ye gods !—at *Saint Anthony's nose*, supposed to be depicted on one of the mountains we were passing. “Oh dear, I see it !” cries one fair American, leaning on the happy shoulder of her lover. “I guess it's gone,” says another, affecting, in her extreme curiosity, not to be aware that her inamorato

was gently and delicately pressing her jimpy waist.

I gazed, till I could gaze no longer, at the spot on which poor André was seized,—just sixty years ago to-morrow,—when returning from his conference with General Arnold. The tree, where this celebrated occurrence took place, was pointed out to us : it is a very large and lofty one, and of a species of white wood ; and report says it was struck by lightning on the very day the news of General Arnold's death reached Tarryton, which was the 31st July, 1801.

We passed the sweet sequestered retreat of Washington Irving, situated on the very margin of the Hudson ; and soon after the setting sun shewed us Manhattan Island, and the gorgeous city of New York in the distance.

The Palisades, which we have so often heard of, were another object of interest. They are formed by a range of basalt rocks.

Fort Lee, which is in ruins, is placed on their very brow, about three hundred feet above the level of the water.

Prolix as this letter has been, I feel I have not done justice to the beauties of the renowned Hudson. The Americans have good right to be proud of it. I have seen some *pretty considerably respectable* rivers in my time; the Thames, the Tweed, the Shannon, the Loire, the Elbe, the Weser, the Rhine, and the Danube; and I am ready to admit that the Hudson deserves a high place among them. It is one of old Neptune's most mighty and most magnificent contributors; but, according to my taste, my old friend, the St. John's River, which I left behind me in New Brunswick, has points of as great beauty as any of them.

Adieu, my dear S——.

LETTER XXXII.

NEW YORK—Refinement of American Chambermaids
 —Army of Waiters at the Astor House Hotel—
 Dinner Ceremonial—Clam Soup and American
 Ladies—Buildings—Conveyances—Political Fer-
 ment—Soldiers should keep clear of Politics—
 Boundary Question—Dr. ————Introductions.

*Astor House, New York,
 Sept. 22, 1840.*

“A FINE, business-like place, this New York!” said I to myself this morning, when, after eating a beautiful breakfast at a beautiful table, with groups of beautiful women around it, I set out upon a voyage of discovery. But I must expatiate a little on our in-door affairs before I take you out to walk with me.

The exquisite delicacy and refinement of

the feminine battalion of servants at this hotel, which is the greatest of the great, is quite delightful and refreshing to the moral feelings. The Astor House phalanx of chambermaids will condescend to make your bed and clean your room, during the time you are at breakfast; but neither love, nor money, nor compassion either, will persuade one of these American Dianas to enter your apartment at a later period of the day.

This morning I requested one, whom I met in passing along the immense galleries in which are the dormitories, to fetch me a jug of water. She looked aghast at the request; but soon, with a smile of compassion at my ignorance, said she would tell one of the waiters to bring it. Soon after I accosted another, and, as it was very hot, requested her to remove the counterpane from my bed. She said it was morally impossible; that it would be as good as

her place was worth ; but that a waiter should come and do it.

I was vastly amused with this refinement of delicacy in a class which, in other quarters of the globe, is not always characterised by an excess of it ; and, to investigate the subject still further, I attacked a third young lady, whom I encountered ; and asked her if she would do me the favour to sew a button on the collar of a shirt which I proffered to her. She started back from the dilapidated vestment, dangled her two hands from her wrists, looked aghast, and, uttering that universal word of American astonishment, “Lawk !” turned away, and told me she would send a man for “*the thing*.”

In short, I soon found out that for a single gentleman to expect that a single chambermaid — and there are no double ones — would answer his bell, was an indecorum of the most atrocious sort.

As to the waiters, they are a little army

in themselves ; and indeed the government of the Astor House establishment is essentially military in all its subdivisions, which struck me as somewhat curious in this free and enlightened land, in which every one is horrified at the bare idea of military sway, and where Van Buren is execrated for seeking to increase the standing army, and is accused of aspiring to a perpetual dictatorship.

Every thing is, I again repeat it, strictly military. You are summoned to dinner by peal of bell or stroke of gong—the latter a most ear-appalling sound ; you march along in single file, halt, half-face inwards, and take up your assigned position. The field-officers of the day, *id est*, the head waiters, one at the end of each of the two enormously long tables, stand firm, fixed, and consequential ; they move one pace to the front, and wave their right arm high in air, in the most decisive and fogleman-like style ; upon which all the subordinate helps, who are mar-

shalled at equal distances, and have their eyes steadily fixed upon their commanding officers, likewise step one pace to the front! Profound silence reigns around! There is an awful but brief pause of suspense, and the field-officers again wave their napkins aloft; another pace in advance is made by the entire force — the covers are uplifted, the viands displayed, and then the eager tumult of helping and being helped, and the din of knives and forks, and dishes and plates, reverberates from the lofty cieling.

Carried away by my admiration of this noble display of gastro-military precision and discipline, I have passed over in silence the less striking commencement of the dinner, when the soup is served out; but were I to pass over in silence the *soup itself*, I should be a traitor to all the better feelings of gratitude, respect, and veneration, which should throb in the heart of every human being who has been so fortunate as to taste it.

CLAM SOUP! a thrill of admiration shakes my pen as it traces the short, the unobtrusive, the humble-looking words, CLAM SOUP! My dear friend, one single tablespoonful of it is a payment in full for all the trouble of a voyage across the Atlantic; one basinful of it would recompense a man for circumnavigating the entire globe! They *say* it is made of some sort of shellfish, some mussel which is in abundance here. I don't believe it! It must be something sent down direct from the skies, to bless and support the American ladies: and oh, my dear fellow! to see, as I did to-day, thirty or forty of the dear, fair-haired, gentle-eyed, and pale-cheeked angels, looking so excessively lovely, and eating Clam soup so excessively fast—such heaven-born food! such celestial feeders!—it is a sight, indeed! But I feel that I dare not trust myself on either of the two subjects, still less on the two subjects combined. Come and behold! come and eat!

In the meantime you are to understand that the same ceremonial is continued throughout the dinner: the second course and the dessert are administered to you with equal military precision and formality.

As to my out-of-door adventures, I can assure you the day has been made the most of. We have examined many of the public buildings, which are splendid and judiciously constructed; and have promenaded up and down the celebrated *Broad Way*, where all the fashion and beauty of New York are to be seen at stated hours of the day. The facility of sight-seeing here is very great. Omnibuses and other public carriages are plying in all directions; their drivers as false knaves in their demands as London cabmen; *steam-bridges* connect Brooklyne, Hockboken, and the adjacent islands with the principal one, on which New York is situated.

Power played at the Park Theatre, which is directly opposite the Astor House; both

it and Niblos Gardens seem to be greatly in vogue. In short, in this bustling metropolis, business begins early and pleasure ends late.

The weather is still hotter here than it was at Boston; and consequently the consumption of sherry cobblers and mint-juleps is marvellously great.

It would be impossible to convey to you an idea of the noise, the bustle, the continued out-going and in-coming that take place in this vast, busy, brimful, well-regulated barrack of an hotel, which is the very focus and hot-bed of Harrisonism: the hundreds of persons constantly promenading in its passages, drinking or sucking at its bars, or smoking and spitting in its lobbies!—all, all red-hot politicians, ready to devour every morsel of intelligence as it arrives from the different states or from the numerous committees now sitting in various parts of this, to me, apparently insane city,

where I am told seventy different newspapers are published. I have already had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of one or two clever, intelligent, and communicative men in that department of the press; and I have been in my turn pumped about politics, and, above every thing else, about this *Black Bottle affair*, the London papers having just reached us, brimful of the business. On such subjects the least said is the soonest mended. In the Grass Greens, the President of the Mess Committee manages all such *important* affairs.

As to political discussion, my humble opinion has always been, and I have ever endeavoured to act up to it, that soldiers, and more especially subordinate ones, like myself, have nothing to do with it. The New Brunswick Boundary question is the only one with which I ever pestered myself. When I was ordered to the disputed frontier, I thought it my duty to endeavour to

make myself master of the subject in all its bearings. I read all the books I could procure, as well those written by Americans as by New Brunswickers. I read the Treaty, and the comments on it, and likewise all published despatches on the subject. I conversed with all the oldest inhabitants, whilst I was in the Upper St. John's, and obtained from them much important local information. But as my duties did not call on me for a display of this *accumulated wisdom*, I have kept it all to myself; nor will I now inflict it upon you. One thing is quite clear, that if England has any wish to settle this intricate and protracted question, she could never do it better than whilst we have in North America the most splendid and efficient little army that was ever sent into the field: and good would come out of evil, if the Canadian rebellion led to the settlement of the Boundary Question.

I sat to-day at dinner next to a very

clever, intelligent, and agreeable personage, with a pale face and a Grecian countenance — as all deep thinkers ought to have — who seemed perfectly aware of who I was, and of the part I had acted in this matter ; for he adroitly led the conversation to the subject, and assured me of the strong desire that pervaded the Union for a speedy and amicable adjustment of it. He talked well on this, as he did on a variety of other subjects ; had travelled a great deal in Europe, and spoke with fluency French, German, and Italian ; was a violent Whig, a devoted Harrisonian ; and knew every body and every thing.

I soon found out that my new friend was a celebrated physician of New York, who had written much and well on the subject of yellow fever, and who was now employing all his skill and talents in restoring his country to a healthy state, by placing his friend General Harrison at the head of it.

During the evening he introduced me to numerous political personages, who in their turn presented me to others ; and I was handed about from one to another as “ Colonel Maxwell of the British Army ;” “ Colonel Maxwell who commanded on the disputed frontier ;” “ Colonel Maxwell of the 36th Regiment ;” until I had increased the circle of my acquaintance very considerably beyond the powers of my memory. In short, to my great astonishment, I suddenly found myself the lion of the night, in which glorious character I will take my leave of you, and retire to my lair.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

Naval and Military Servants of America — Veneration for the Mother Country — Governor's Island — Fortification of New York — Rivers — Population — Recruits for the Floridas — Vertù and Champagne — Navy Yard — Vessels of War — Steam Frigates — Naval Officers — General Miller — Dinner at the Gentlemen's Table — Politics and Cigars — Puddles of Saliva — Sufferings of the Ladies — New York at Night.

*Astor House, New York,
September 22, 1840.*

MY DEAR S.—,

I HAVE spent the greater part of this day in the company of the naval and military servants of America; and it has been one of great satisfaction to me, for I love the study of men and manners; and, although you will accuse me, perhaps, of the *couleur de rose* mania, I will stick to my

assertion, that our cousins, the Yankees, are a race of fine fellows, and worthy of the stock from which they sprung, and which they still love and venerate. It delights me to see the old veterans here, when their blood has been warmed by talking of the mother country and its brilliant exploits ; and again and again have they enthusiastically assured me that, as the offspring of England, they rejoice in her renown ; and that they remember the days when every true-hearted American exulted in the glories of a Nelson, and mourned his death ; and that it is their pride and boast that they can claim to participate in the fame which a Wellington has shed over his country.

This morning, a young artillery officer, Lieutenant Hill, whose acquaintance we had made on the previous day at the ladies' ordinary, called on us by appointment ; and we strolled down Broadway to Battery-Garden Point ; enlisting into our party, as we

passed along, my friend General Miller, who has arrived here from Boston. I was provided with a letter from General Scott to the commanding engineer of the district, who has his head-quarters on Governor's Island. Major Smith, of the engineers, through the instrumentality of Lieutenant Hill, had sent a boat, manned by artillerymen, to convey us to the island, which is contiguous to the Battery Point, and where he received us with every kindness, attention, and hospitality.

Governor's Island is low, and within gunshot of New York. The fort on it is very old. It is a square with bastions, and has an abundance of thirty-two pounders, on traversing carriages, pointing towards the main channel. I was too polite to attempt to count them.

We walked once or twice round the ramparts, from whence the splendid *land-locked port* of New York is well seen.

This fort, with Ellis's Castle, is near the Brooklyne, or naval arsenal, side, and commands the entrance to East River, which is here about half a mile broad, and is the place where the principal part of the shipping lies, in consequence of its being less exposed than the north, or Hudson River, side, which is more than a mile wide, and where Ellis and Bedlow's Islands are situated, both fortified. But the grand defence of New York is Fort La Fayette, situated in the Narrows, and between Fort Richmond, on the Staten Island side, and Fort Hamilton, on Long Island. The Narrows, I should say, were about half way between Sandy Hook and New York, which is in all a distance of nearly eighteen miles.

The North River is navigable to the city of Hudson, a distance of 113 miles ; but steam-vessels run to Troy, 160 miles up the river, to which place also the tide extends its influence. New York, it is said, and I have

no doubt correctly, contains, at this day, 300,000 inhabitants, and owns about 300,000 tons of shipping, that is, a ton a man;—a very respectable quantity, is it not?

When I have informed you that there are two other points of ingress and egress to it, by Amboy and Staten Island Sound from the north, and Newhaven and Brookhaven Sound from the south, I shall have done with geography, and statistics too, and come back to matters more in my own way.

On Governor's Island, there are at present quartered about nine hundred men, principally recruits, preparing to feed the frightful clime of Florida,—that thorn in the side of America,—that grave of so many of her brave sons!

One half of these youths are at present encamped; they are very sickly, and have more than one hundred of their number in hospital. Their barrack-rooms, which we inspected, are casemated and small, and

better adapted for winter than for summer quarters.

Our inspection finished, Major Smith, an extremely agreeable, well-informed person, gave us an intellectual treat in his barrack-room, where the inspection of some ancient manuscripts and a great many beautiful engravings was washed down with capital iced champagne,—a beverage which facilitated our studies wonderfully.

Major Smith very kindly pressed us to dine with him; but as Captain O——'s extension of leave had not arrived, he has determined to start for Boston, on his way to St. John's, to-morrow; consequently he could not accept the invitation, and Major B—— and myself did not like to quit him.

Major Smith ordered his own barge to be manned, and took us across to visit the navy yard at Brooklyne, where we saw the Old Franklyn and Washington both comfortably housed, and went on board the steam frigate

Fulton. Her commander, Captain Newton, and the rest of her officers, received us most politely. We were shewn every part of this fine vessel, and I minutely examined her hollow shot, and the manner of securing it, which seemed admirable.

From the Fulton we went on board another steam frigate which is now building. A great number of hands were at work upon her, and it is supposed she will be launched about the end of November, and that Captain Perry will be appointed to command her. She is strongly built, with inclined planes for her pistons to work on, and will mount twenty guns.

I ought to have told you that, whilst on board the Fulton, we were introduced to a fine, good-humoured, hard-o'-weather-looking chap, Commodore Kenshaw, the commissioner of the yard, as well as to Captains Paulding and Sands, all three of them pleasing, open-hearted, frank sailors, each striv-

ing to kill us with kindness. But we resisted their invitations, and returned to our hotel. The Fulton got under way soon after we left her.

Modesty and merit are very generally combined. I had some difficulty in persuading my friend General Miller to accompany us. The reason became obvious; he was recognised and hailed by every one as the hero of South America. Almost all the officers we met knew him by fame; two of them had been eye-witnesses of his deeds, and recounted to us some brilliant anecdotes of him.

In consequence of getting to our hotel late, we dined at the gentlemen's table; the ladies' dinner hour being three, the gentlemen's half-past; and I was struck with the change. It was like a pack of hounds without their whippers, &c. Woman, lovely woman! whether ye feed fast or slow, ye are still our better angels, and keep us tranquil

and well behaved! The masculine masticating party amounted to nearly two hundred; and conventional forms were a good deal set at defiance. I found none of the water-drinking system I had so much admired in the provincial towns.

The rattling of knives and forks, the changing of plates, the loud political gabble which was going on universally when the well-filled mouths rendered utterance possible, combined with the numerous discharges of champagne corks, gave the scene the appearance of a well-contested battle-field. This over, an admirable dessert was produced, and cigars were whiffed, to assist digestion: groups were formed, coffee handed round, and politics renewed. There was to-day no *bolting* after dinner, whatever there might have been at it; and for once "il Signor Stomaco" was allowed to have fair play.

I can only account for this departure from

the usual system, by supposing that the guests at the Astor House are at this particular period congregated for political purposes, and, consequently, that they consider that sitting still after dinner is as advantageous a mode of traffic in this commodity as walking up and down the passages and corridors of this huge barrack, which they have been doing all the rest of the day.

This afternoon my two friends, who are much more fastidious than I am, pointed out to me *puddles of saliva*, as they had often done before. “Well, I admit it,” said I; “but I did not come here to pick holes in other people’s jackets. Let us put our own house in order before we meddle with our neighbour’s.” There was a good laugh when I seriously added, that I pitied more than I blamed them. My first impression was, that the whole male population of America was under a course of mercury for an universal liver complaint, brought on from bolting

their food, and that—poor fellows!—they were all in a state of salivation!

The thing is horrid, there is no denying it: I positively have seen ladies go round to avoid lakes of saliva, or with their dainty feet, step across them, assisted by a gentleman in the same way as he would have assisted a fair friend over a dirty gutter in the street!

I have had a long stroll this evening through this well-lighted, gay-looking city; where the regularity of the streets makes it next to impossible for a stranger to lose his way. Broadway, which is upwards of three miles long, divides the town; and, if you wander out of your way, Manhathen Island is not very broad, and you have a river to bring you up on each side, the city being built at the confluence of the East River and the magnificent Hudson.

Adieu, for the present.

LETTER XXXIV.

Breakfast at the Ladies' Table—Early Habits of American Beauties—Albany; its Population and Extent—Major H—— of Kentucky—State of New Orleans—Diversity of Climate in the Union—Internal Arrangements of the Astor House Hotel—Visits and Introductions—Dr. T——, his Work on the Non-Contagion Theory—His Political Theory—Patriotic Orations—List of New Acquaintances.

*Astor House, New York,
September 23, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

As I was finishing my toilette this morning, my friend O—— entered my chamber to ask me, as it was his last morning at New York, if I would accompany him to the ladies' breakfast-room. To this I readily consented, and we accordingly

descended to their saloon, a very handsome apartment ; where idlers, having the *entrée*, may lounge during the day, occasionally hearing soft music, and constantly seeing pretty faces. Some very pretty ones were already assembled waiting the gong's deafening signal.

The American beauties are no slatterns, and parade to breakfast gracefully attired, with smiling countenances, white hands, nails delicately attended to, nicely braided hair, tightly laced, and well shod. In other places they do this at the unseemly hour of seven ; but here in the metropolis, they take a little more time about it, and sip their tea, with the concomitant substantialities, at half-past eight, about three or four hours earlier than a French or Italian lady can venture to shew herself.

As I have just spoken of New York as being the *metropolis*, I will here take the liberty of informing you that Albany is the

capital of the State of York; which comprises fifty-six counties, and contains upwards of two million inhabitants; and has a militia force—I have already described *the three days' turn-out*—of just 169,225 men!

Albany is the city where the provincial parliament meets, and is distant from this place, by the Hudson, 145 miles; and from the Niagara frontier—that is to say, the line from Buffalo on Lake Erie to Lake Ontario—about 290 miles; thus making the whole distance from this great mercantile mart to our Canadian line, 435 miles, all in the said State of York.

I had to-day an interesting conversation with a Major H—— from Kentucky, who informed me, amongst other things, that New Orleans—whither he is now bound to continue the canvass he has hitherto been making with great success for General Harrison—has ten thousand miles of navigable

water ! with a disposable fleet of six hundred steamers, each averaging four hundred tons, and making six voyages from that port annually ! thus making the exports of New Orleans three-fourths of those of the whole Union.

Believe, my dear fellow, just as much or as little of this magnificent statement as you please. I may not have correctly understood my Kentuckian friend, the little major, or he may have been mystifying me. He is a clever, vivacious, and good-looking fellow, a great politician, a burning red-hot Harrisonite, and put me much in mind of a talented little captain of political and pistol celebrity in England.

One thing is certain, that in a few years, with the rapid progress that rail communication is making in this get-along country, every American, who has the means of travelling, will be able to cheat the seasons, and to change a civilised for a savage life

without leaving his native land. After enjoying himself in the civilised and social East, he may flutter his wings and be off to the wild West; when he has had enough of the cold North, he may start for the genial South, and bask in the eternal sunshine of New Orleans, which even now is a fashionable winter residence.

I have already touched on the domestic manœuvres exhibited by the aids and helps appertaining to this large and most martially arranged establishment. To-day I had the curiosity to inquire their number, and I have received a list—one hundred and three males and sixty-five females are employed! Mr. Stetson, the director and driller of them, has promised that I shall be admitted—although against rule—at one of their field-days. They parade for exercise daily at two P.M., and are drilled as regularly as I drill my regiment. Why, in some of the small states in Italy, so formidable a display

would be a cause of alarm to the government, and, most likely, the legislature would command the house to be shut up for fear of the consequences. I have seen to-day little of the city, having spent the greater part of the morning in paying, and receiving visits.

At the ladies' dinner-table, I again had the good fortune to espy the pallid but intellectual physiognomy of my friend the physician ; and after dinner I had another very long and very interesting conversation with him, the ceremony still proceeding of his presenting me to all the distinguished men of the Union as they fell in our way.

Dr. T—— has written much and ably upon yellow fever, and on the non-contagion theory, of which he is a strenuous supporter ; and I was able to give him some strong proofs, in confirmation of his doctrine, from my own experience whilst I was quartered in the West Indies, and which he requested

I would commit to paper. In return he has promised to give me, in writing, the substance of a most edifying conversation I have had with him this evening, and in which he rapidly and ably discussed the first settlement of this country, its climate, the temperament of its inhabitants, its Anglo-Saxon blood, its good feeling towards its original father-land, and the strong aristocratic feelings that prevail as to birth and descent. All this, interlarded and spiced with occasional out-breaks against Van Buren and his party ; for every thing and every body at this moment receive a political tinge. The aristocracy of wealth, he assured me, is altogether subordinate to the aristocracy of blood ; and a mania pervades all classes to trace their pedigree to the mother country.

By this time we had collected a host of Harrisonians around us, all breathing peace and good-will towards England. One and

all assured me that every good man and true, that is to say, every stanch Whig, was anxious to preserve peace with Great Britain; and towards me they all certainly evinced the most friendly disposition, in consequence of the pacific part I had acted during the Aristook feud, as they were pleased to term it.

I again repeated what I have often before said: that we are from the same stem, and America may be said to have been a wayward child that has pushed its fortune in another hemisphere, where it has shewn courage and perseverance, and made itself rich and independent; and that we should be senseless and narrow-minded were we not proud to acknowledge our consanguinity. "To be sure," I added, "when feuds and bickerings break out in families, they are more furious and more lasting than other quarrels; but, gentlemen, when the *turn* comes, and I feel assured it is close at hand,

on both sides of the Atlantic, the bonds of good fellowship and amity will become more firmly knit than ever."

Hereupon one of my surrounding friends seized me by the hand, and said, "Colonel, we are the younger sister of England, and ranged by her side, as we ever wish to be, we could conquer the whole world!" Another started up and repeated, "We speak the same language, and it will one day or another be the only one known throughout the universal world; and we'll take care it goes westward!" Thinks I, what would the Spanish dons in the South say to all this —

"Los peces mayores se tragan los menores."

"Yes, gentlemen," I replied, "if the Star of England should, in the revolution of ages and of empires, ever set in the East—God forbid it ever should—it will continue to burn long and brightly in the West. Let

us only banish that mutual jealousy which has been long engendered, and has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. I myself was nursed and brought up to look upon you as nothing better than lucky rebels ; and I came to this country prejudiced against the blood of my fatherland : and, as I have ventured to tell the men I have conversed with—nay the women too—I thought before I landed on your shores, that I was coming amongst a parcel of uncouth, uncultivated savages !” Here roars of good-humoured laughter and applause interrupted me ; and “ What do you think of us now ? ” was exclaimed from all quarters.

“ What do I think of you now ? Why, that personal observation and other circumstances have made me (as I hope it will millions of my countrymen) change my tune. And I prophesy that America and England must and will be firm, steady, and close

friends ; and that the feelings of national pride, national industry, national independence, liberal institutions, international commerce, and enlightened minds, must make us respect and love each other ; besides being drawn together both by birth and by language.”

I added, “ I admire France, I love Italy, and I could willingly end my days, if necessary, in Germany,—in all of which countries I have spent many years,—I glory in England, Scotland is my own, my native land ; but my visit to the United States has filled me with astonishment and enlarged my mind, and most heartily do I rejoice that I came here to judge for myself.”

Now, I ‘ calculate,’ you will be sufficiently sick of ‘ what I said,’ and ‘ what they said,’ and so on, voting it, I have no doubt, an egotistical rhodomontade ; but, my dear fellow, if, as I wish to do, I am to draw for you the picture of the impressions made

on my mind, I must work with the colours I have, and dip my brushes into my own heart, or I can never bring the panoramic view of this extraordinary people before you, as vividly and as truly as I wish to do.

Among the host of introductions that I have gone through this day (and a severe ordeal it has been for the memory) I shall set down some of the names, selecting those that made the most impression upon me from their talents and position in society. Mr. E. Curtis, member of Congress ; Mr. Dickson, of Rhode Island ; Major Hice, of Kentucky ; General Starkweather ; Major Zebb, Ohio ; Judge M'Clean ; Mr. Auchinloss, &c. &c.

Adieu for the night.

LETTER XXXV.

Boundary Question — The Writer's View of it — Introduction to Daniel Webster — His Person and Manners — His Zeal in the Harrisonian Cause — His Opinion of the New Brunswick Affair — Delays are Dangerous — Political Arena at the Astor House — Probable Success of General Harrison — Dr. T——'s Treatise on Yellow Fever — Broadway and the Ladies — Letter to General Scott — Dandy Bar-keeper — Concert at Dr. Wainwright's — Clerical Hairdressing — Tracing of Descents from the Old Country — Wealth Second to Lineage.

*Astor House, New York,
Sept. 24, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

I HAVE been, as you will easily imagine, not a little assailed and interrogated on the subject of the Boundary Question. When thus attacked, I always tell them—and I can assure you that my hearers and ques-

tioners generally admit the truth of my assertion — that the framers of the treaty of '83 must have been either bunglers or blackguards, for surely it never could have been contemplated, when we were giving up so large a tract of country on the great Continent of America to the former subjects of England, for the sake of peace and quietness, that we meant to cut off the communications between the comparatively small portion which we retained for ourselves. I allude to our direct line of intercourse between Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, by the Madawaska settlement, and the Lake of Tamisquata, &c.

I this day had the honour of being presented, by Mr. E. Curtis, to the great Daniel Webster, in one of the long passages of this hotel, of which the great Dan is an inmate; he received me most graciously, as he also did my friend Major

B——, and invited us to his room, where he introduced us to Mrs. Webster. Our fellow-traveller, Capt. O——, had by this time started for Boston, the long-looked-for leave not having arrived. Had he remained, I could have favoured you with a sketch of the American (*not the Irish*) Dan's head.

His eye, his forehead, his black matted hair, and olive complexion, reminded me somewhat of the impression made on me by Napoleon. He seemed to be in bad health, was labouring under a violent cold, and absolutely in a state of exhaustion, brought on by his great political exertions in favour of General Harrison. He is now doing duty as a regular itinerant orator, in favour of that party, and is to be delivered of a speech to the inhabitants of this city on Tuesday, the 29th instant, at the Merchants' Hall, in Wall Street; I have, therefore, put off my intended departure for Philadelphia, for the express

purpose of hearing him. I have also been pressed by Judge M'Clean and Mr. Auchinloss to be present at some good speaking to-morrow on board the British Queen, where the wits of America are to be congregated.

I had a long conversation with Mr. Webster about the Boundary Question ; the grist of what he said was, that he considered all the additional surveys of the disputed territory needless and procrastinating ; and when I alluded to the argument I have just stated to you, regarding our communications, he replied that “ the whole of the business ought to be arranged and set at rest as amicably and with the same ease as two country gentlemen would settle any question regarding contiguous property, and so adjusting their *marches* ”—this was the term he used—“ as would be most useful to each other—a fair exchange being no robbery.”

Now, mark me, my dear friend. Do not

think that I am led away by all this fine talk. I know well how differently and determinedly he spoke in Congress. Nor am I beguiled by all the fine speeches which have been perpetually made to me since I have been here, that as long as their national honour is not touched, the Union will never go to war with England for a few dirty acres claimed by the state of Maine, never! that they are five-and-twenty States to one against her; that the subject is comparatively of no importance; and so forth. We of the old country have, all of us, been brought up a great deal too much in the belief that the Yankees are proverbially deceitful. I do not think that they are a grain more so than other people; and I firmly believe that all that was said to me was truly meant, and came from the heart at the moment. But they are very fickle, and very proud, and very irritable, and the first political wind that gets up

may blow away all these fine determinations of equity and liberality.

Mr. Webster talked of his visit to England in a manner which proved that he had been much pleased with it; he also discussed a very interesting subject, the new route to Southern Australia, *viâ* this great Continent; and we retired much pleased with our reception.

On descending to the political arena, I again heard the fervent declaration made by these conservative Whigs—and no other creed durst shew its nose in this Harrisonian hot-house! — “that the moment the battle’s won—which they all declare it is sure to be—and the old General seizes the helm of the state, a new system will be developed, having for its object peace and perpetual union with England!!!”

Now, when I reflect that the whole of the mercantile interest—which in this country is by far the most important of all—has

risen up, as one man, to support General Harrison, I cannot but think that his election is secure. But, still knowing how many *Artful Dodgers* there are in all political parties, I prudently limit my assertions to the safe old adage, "Time will shew."

This morning my medical friend presented to me his clever treatise on yellow fever, a work which, from the glance I have given it, I should think must be of great value; and I handed to him in return a few crude memoranda of my own observations on the subject. This very unequal exchange being concluded, I again strolled about this great city; in which, start in whatever direction you will, you are insensibly attracted to Broadway, which, at certain fashionable hours of the day, is sure to be crowded with fair faces under small bonnets, with long Vandyke waists, well-turned ankles and small feet, gallanted by troops of juvenile dandies, all of whom have

beards that would do honour to a race of Jews.

The shops are splendid; and there are theatres, museums, statues, paintings, and other exhibitions in abundance; but I find that my energy as a sight-seer has greatly diminished.

My first intention, as I believe I have already told you, was to start westward tomorrow, on my way to Washington. Such having been my resolve, I this morning wrote a letter to General Scott, thanking him for his great attention to us, and acquainting him with the important advantages which had resulted to us from the numerous letters of introduction with which he had furnished me. This epistle I left for him at the American Hotel, handing it to a most dandified bar-keeper, who scarcely condescended, in the midst of his numerous avocations, to take it out of my hand. He appeared to be sipping coffee, reading the papers, count-

ing money, and curling his hair with his richly ringed fingers. Now as the establishment over which this fine gentleman presides is not the General's usual house of call when he visits New York, he having been compelled to go to it from the want of accommodation at the Astor, I have some fears that my letter may never reach him; and after his great kindness and manifold attentions to us, I should be excessively annoyed were I to appear wanting in gratitude towards him; but there was no help for it, and I must trust to the memory of the *be-ringed* bar-keeper.

I am absolutely overwhelmed with engagements; and there are so many kind friends anxious to take me here and there and every where, that I scarcely know which way to turn. I received a pressing invitation to go on board a splendid line-of-battle ship now lying in the roadstead, the North Carolina, where there was to be a party this

evening ; but I had previously engaged myself to a musical party, given by my kind friend Dr. Wainwright : and a most delightful party it has proved. Thalberg's music seemed in vogue ; and, as Dr. Wainwright remarked, whatever is the rage in London is sure to be the rage here.

A Pole, by name Kosuski, commenced the fight with a very difficult piece in a very difficult style. The object of the composer seemed to have been to banish all pleasing sounds, by cramming so many notes and so many and such various effects together, that you could not distinguish which was which.

He was followed by two very handsome and very accomplished young ladies, the Misses G——, whose powerful execution and happy touch must have driven the Pole into despair ; for I understand he has come here in search of pupils, and these fair ladies proved that he was in a land of proficients.

After a great deal of very excellent music, but not extended too far as is very often the case, a charming *petit souper* brought up the rear, arranged in a style which would have done no discredit to a fashionable party in London ; and the excellent viands were washed down with *first-rate* iced champagne.

General Miller, Major B——, and myself walked home with the Rev. Mr. H—— and his family : he is a celebrated preacher, but I must say I did not admire the cut of his jib ; his locks were plastered down in form puritanical, and to his chin was attached a large tuft of hair ; but these are trifles light as hair, or air, which you will ; and though I was a little out of temper with the hair-dressing system of Dr. Wainwright's reverend friend, the doctor himself and all his family are most delightful people.

I am now to-bed ; but whether to sleep is doubtful ; for I am forced by the heat to have my windows open : they are exactly

opposite the Park Theatre, and the rattling of coaches, the racketting and roaring, reminded me of Drury Lane during the days of King Kean.

It is lucky for you that I have not as yet taken to writing in bed; or you would certainly be favoured to-night with a long disquisition about the extraordinary race of people I am among.

I have never read any modern travels in this country, consequently, except by hearsay, I have no notion of what may be the opinions of others better informed than myself; but this I know, that *all*, absolutely ALL, as if it were a mania lately and spontaneously sprung up, have either been recounting to me the deeds of their ancestors, as connected with the mother country, or claiming and proving a direct descent from her. All-republican as they believe themselves to be, I consider them the proudest and most aristocratic people I ever beheld;

detesting and turning up their noses at what they consider and stigmatise as *parvenu* and plebeian. No coterie of old maids ever scrutinised birth, parentage, and pretensions more fastidiously than do the Americans. Wealth is eagerly sought for by them, perhaps *more* eagerly than in many other countries, and great respect is shewn to it occasionally, but it has no chance against descent—no, not the least.

The theatrical din subsides ; and I will let you off for the present.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

American Love of Speech-making — Politics — Party on Board the British Queen Steamer — Mr. Le Gare — Introductions — The British Queen — Captain Roberts — Presents received by him — Tribute of Respect to England — Lunch in the State Cabin — Eloquent Speech by Mr. Le Gare — Other Orations — Captain Roberts — Respect shewn him in America — English, Irish, and Scotch Pedigrees — General Mersey — The Writer called up — Efficacy of Champagne — Reiterated demonstration of regard for the old Land — Sir John Harvey and Mr. Quincy Adams — Flare-up in the Astor House Arena — Kentuckian Politeness and Brotherly Affection.

*Astor House, New York,
September 25, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

THE Americans are a marvellously speechifying nation, in doors and out of doors, on land and afloat. We have been at it to-day at a great rate. I say *we*, for I

was, most unexpectedly, and somewhat unwillingly, lugged into all the proceedings. I had been told what I was to see and whom I was to hear, but I never dreamed of becoming a performer on the occasion.

I got so little sleep from the rattling and bustle I described to you last night, that I thought I might as well indulge for once in a way, and do that laziest of all possible things,—have my breakfast in bed. On such occasions, in this well-regulated establishment, a waiter is told off on purpose for the especial duty of attending upon the sick and lazy. I was admirably served,—better than I deserved, you will say; and when I descended it was nearly mid-day, which is the hour of 'Change at the Astor,—that is to say, the time when people come from all parts of the city to give and take, or rather to exchange, news and opinions; and the passages and coffee-rooms are absolutely crowded to suffocation. I was soon recognised and

greeted by a host of kind friends, who told me that Judge M'Clean and Mr. Auchinloss, the great promoters of the party on board the "British Queen," were in search of me: the avowed object of the party being to inspect her machinery and accommodations; but the real one, to eat, drink, and speechify; at all three of which amusements the Americans are great adepts.

A Mr. Le Garé, of South Carolina, an eminent man, a first-rate author, and a splendid orator, was the lion for the morning; and I really believe, from what took place afterwards, that he himself was the only person present who was not aware of this.

I was soon ushered into a large room, where the party was collecting, and saw a very interesting assemblage of open countenances and intellectual heads, belonging to men from every State in the Union; to all of whom I was presented in rotation.

Among the rest were young Webster, very like his talented father; Mr. Sibley, who is styled the “Lion of the West;” Mr. John Neale, of Maine, an author, an orator, and a legislator; and General Mercer, of Virginia, a very talented man and a capital speaker; and many other distinguished persons, to whom I had been previously introduced.

A great many carriages were in waiting to convey us; and we soon found ourselves on board this new wonder of the world. Captain Roberts, her commander, a thorough-going sailor, did the honours well; directing our attention to every thing which was novel in her construction, and explaining her stupendous machinery with great clearness and precision. He afterwards, with honest triumph, shewed us silver speaking-trumpets, gold snuff-boxes, diplomas, and all manner of other trophies accorded to him as having been the first to direct the powers of

steam so far across old Neptune's bosom, and thus conquering the wide barrier that had so long separated the two countries, which, during the evening, I heard repeatedly and emphatically termed "mother and daughter."

England, I should think, never before received such a flood of incense as was showered at her feet on this occasion. No son was ever prouder of the deeds of his father than America seemed to be of Old England; and I declare the exhibition of good feeling was perfect. Every spokesman alluded to their fatherland, and the great prospects opening out on this continent by its being brought closer to England by the powers of steam.

When all and every part of the noble vessel had been inspected, we assembled in the state cabin, where lunch was provided, and the champagne began to sparkle. I happened to be placed on a sofa near Mr.

Le Garé, and I heard several hints given to him that he was expected to speak : he has the look of a quiet, modest man, and evidently shrunk from the display ; however, no denial would be taken, and his health was proposed and drunk with great cheering. This still would not do, until he was vociferously called for. He then spoke, and very eloquently, comparing steam to an additional Apostle of the Gospel, which would eventually be the means of bringing all religions under one church, thus collecting all stray sheep into the one fold : he also said that sooner or later the whole world would worship God in the English language.

General Starkweather spoke well ; General Mercer eloquently ; and little John Neale, of Maine, was repeatedly on his legs, and acquitted himself well. Captain Roberts, in a good, blunt, honest, sailor-like speech, gave us an excellent illustration of American feeling, as connected with the

new and important events in the annals of steam navigation. He said he had lately been on a tour to Boston; and to avoid publicity, knowing the strong feeling there was towards him, had travelled under a feigned name; and never once hinted that he was the steam captain who had commenced the work of reunion between mother and child. However, by some means or other, the people of the hotel where he lodged discovered who he was; and when he asked for his bill, no entreaty could persuade the proprietors to hand it to him: and every director of a rail-road or steam-vessel, as he returned to New York, not only would not receive his fare, but actually insisted on returning those they had taken when ignorant of who he was.

Mr. Neale, also, in very neat terms, alluded to a similar instance of national feeling, which had been exhibited by the proprietors of the Astor House.

Every speech breathed kindness and respect towards England; and every man I conversed with gave me his English, Irish, or Scotch pedigree; and I ought not to omit to mention that General Mercer was eloquent on the subject of the vast and extended power of Great Britain, and of the influence and progress of the English language; and there was enthusiasm in his tone and manner when he proclaimed that the mistress of the deep, with the aid of her now-acknowledged child, would conquer the whole world.

When one least expects it, some stumbling-block starts up to interfere with our pleasures. I was enjoying myself *hugely*, lounging on a Turkish sofa, munching ship-biscuits with deliciously iced champagne, when the director of the party, Mr. Auchinloss, stepped up to me, and said in a whisper, "Colonel Maxwell, you'll be called on next." If the spheres had broken loose,

I could not have been more confounded; but I had little time for lamentation, for there was the clever little orator of Maine, John Neale, with his *curly pow*, preparing the way for my martyrdom by various complimentary allusions to the Boundary Question, which he wound up by giving “Colonel Maxwell and the British service.”

Up I got, with the pleasing reflection that I was going to hold forth before some of the most eloquent men in the Union. You who know my modesty — you need not laugh — my modesty natural and acquired — ought to pity me. I know I pitied myself; but, my dear fellow, there is nothing like having once been in action; and that little *affair* of mine against the two long black rows of big-wigs and learned dons at Cambridge, which I told you of, was of incalculable benefit to me now; and I should not wonder if, in time, I preferred making a speech to being shot.

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I have not the slightest intention of inflicting mine upon you. I talked away upon all manner of subjects, the champagne producing both ideas and arrangement. I contrasted the two British Queens, the reigning and the floating; adverted to the *very interesting* situation in which they both then were — I thought of a brevet as I did so; and on I went, right and left, amidst continual cheering; and when I sat down, all the cups and saucers in all the steward's rooms rattled with the intensity of the applause. A multiplicity of hand-shakings followed; and — climax of Demosthenic glory! — after I had resumed my seat, young Dan came up to me, and requested I would accompany his father to the hustings in Wall Street.

I have now heard the sentiments of so many eminent and talented persons — very many more, I can assure you, than I have enumerated to you — that I feel justified in

declaring that the feeling of respect for England, upon which I have often dwelt, is general and deeply fixed.

It is true I have not been much amongst the Loco-focos; but I conceive that Loco-focoism, if not in a dying state, is, at all events, much on the wane. However,

“La causa e sempre à colui chi parla solo;”

so I must endeavour to hear what the Van Burenites have to say for themselves and about us, before I can decide.

Mr. Graham, in the course of conversation, gave us his lineal descent from the Duke of Montrose; even Mr. Le Garé relaxed, and said that he was himself born in London, and that his mother was a Swinton. This will corroborate what I have already stated respecting the strong feeling so prevalent in this country, and which must surely have its effect in cementing a too long-dissevered chain.

Mr. Le Garé retired early, and Major B—— and myself also stole away ; but the party continued on board long after we left them, speechifying and champagning at a great rate.

On my return to the Astor House I found a letter from Sir John Harvey, giving me an account of his extended command. I rejoice at this, as well as at the account he gives me of a visit paid to Fredericton by Mr. Quincey Adams, and the warm reception he met with, which I took care to communicate to those about me, to whom I was sure it would give great satisfaction, he having been one of their most respected Presidents.

In the evening I very nearly witnessed, in the passage of the Astor, an American *flare-up* between a celebrated counsellor and my little Kentuckian friend, H——, who is pepper itself. It really was the first time since I have been in this country that I have heard any thing approaching to abso-

lute *heavy* swearing. The subject was a soreness on the part of the fiery little Major that he had been left out of the "British Queen" party, and which the other tried, in the most manly and gentlemanly manner, to soften away. Peace and war hung suspended in the balance for some time ; but at length a treaty of oblivion was concluded between the parties.

By the bye, I must tell you an anecdote about this said Major, which is droll enough in itself, and will illustrate to you how high political feuds now run in this country, where father and son are frequently opposed to each other, and brother to brother. The gallant Major, who is a vehement Tippecanoeite, *alias* a Harrisonian, *alias* a Whig, *alias* an American Conservative, has a brother who is a red-hot Loco-foco, a most determined democrat, and a most strenuous Van Burenite ; and violent is the political feud between the two.

The Major was travelling in Kentucky on a crusade in behalf of what he holds to be the good cause, and politics, the universal and all-absorbing subject of conversation in the Union, having been started, he thus addressed the driver of the diligence, who was also a Kentuckian: “Do you know that tarnation, lying, political blackguard, down east,—that ultra Van Burenite villain, J. H——, Esq. of So-and-so? He is one of the out-and-out scoundrels of Kentucky!” To which the charioteer replied, “I guess I don’t know a better man in the whole Union.” On which the indignant Major, after discharging a volley of oaths, said, “Do you know his brother, the Major?” The response was, “Well, I calculate that’s the man you mean; for a greater blackguard, and a more particularly d—d scoundrel, is not to be found in the States!” This was rather a *poser* for the Major, and he made no more family in-

quiries. Afterwards, however, he good-humouredly entered into the joke against himself, and he it was who related the story to us.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

Letter of Dr. T—— on the Character, Position, and
Prospects of America.

Astor House, New York,
Sept. 26, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

INSTEAD of a letter from myself, I will to-night give you a much better thing, a letter or essay—call it which you will—which has to-day been handed to me by my friend Dr. T——, a very clever and very amiable man, in answer to various queries I had put, as well as to numerous remarks I had ventured to make, regarding this extraordinary country.

I need offer no apology in sending you this valuable paper in lieu of a trivial epistle from myself.

Ever yours, &c.

“ Astor House, New York,

“ Sept. 1840.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

*“ If language were a perfect instrument of thought, and could be compressed, like mechanical power, into a small compass, and be thus abbreviated and made portable by comprehensive symbolic signs, uttering, as in *some* of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, whole sentences or even pages, how, my dear Colonel, would I not discourse to you on paper upon those themes which ought most to absorb the minds and hearts of our two kindred races of the same parent stem! We are of the same blood, the same race and extraction, the same laws and language; for can we not say with you that—*

*‘ Chatham’s language was our mother tongue,
And Wolf’s great name compatriot with our own?’*

*“ Your Shakspeare, and your Milton, and
your Bruce, and Hampden, and Sydney,*

and Burns, and Scott, and Moore, are ours. We boast with you of the Charta given at Runnymede, and the glory achieved over the Armada by the fleets of that Queen who reigned over

‘ The islet gem set in the silver sea.’

“ What, then, can ever tear asunder those interwoven fibres of a community of sentiment, of parentage, of trophies, and of fame, which God and Nature put together?

“ Our experiment of a new government is yet in its infancy. We have *pullulated* from your trunk, and have *set up shop* for ourselves, and are *fighting on our own hook*, as the straggling Yankee soldier, firing by himself on the ramparts at Yorktown, said to the officer who asked him to what regiment he belonged. It is to be seen if this government — the machinery of this *Yankee invention* — will work as well as brother Jonathan guesses and hopes it will. The

thirst of mercantile cupidity, the promised *El Dorado* and gold mines in this new world, the love of adventure, devotion to religious tenets, the desire to better our condition, impelled us to plant colonies upon the shores of this Western continent.

“ We spread along a coast of 1500 miles, of excellent harbours and every variety of clime and soil, and the earliest epochs of our existence were *necessarily* laid in daring achievements of commercial enterprise and maritime discoveries. Our mother drew the rein too tight upon our even then *go-a-head* propensities, and backed by that stern spirit of independence and that resistance to restraint which we derived from and sucked in with our British blood, we continued, during near two centuries, to struggle with all the power that our colonial position would admit against the restrictions which were imposed *at home* upon our irrepressible passion for commercial pursuits. Thus be-

came we, from practical experience, intimately conversant with the exactments of the statute-book, and were obliged to study out what we deemed our rights, that we might be the better enabled to defend them. The peculiarity of our climate, its remarkable extremes and vicissitudes of temperature of hot summer suns, more broiling than those of Africa, and dreary winter snows, more terrific than those of Nova Zembla, mingled up with occasional up-rooting tornadoes or deluging torrents of rain, presented a combination of *climactic* influences so different from those of the shady, mild, and uniform seasons of our fatherland, that it is not strange that these physical agencies then began to operate, and have since brought out changes or modifications in the constitution—mental, moral, and physical—of our national character, and in the genius and temperament of our people, which have never in my mind been duly

appreciated and weighed in the parallels that have been so frequently attempted between the offspring and the parent.

“ I have always considered that our climate has imprinted its image upon us, and that in our peculiarities — eccentricities, if you please — we see *mirrored* out the *kaleidoscope hues* of an ever-changing mercurial and etherial, not to say imaginative, *inventive*, and poetical temperament, for ever fluctuating and capricious, but fixed only to one form, and mould, and point, that of a religious and unalterable devotion to the preservation of our free institutions of self-government and tolerance of the rights of conscience and civil liberty.

“ Our institutions and government have grown up in great part from our geographical position and commercial pursuits. Our national character is derived from these and the peculiarities of our climate, to whose *Protean* mutations Volney justly said we

never became seasoned or naturalised. To the above primary elements add our great platform of Anglo-Saxon extraction, with a *pretty considerable* sprinkling of other admixtures — Hibernico-Milesian, Gaulic, and Celtic in all their forms, and some of the daintier races of the Mediterranean shores, not to speak of *Ethiopian*, which has never been amalgamated to sufficient extent with our white purple blood (*sangre azeil*) to constitute any marked difference.

“ The bulk and mass of our population, like our laws, and customs, and language, are Anglo-Saxon, and of the Teutonic and noble *Norman* root; and the *increments* which this blood is obtaining to-day in our population can only be estimated by the 50,000 to 100,000 yearly augmentations which all the far and fairer regions of the boundless fairy-land of the west are receiving direct from the nurseries, and original fountain and sources of these Anglo-

Saxon streams in Germany itself. And, let me add, that these emigrants are of the best description for *breeders* of population to a new country, being industrious mechanics and agriculturists, well to do in the world, and bringing the earnings and fruits of their industry with them, and purchasing the best of government lands for 1 $\frac{25}{100}$ dollars per acre; and settling permanently their families upon them, with the not improbable prospect that from being paupers in Europe, or rather mere ‘pisantry,’ that here they are the ‘real grit’ of the land, and their children or themselves may become *Congressmen, statesmen, ambassadors, governors, nay, President*; for Van Buren was a little tailor, or bar-room boy to his father’s inn at Kenderhook. As I write too fast to dry my ink, I must skip every other page.

“It will be your fault, my good sir, if I take you at your word, and, having now got seated down to scribbling, if I drown you

in undecipherable goose-tracks that would puzzle the alchemy of the shrewdest antiquary in Herculaneum manuscripts to unravel the meaning of.

“To resume a favourite theme with me, the influence of climate, or other causes of a physical or moral nature on national character and human organisation.

“It is not for me to tell a veteran in her Majesty’s service like you, what such a transparent and hot atmosphere as ours (more fierce in its temperature than any thing I ever experienced in the Bahamas or Cuba) will effect upon the ruddy cheeks of your perfumed England.

“You that live in that other paradise of balmy-shaded bowers, and losques, and enamelled lawns of daisies and primroses, and clustering hedges of eglantine, and woodbine, and jasmine — do you imagine that the ‘lily-roses’ of your complexion will not be *imbrunated* and *ex-jaundiced* by our golden suns? •

“ Thus it is that we, compared with you, are Egyptian dried-up mummies, burnt to a coal, alongside of your freshness and juiciness. We are a lean, swarthy, sinewy, and lantern-jawed race compared with you. Our features are sharper, — I won’t say *wits*, though adversity and the necessity to shift for ourselves might have made us so. Our ladies are like fragile fairy forms, with a pale, pensive expression of countenance that has the melancholy cast that belongs to thought, meditation, poetry, and sentiment.

“ A languor marks both sexes, as in the West Indies ; but in our country there is one national characteristic, an abhorrence of taciturnity, and a passionate frenzy for querulousness on every subject, leading too often to bitter controversial and wrangling discussions on polemics, politics, and all other subjects, resulting, also, frequently in acts of disgraceful violence and crime ; the exciting causes of which are a want of due

circumspection in our speech and too great an addiction, in some portions of the population, to spirituous drinks. But, admit that the intellect, under the causes we have stated, has on this side the water gained in astuteness and energy, in elasticity and rapidity of action, what the ‘human form divine’ has lost in the outward harmony and contour of its graceful forms and proportions,—the heart lies right as well as the head, and while we glory in all the glories of our Anglo-Saxon parentage, we hope to advance with such strides in national power and prosperity, and in the extension of those resources which the press, and steam-power, and education give us the entire command of, that we may take rank with you on the map of the world, and that you may point to us and say that we are not unworthy of our origin.

“ There cannot be other than a deep and abiding feeling of affection in our people

for England; and Fulton and Cunard's *bridges* ('The Queen,' 'Britannia,' &c.) are *abridging* the ocean-strait that alone separates us, and which, though it were ten times wider, could not, with its multitudinous seas, wash out or weaken the love we bear you and yours.

“The result will be, that when we come to shake hands across, and have a continuous highway between the two people, each will improve by the example and precepts of the other; not doubting that your older experience will continue to furnish, as it has done, the treasured fruits of your greater age and wisdom. Whether you, after the ages of experience you have had, will deem it worth while to borrow any suggestions from our mode of doing up government transactions,—whether your Fanny Wright and Socialism, and our Agrarianism, borrowed from your Spitalfields missionaries, will be submerged, drowned, and lost in the

common ocean of good feeling and interchanging sympathies, which will be widely multiplied by hourly extended and rapid intercommunication, time will shew.

“My opinion is, that both nations will be mutually benefited, and that the arts of peace and of good government, of liberal education and the *nurturing* (which Heaven grant!) of Christian feelings and high and noble enterprises, will result from this reciprocal amity, and that *steam-power*, in the same proportion that it augments the capacity of destructiveness as a weapon of war, will happily avert that calamity, and therefore promote and encourage every possible blessing and amelioration which can protect society from so great an affliction.

“The rivalry of mankind, the goal of ambition, national and individual, will be the developement of their utmost moral and intellectual energies, and the production of the greatest possible quantity or amount of

good for the greatest number,—with the *proviso*, however, that this aphorism of Jeremy Bentham must not extend to the curtailment of the rights of the minority.

“ On the subject of *entailments* and of an *hereditary order of nobility* in this country, I am perfectly satisfied we never shall have them while our present form of government exists. The first *movements* that are made in this country to bring about this order of things will be made by the *novi homines* or *parvenus*,—the *scum*, in fact, whom sudden opulence, and more frequently accident or fraud and cunning, have thrown upon the surface of society. This class of people, with the exception of their wealth (no matter how ill gotten,—by swindling speculations, piracy, or other crime, involving the innocent in ruin and misery), have every thing to gain, and nothing to lose, in the matter of distinction, rank, and consideration in society. They are in our country

and amidst our people (the mass of whom are descended from respectable British or German, or Dutch and Irish ancestry), looked upon with an evil eye and great suspicion ; for they are generally known by their vulgar arrogance and *pretension* every where.

“ It is also evident that this class of persons would stop at nothing, neither a change of government nor civil war (if they have the courage), to produce that modification in our institutions which would enable them, as the self-styled ‘architects of their own fortune,’ to superadd to their wealth the parchment of an hereditary title, and the power by entailment of perpetuating the name and power of their family, and giving to it all the rights and prerogatives of a baronial or ducal dignity. These persons, therefore, being deemed by the great mass of the community perfectly selfish, reckless, and unprincipled, and destitute of every

patriotic or philanthropic feeling,—except it can ostentatiously display their own importance and add to their own consequence,—are rarely intrusted with high or responsible trusts bestowed by the hands of the people.

“A notable exception is presented in those who wear the mask, and assume the arts of demagogues, affecting to love and flatter the people, until seated in power,—those who have been duped by them find out their mistake when it is too late.

“The most prominent of these examples in our time is *Martin Van Buren*, the President of the United States, who, by a course of low intrigues and secret personal defamation of his opponents, and spaniel-like adulation of his adherents, has finally *wormed* himself into the highest office in the country. Had he risen to that exalted station by his own services to the country, in the field or elsewhere, we should have

been proud to point to him as an example of what unaided talent and merit could achieve against all the impediments of obscure and humble birth. But his whole career has been one calculated to raise a blush on all honourable minds ; that a man so destitute of private or public claims should have been invested with the most exalted honour in the gift of the people ! From the ‘first jump’ he has been a small intriguer and a parasite, that clung to every great man whose overshadowing influence he justly thought might finally drag him onward to the goal of his ambition !

“ His attachment thus to the fortunes, or rather person, of the President Tompkins, during, or indeed before, the war with England ; to those of Governor Dewitt Clinton, whom he secretly persecuted to death ; and, finally, to those of General Jackson, whose potent arm elevated him to the Presidency, —are all illustrations of my remark. It was

only when he imagined himself firmly seated in power that it began to be found that he was not such a *passionate* idolater of the people as had been believed by those who placed him in the situation he occupied.

“ It was then he threw off the mask and shewed the cloven foot, as is seen in his recommendations of the union of the purse and sword in the person of the executive of this country ; and the details of which alarming and high-handed despotic schemes are fully and conclusively illustrated in the infamous *sub-treasury* and *standing-army* measures proposed by Van Buren for the adoption of Congress. Meanwhile the well-disposed citizens,—the working classes, constituting the great body of the population, had already, before the *sub-treasury* project was matured, began to feel the disastrous commercial embarrassments brought about by those *avant-couriers* (the audacious experiments on the currency) with which Van

Buren had thought to prepare the way for the better adjustment of the yoke designed for the necks of the people.

“Undismayed by remonstrances from every quarter of the country, and counting largely on the credulity and *gullibility* of that people whom he had already so successfully duped and humbugged as to induce them to make him President, he urged on and passed his sub-treasury scheme,—inoperative, fortunately, on an *empty treasury*, which he and his satellites had plundered! It was then the alarm among the people increased, and finally, upon his daring, in addition to the command of the purse, to have the insolence last winter to propose also a standing army, or *body-guard*, of 200,000 militia to enforce his edicts at the point of the bayonet, the magnitude of his treasonable designs upon the constitution and country began to be clearly understood; and thus, my dear Colonel, have you the clue to that mighty

but *bloodless* revolution, which you behold all over the land in gatherings, almost daily, of tens and hundreds of thousands of free-men, resolved to

‘ Lay the proud usurper low,’

and raise to the Presidency the man of the people’s choice—the warrior veteran and statesman—*William Henry Harrison*.

“ I have given you *Van Buren* as the *incarnation* of a petty tyrant, or would-be *autocrat* of a *Masaniello*—a hypocritical despiser at heart of the people—an insolent *parvenu*, who would rule us with a rod of iron if he could or dared,—a specimen of that heartless duplicity and moral turpitude which is

‘ Young Ambition’s ladder ;

But when he once has reached the topmost round,
Scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend.’

“ In bold, and honourable, and bright contrast to this political impostor, I would

place before you *General Harrison*, whose origin, birth, life, and whole history — a proud page of self-sacrificing virtue—illustrates and expresses what I would wish to place before you as the true and legitimate embodiment—the *beau ideal* of the American character, and of the sentiments and judgments of our countrymen.

“ In the almost universal acclamation with which his revered name is lauded from mountain to valley, from plain to prairie, from lake to ocean, you read the hearts of our people ; and learn that they honour virtue, nobleness of character, and disinterested patriotic devotion.

“ I desire to impress this upon you to prove to you that we are not yet degenerated and corrupted beyond redemption, and that money cannot bribe, nor low acts seduce us from a holy allegiance to that homage which we accord to the noblest traits of human character.

“ I am now come to the point at which I wished to arrive, to shew to you that this *great moral* revolution in the country is based upon the respect which we Americans entertain for an honoured name and for patriotic services to our country. Does not this shew to you, what you did not require, that we all revere those who by a long line of virtuous and noble deeds have acquired a high rank in the community ; and that we doubly respect the man who, like Harrison, has so gallantly sustained the respectability of that *patrician* Virginia family to which he belongs, and that venerated and illustrious parent who was one of the signers of our *Magna Charta* of independence ?

“ It is to reach this excellence—to maintain our own respectability and that of our forefathers, that we are all aiming at. And is not this a worthy pride, natural to the human breast ? Do we ever find that those families who were first to risk their lives

and fortunes on these dreary shores, and who then occupied the same relative leading position that they do now, and whose sympathies and interests have ever been closely intertwined with the communities, and with the venerated mansions and homes where their fathers, and fathers' fathers, lived and were honoured ; whose hearts cling to the graves of their kindred through successive generations that have sprung up since the colonial settlements — do you find ever that such families—foremost then as now as pioneers of the forlorn hope of civil and religious liberty—do you look to them to turn against their own homes, their own blood, and their own neighbours and friends, and to aid in establishing a *parvenu*, contemptible usurper like Van Buren on a throne?

“ Be assured, gentle Colonel, when we desire to have a divine line of kings and an hereditary nobility, we shall not go down to

pick up a *charlatan* like him of Kenderhook. At present we are satisfied with that natural system of nobility which is inseparable from a state of society, and which exists in our country in its full force. Illustrious and honoured families on the annals of this republic never need fear that the mass of the people at large will entertain for them that respect which they deserve, and which they can only forfeit by the misconduct of those of their descendants who do not act in a manner that shews that they cherish the virtues of their ancestry.

“ Washington Irving told me when he visited the family of *Pinzon*, &c. in Spain, whose ancestors were companions of Columbus, that he found them occupying precisely the same patrician relationship to the communities in which they lived, and had, indeed, ever lived, as they did at the hour they embarked on board the fleet of the renowned navigator. They are to-day

what they were then—magistrates, &c. fulfilling all the responsible functions of their towns and counties ; and yet, in their *untitled* name, bearing a title in truth like your own *Bruce* and others of Scotia's mountain clans, more cherished than any that a royal signet and parchment can give.

“ While, therefore, education continues to be made, as it is, part and parcel of our laws, it creates of itself an aristocracy of mind, and an elevation of moral sentiment, that will preserve and sustain on a granite foundation those social virtues and that inborn nobility of the human breast, *by* which, and *for* which alone, we all desire to live.

“ We shall not dishonour our British pedigree ; but, spite of the encroachments of mechanic power which would seem to design and desire to annihilate, like Satan's angels of fire, that human intelligence itself that was the god that gave it birth,—man, we trust, will yet for ages to come be gauged

and weighed by his moral attributes as well as by his intellectual conquests. The golden days of the feudal ages and of the crusades, when the traits of the heart and of moral and religious devotion, of human courage and deathless deeds of self-sacrificing chivalry, dominated over collegiate learning, printing-presses, cotton-gins, and steam-engines (then undreamed of), are not yet forgotten ; and must yet be studied as models for human conduct as unspotted and untainted with blemishes as any portion of human history.

“ Dear Colonel, the cup of your afflictions in perusing my scribblings must be over-running. So adieu.

“ Votre tout Devoué.

“ *Col. Archibald Montgomery Maxwell,*
“ *Her Majesty's 36th Reg. Inft.*”

LETTER XXXVIII.

Observance of the Sabbath at New York — Appearance of the City — Grace Church — Disappointment — Politics — More Introductions — Napoleon at Elba — Environs of New York — Irish Waiter and French *Carte* — Irishmen in Abundance — Temperance — Admonitions of Friends proved to be unnecessary.

*Astor House, New York,
Sunday, September 27, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

THE last Sabbath-day I passed, as I informed you, in the contemplation of the Almighty's wonderful works at the Falls of Niagara ; this I have spent in a licentious metropolis—for where many human beings are congregated, there sin must be. Yet it is surprising with what decency and decorum the Sunday is observed in these countries.

How different from the frightfully demoralising system adopted in France, of not even ceasing from labour on this day !

Every body you meet here is well dressed, and either walking to or from a place of worship. New York has about 120 churches; many of which are very beautiful buildings, exhibiting much architectural taste.

In the morning I proceeded to Grace Church, under the supposition that I was to be again edified and delighted, as I had before been at Boston, by my friend Dr. Wainwright, as I had been informed that he was to preach. Unfortunately this was not the case ; and the divine whom I did hear had some defect in his voice, which prevented my understanding what he said : he himself certainly seemed to feel what he uttered, for his gesticulations were most abundant. This was a disappointment, as I had at first intended to have gone to St. Thomas's to hear Dr. Hawkes, who was

especially recommended to me as a most eloquent divine.

At stated periods of to-day, the Astor House has been, as usual, filled to overflowing; for discussing politics is not considered Sabbath-breaking, neither do introductions cease. Amongst others, I have made the acquaintance of Mr. Sumner, Mr. Stuart, General Wightman, and Colonel Henderson, a fine old soldier who commands the United States Marine Corps: he has given us a most pressing invitation to visit him at Washington, where his head-quarters are.

Sometimes I have a *squad* at a time to encounter; and it is not easy to recollect four or five names repeated in succession; and I have nearly exhausted my breath and my brains talking to them. Napoleon is a subject of great interest with every one here, and my interview with him at Elba has stood me in good stead; and so have

the various ones I had with Murat at Naples.

To-day I paid a visit to the shady recesses of Hochboken and the romantic beauties of Weehawken, a place of duelling celebrity, where Colonel Burr and General Hamilton fought. I was sorry I had not time to visit Fort Lee and Fort Washington; and the ground where the British army fought the battle of Long Island before they captured New York in 1777. But really it is impossible to see every thing and every body.

I again met a formidable display at the *table d'hôte*, where you have some difficulty to make the Irish waiters understand what dish you wish for, the *carte* being in French, and Paddy not being perfectly *au fait* at that lingo. More than half the helps are Irish, and I verily believe that *all* the hodmen are so; and that the out-of-doors work of this city, as well as of many others in the

Union, is principally performed by the sons of St. Patrick. Let me add, that I have as yet never seen one of them drunk—thanks to Father Mathew and the contempt in which this disgusting vice is held throughout the Union ; and, by the bye, let me tell you that the influence of this wonder-working Roman Catholic priest is extending beyond his own sphere of action ; there is much less drunkenness in the army than there was ; and I am proud to say, that the 17th of last March, St. Patrick's own day, passed without a single case of drunkenness having been reported to me.

Often and often was I told, before I started on this tour, “ Oh, you like respect and attention,—you are rather sensitive,—you'll be put out every instant : the leveling system won't suit you ; you'll be daily and hourly annoyed by their vulgarity and want of refinement.” Now, in reply, I have only to declare, to make use of an American

phrase, “ I have never yet had my dander up, my choler excited, or my bile disturbed :” I never was where I found more to like and less to quarrel with.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

Political Assemblies—Harrisonian Meeting—Daniel Webster—His Speech on the Banking System—Eloquent Conclusion of it—Contrast between the Stage in Wall Street and the Hustings at Covent Garden—Van Burenite Meeting—Mr. Hunt—Popular Topics—Political Excitement universal—The last Evening at New York—Leave-takings—Favourable Impressions.

Astor House, New York,
Sept. 28, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

THE great event in New York to-day has been the meeting in Wall Street. I believe I have already informed you that some of my numerous friends, in their anxiety that I should get a good place, had arranged that I should proceed with the committee which were to attend the great Dan to the hustings. However, a short

time previous to the meeting, it was arranged otherwise, and in my opinion very properly; young Webster coming to me to say that his father thought that it would be better for me to accompany my kind and worthy friend, Judge M'Clean, who had procured a window close to the platform, where I should be enabled to hear and see better than on the crowded hustings. The true reason, I apprehend, was that it might not seem meet for this great political prize-fighter to enter the ring backed by an English officer.

Accordingly the Major, Judge M'Clean, and myself, went early, and even then had great difficulty in forcing our way through the dense crowds occupying and pouring into Wall and William Streets, both of which front the Merchants' Exchange, where the meeting was held. I should say before the American Daniel appeared, about ten thousand people had collected, and were as com-

pactly wedged together as salted herrings would be in the precincts of Loch Fyne !

The president, vice-presidents, and secretaries formed a procession to usher the hero of this mercantile drama on to the stage, where he arrived a few minutes after two o'clock, looking very pale, and wrapped up in a huge great-coat. He *peeled*, and rose precisely at a quarter past two, amidst loud, long, and tremendous cheering. I counted eight different reporters on the hustings. I will not attempt to give you even an outline of his speech, which lasted for two hours and three quarters. The subject of it was the Banking System ; and there stood Lafayette's and the National Banks both staring him in the face. Ye bulls, ye bears, ye lame ducks, ye jobbers of London and of Paris, what a treat for you had you been in my place, for I heard every word of it !

Profligacy, corruption, currency, state banks, local banks, bank aristocrats, were

words often used, with great energy and force ; but still, to me, there was a dryness about the whole, although occasionally enlivened by some heavy and severe hitting at little Van Buren and his administration. A Mr. Woodbury, a Mr. Grundy, and a Mr. Silas Wright had also their share of the knock-down blows.

The applause and cheering that followed every oratorical cross-buttock, or regular floorer, were exhilarating ; and towards the end of his speech he was actually sublime. He had alluded to some new-fangled doctrines lately promulgated, viz. that a man has no more right to leave his property to his children than another has to take it from them. “ And now,” he continued, “ I wish to speak of another set of doctrines, according to which it is asserted, that one set of men, although acting in conformity to the constitution, and in obedience to the laws, cannot bind their successors ; and that

all obligations that one generation may contract may be honourably and honestly rendered nugatory and be repudiated by the next."

All this, you are to understand, bore upon his plan of establishing a mixed currency, with a national responsibility; so it appeared at least to my unmercantile comprehension, and it was quite evident to me that he was working himself up for a concluding *burst*—one of those tricks of eloquence which every skilful orator prepares himself for, and looks forward to: and so it proved; for, in a deeper and more impressive tone than he had yet assumed, he exclaimed,—“But the American community of to-day will not be the community of to-morrow. The American community, when I first began to address my countrymen, was composed of individuals, tens of thousands of whom have long ere now ceased to exist; and it is composed of individuals at this

moment, millions of whom had not then commenced to breathe. Where then can be the line of separation between generations of men?

“ History teaches us that although men flourish and decay, states remain through long successions of ages. The individuals who compose the community may change, as the atoms which compose our natural bodies change ; but the community exists in its aggregate capacity as we exist in our natural capacity ; with this exception, that for ourselves we know that we are mortal, we know there is an appointed time when all who live must die ; we know not the hour when those atoms which constitute our frames shall dissolve, and we shall return to the dust from whence we sprang ; but this we know, that, be our term here short or long, the love of his country will be the ruling principle in every true-born American’s heart, and that her

happiness and glory will be the last aspiration which he sends up to heaven !”

Here the powerful Dan sat down, and received the greetings of his numerous friends ; his cloak was thrown over him, and after a minute or two to recover himself, he departed, the air still ringing with the most deafening huzzas and cheers.

During this astonishing harangue, for such it certainly was, and I am well aware that my report of it is most imperfect, you might have heard a pin drop ; silence, decorum, and attention were general throughout the assembled multitude. Nothing could possibly be stronger than the contrast between the stage in Wall Street and the hustings at Covent Garden ; and when I remembered the scene which I myself had witnessed at a Westminster election, when as worthy and honourable a man as ever breathed offered himself to the people, I could not but blush for my countrymen.

On that occasion, the sound of the distinguished and gallant soldier's voice, at whose elbow I was, and who spoke for three-quarters of an hour, was never heard by me, nor by a single soul present, being drowned amidst the frightful hootings and yellings, turnip-toppings, potato-shyings, and brick-battings that ensued.

And let me tell you that in New York this day political strife and excitement have been at as high pressure as they well could be on any occasion in the metropolis of England.

I went, fatigued and hot, from Wall Street to view the great Van Buren meeting, which was held in the Park at precisely the same hour ; and so near were the two assemblies, that, had the wind served, the voices of the orators of one of the parties could have been distinctly heard by the other.

I found that a large platform had been thrown out from the City Hall, while several

smaller ones had been erected under the trees ; from these the democratic declaimers were laying down the law at a great rate. There were flags flying, and processions arriving from various parts of the city, where they had been to collect the more quietly disposed citizens, and to enlist them under the Van Buren banners.

The crowd was so great that I could not get near the principal orator, a Mr. Hunt, from South Carolina ; but I every now and then caught snatches of popular eloquence. I heard the well-known order of Nelson—“ England expects every man to do his duty,”—applied to their own position ; and the words, West Indies, Blacks, England, Washington, Duty to God, Death for our Country, Whigs, Chippawa, Lundy’s Lane, General Scott, General Harrison, Niagara, and so forth, were bellowed out over and over again. The cheering and din were tremendous.

Political enthusiasm and anxiety pervade all ranks. Yesterday at dinner Judge White made me acquainted with a very agreeable and handsome woman, Mrs. Van R——, whose husband has travelled a great distance to speak in the cause of his country, which the fair dame, with all the energy of a partisan, assured me was one and the same with the cause of General Harrison ; and my friend General Starkweather is off to-morrow with Mr. Rives and Mr. Le Garé to hold forth on the same side of the question at Auburn.

This is my last evening at New York, and I have just taken a farewell lounge in the political Mall of Astor House, which was more crowded than ever ; kind and flattering attentions were heaped upon me, and a new succession of introductions. Among the rest were Mr. Harrison Greg Ostis, one of the conscript fathers, and “one of our first-rates,” as his introducer

whispered to me, and Mr. Ogen Hoffman, another member of Congress, with whom I had a long and agreeable conversation, political of course.

Innumerable cards and invitations were handed to me, and the leave-takings have been without end. Iced sangaree was had recourse to in order to allay the ferment ; and I am only allowed to depart under the promise of a speedy return.

Treated as I have been in this town, how can I be otherwise than charmed with it ? To say that there is no profligacy or no intemperance going on in the largest and most populous city in the United States, would be ridiculous in the extreme ; and where men congregate from all corners of the earth, it must ever be the case ; but they are not here so disgustingly prominent as to be forced upon your notice, as is the case in very many European cities.

Adieu.

LETTER XL.

Burns—Battle-fields—One of Cornwallis's Veterans—
Journey to Philadelphia—The Political Caldron
—Daniel Webster—Tippecanoe Boys—General
Harrison; his Lineage and Appearance—Rivers
and Canals—A Canting Madman—Philadelphia—
Buildings—Theatre—Mrs. Wood—Theatrical Dis-
turbances.

Union Hotel, Philadelphia,
Sept. 29, 1840.

“Cornwallis fought as long's he dought,
An' did the Buckskins claw, man!
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man!”

How often, since I have been on my tra-
vels in the Union, have I repeated these
verses of my country's bard, which begin so
finely—

“When Guilford good our pilot stood.”

They seem to embrace the whole history of

by-gone days, and all the disasters that attended them.

This day I have passed over some of the scenes ; and I fell in with a fine old fellow who had taken part in them. He pointed out where the gallant Cornwallis's army had been cantoned, at one time about Trenton and Princetown, and along the banks of the Delaware, and talked with enthusiasm of his noble bearing and gallantry. The old veteran had been at the battle of Camden, which Cornwallis fought and won ; and he expatiated on our great successes in the early part of the campaign of 1781 in Virginia ; and talked of Colonel Dundas's brigade, consisting of the 43d, 76th, and 80th regiments, and of their licking General Wayne ; but he shook his grey locks, and spoke in a lower tone, when he discussed the disastrous capitulation at York Town and Gloucester.

But to my travels. Major B—— and

myself left the Astor House early this morning, and we soon found ourselves in the railroad office at the bottom of Liberty Street, hustling and jostling amidst the struggle to procure tickets for Philadelphia.

We were soon steamed across the Hudson, and set on shore in New Jersey, which is situated in a long, low, and unwholesome marsh, that must produce malaria at certain seasons.

Our rail-road journey was not an agreeable one; there seemed to be a want of proper management; and we were so crowded in the cars as to be almost squeezed into mummies. All owing to the crisis, I suppose! for in the locomotive menagerie we discovered many of the oratorical animals whose roaring we had heard before.

The political caldron is fizzing, steaming, and boiling over in every direction; and the whole influential and talented world is running about in patriotic frenzy, like so

many—what shall I say?—land-whales, “spouting” in all directions; and we had no less a personage with us than the great Dan himself, snoozing in a corner with his nightcap on. He was going to Wilmington to hold forth; and thence to Richmond, in Virginia, to hold forth; and thence to—Heaven only knows where!—but certainly to hold forth, wherever it may be.

We passed through Newark and Elizabeth Town, now the head-quarters of my kind and gallant friend General Scott; through New Brunswick, Kingstown, and Princetown, where we halted; and, to our great joy (for we had been crowded to excess), disgorged a number of American students returning after the vacation to its university. At Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, where we next halted, General Mercer, and several other friends, left us on their way to another great political gathering.

I was much surprised, at one of our halting

places, to find myself suddenly surrounded by nearly a dozen athletic fellows, some jumping into the car, whilst others poked their heads in at the windows, and all vociferating the question, "Any Tippecanoe boys here? any Tippecanoe boys here?" These boisterous, good-humoured intruders were Harrisonians; and the title, as I afterwards learned, was adopted in consequence of their chief having distinguished himself at a battle of that name, near Prophet's Town, on the Wasbash, against the Winnebago Indians.

A fellow-traveller, a very intelligent man from Ohio, gave us many interesting particulars of General Harrison. He said he was now about sixty-eight years of age, and had much distinguished himself as a senator and a soldier; that he was the youngest son of Benjamin Harrison, a highly respected citizen of Virginia, who had been chairman of the committee of the whole house when the declaration of independence was finally

agreed to, and he was one of those who signed it. He is the lineal descendant, it appears, of that General Harrison who acted so conspicuous a part during our civil wars.

My informant described him as tall and slender, but of a very robust constitution, and remarkable for his temperate and abstemious habits: he added that he has a fine dark eye, full of keenness and fire, but at the same time expressive of great benevolence of character; plain, easy, and unassuming in his manner; with a generous disposition, and a mild and forgiving temper. Such is the picture of the man who bids fair to rule the destinies of the Western World.

The country we have passed through is an uninterrupted flat, richly cultivated. We crossed several small rivers, such as the Assumpick and Crosspick Creeks; and for some time we coasted along the bank of the Delaware and Raritan Canal.

At Trenton, we had to undergo the an-

noying operation of changing cars ; and, on replacing myself, I found I had got into the vicinity of a ranting, canting madman,—a religious fanatic, whose whole language was one blended tissue of Scripture and blasphemy. In any other but this free and enlightened country he would have been shut up as a nuisance. New Jersey was interesting to me ; for here some of my forefathers had been ; and here Lord Cornwallis fortified himself in 1777 ; as did Washington on the Assumpick.

We crossed the Delaware at this place over a covered bridge, and passed through Bristol, Holmsburg, and Frankford, the country still continuing flat. We were pulled by horses into the suburbs of Philadelphia, which looked dirty and business-like ; and soon afterwards found ourselves in the magnificent and far-stretching Chesnut Street, where we have taken up our quarters at the Union Hotel, and have just concluded

a very late but capital dinner, under the auspices of Mr. Jones, whose Anglo-Gallican *carte*, a yard in length, I enclose for your edification.

We have been strolling this evening through the really splendid city of Philadelphia. It is built on the right bank of the Delaware, and not far distant from the confluence of the Schuylkill with that river. There are many fine streets; Chesnut Street and High Street are magnificent; they are very wide, long, and perfectly straight and level. The population of Philadelphia, according to the new census, is about 240,000. After delivering my letters of introduction from General Scott to General Cadwallader, and to another resident, we looked in at the New Theatre, which is almost directly opposite our hotel, and saw Forrest perform the *Jew of Bogota*.

In the vestibule of this roomy and elegant theatre, I saw a painting of Mrs. Wood as

Amina in “*La Sonnambula* ;” and last night by the bye, which I forgot to mention, I saw the original on her first appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, after a long absence. The house was overflowing. General Van R—— and his handsome wife kindly offered Major B—— and myself tickets ; and we accordingly went. But Mrs. Van R—— would not accompany us, fearing a repetition of the disgraceful row which took place some years ago regarding Mr. Wood ; who, on this occasion, was vociferously called for, but did not venture to shew himself.

There were few ladies in the house ; and my *ci-devant* countrywoman looked rather vulgarly fat, and somewhat on the sear : but Time has no mercy upon any of us, and Mrs. Wood may be thankful that things are no worse with her.

Adieu.

LETTER XLI.

Praise of Philadelphia—Chesnut Street—Markets—
Squares and Churches—Harrisonian and Loco-
foco Banners—William Penn—Fairmount Water-
works—Beautiful View—Charitable Institutions.

*Union Hotel, Philadelphia,
Sept. 30, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

I HAVE seen a great many cities and towns, from—the most picturesque of them all—my own Auld Reekie upwards to Vienna, Paris, and London, which, of course, is the glory of them all, and I pronounce that Philadelphia deserves to be ranked among the finest I have ever beheld. Chesnut Street, where, as I have already told you, I am domiciled, is two miles in length, and filled with fine shops; and, when these

are lighted up, makes a most brilliant appearance. All the streets are broad and well paved, and most of them are laid with blocks of wood instead of stone.

High Street is the broadest of them all, and has a covered market-place running through its centre ; and you may promenade upwards of a mile through a profusion of all the good things of the earth—game, fish, flesh, and every variety of vegetables. I was surprised to see green peas at this late period of the season ; and the display of fruit was refreshing in the extreme.

Well-stocked markets make every thing cheap ; and I believe the expenses of living at Philadelphia are very moderate. This city is renowned for its hospitality and the good cheer it affords ; and, judging from Mr. Jones's sumptuous and well-served table, and his moderate charges, it well deserves its fame. A gourmand with a rather consumptive purse cannot do better

than fix his tent here; for he may have his *reeves*, *rails*, and *terrapins*—the last a kind of land-turtle—at a more moderate rate than in other places.

Some of the public buildings are in very good taste: the United States Bank struck me as particularly so; the theatres are handsome; and Washington Square and several other squares are well laid out, with commodious seats to lounge on, and springs of water ready to refresh you; and several of the finest streets, such as Arch Street and Broad Street, are planted with trees.

I should say that Philadelphia would be improved in appearance if more of the religious edifices had spires attached to them; and there is a general air of sombreness about it, increased perhaps by the quantities of Quakeresses and weeping willows you meet at every turn. Still I must admit that Chesnut Street, at certain hours of the day, with its gaudy shops and handsome

well-dressed females, reminded me of Milan. All the streets from the Delaware that cross High Street, are called First Street, Second Street, Third Street, and so on up to Thirteenth Street.

Harrisonian and Loco-foco banners are waving at present over the whole city ; and you have only to enter the different committee-rooms to hear both sides of the question in their fullest extent. The mania for declamation and oratory seems universal.

I went to view the statue of William Penn at the Pennsylvanian Hospital. It is told of this celebrated Quaker, that during the sixty years of his administration, not one drop of Indian blood was shed, that is, during the first sixty years from the foundation of the colony. Philadelphia is the metropolis of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg its capital.

Hundreds of omnibuses are constantly in motion in every direction. We put our-

selves into one, and went to the Fairmount Waterworks : this is, and deserves to be, a very favourite resort. The grounds are tastefully and beautifully arranged, with spouting Cupids, and all manner of other gods and goddesses. The river Schuylkill is here dammed up, and steam machinery carries it to the summit of Fairmount.

The heavy column of water, in its progress up the hill, supplies six large tanks, containing each four millions of gallons, from whence iron pipes carry it to every street in the city. It is said that the pipes are forty miles in length, and that they can supply eight million gallons a-day.

On the summit you have a delightful promenade, and a magnificent view of Philadelphia and its environs. The bridge across the Schuylkill, and the numerous country-houses on the banks of this splendid river, are beautiful objects.

We viewed the Preston Retreat, a cha-

ritable institution for females ; the Penitentiary, which is on a large scale ; an immense shot manufactory, and Mons. Gerard's College. The Exchange and Post-office are fine edifices, built of *white* marble, as is also the Bank of Pennsylvania ; but, as a counterpoise of colour, all the waiters at the hotels are *black*, and all the chambermaids *brown*.

There are innumerable churches of all persuasions, and many benevolent institutions, as well as an extensive public library, founded by Franklin, whose grave I visited ; and, to conclude my catalogue, there are no less than four well-supported theatres.

Adieu.

LETTER XLII.

Excessive Heat—Journey to Baltimore—Ague—The Indian Princess POKAHONTAS!—Delaware River—Scenery—Game—Chester Creek—General Ross—Military Criticism—BALTIMORE—Washington's Monument—The Battle-Monument.

Baltimore, October 1, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

The weather is perfectly ungentlemanly and West India-like. Philadelphia, yesterday and this morning, was tepid; and now Baltimore is boiling; and the Exchange Hotel, where I am located, cannot, with all its double Venetians, keep out the heat.

But to proceed regularly. We left Philadelphia at an early hour; and embarking on the Delaware, in the "Robert Morris" steamer, glided down this flat-shored, muddy, and uninteresting river! Philadelphia used to have a fever commonly called "Yellow

Jack :” it must still have ague ; although I admit draining and cultivation have done much for it. That ague is prevalent, we learned yesterday from the Irishman who explained to us the water-works at Fairmount. “Plaze, your honour,” said he,—I thought this sounded very unrepublican,—“this is the first day I have been on duty since I had the marsh *favor*.”

At breakfast, on board the “Robert Morris,” I had the supreme honour of sitting next to the lineal descendant of the Indian Princess Pokahontas ! think of that, my dear fellow, and envy me as you ought to do ! When I got upon deck after this dignifying and refreshing meal, we passed Old Chester, and I thought I discovered my American friend, Captain A——, at his door. We had promised to pass by railroad, but as the cars set off at a late hour, and get to Baltimore during the night, we decided otherwise.

Before proceeding to this point we had

seen the dockyard and lazarette ; and when we got to West Chester, the country was not quite so flat, and the Delaware at least two miles broad, with the New Jersey side of it rather pretty. On the Pennsylvanian side Willmington shewed itself on the acclivity of a hill, up to the foot of which runs the Christine Creek. Here my friend, the great Daniel, holds forth this day ; and afterwards, as I believe I have already informed you, proceeds to Richmond in Virginia. This is what may be truly called labouring for the public weal, as he is extremely ill.

We soon after landed at Newcastle ; and as we entered its port we passed a steamer crowded with patriots going to the gathering at Willmington ; the band on board was playing the sublime national air of “ Yankee Doodle ! ”

Newcastle is an ancient town ; in it you are shewn an old house with a time-stricken chestnut-tree in front, coeval with its foundation by the Swedes in 1687. We soon

were placed in railway cars, which took us to French Town on the Elk river ; where we again embarked, on board the "George Washington," a capacious, admirable, and well-conducted steamer. "The Elk," like its namesake, is a lovely beautiful creature, and glides majestically along. I was going to call it a silvery stream, but it soon loses all the character of a stream ; and becoming twelve miles broad, assumes the name of Chesapeak Bay ; and we soon saw in the distance vessels approaching from the Susquehanah. The scenery is noble, and the meeting of mighty waters adds sublimity to it.

Myriads of canvass-bag ducks passed over us, and small birds filled the rigging of every sailing-vessel which we met. This is the country for a sportsman : most kinds of fish are in abundance, and the banks of the Delaware are covered by numerous reed-birds.

At this place, notwithstanding the breadth

of the noble Chesapeake, it has still 200 miles to wend on its way to the Atlantic. During its progress it receives numerous important rivers both on its eastern and western side.

We next passed Poole's Island, the Chesapeake being here twenty miles broad, and neared the mouth of the Patapsco. We went close round North Point and Chester Creek, and beheld the house established as poor General Ross's head-quarters on his landing, after he had descended the Patuxent and ascended the Chesapeake, thus making a long *détour*. Now, if I may venture an opinion, I would say that he should have marched direct from Bladensburg, Benedict, or even from Washington; the latter place being only forty miles from Baltimore. Had he done so, he would have gained much time, and have been able to attack it on its weakest side. As it was, he found it necessary to send a party to the eastern branch of the Patapsco to try to burn

the city ; but the Americans had taken the precaution to place a detachment at Mudfort, which deranged the attack. However, I admit it is much more easy than fair to criticise military matters twenty-five years after they have taken place.

We now passed Bar Creek ; and the scene of action was pointed out to me in the distance : we soon after found ourselves opposite the angular point formed by the two branches of the Patapsco, on which Fort M'Henry is situated ; the inner, or western branch being the water-approach to the town.

As to the failure of this expedition, as far as the taking of Baltimore was concerned, we all know that war is a game with many chances. General Ross, perhaps, very naturally did not like to leave his resources, and march from Benedict or Bladensburgh. To be sure, had he risked it, the army would have had an additional stimulus,—“Take Baltimore or starve.” If he had performed

the former, there was no danger of the latter ; for it is the great flour-mart of America, besides other pretty pickings, which would have been both useful and ornamental. But Fate willed it otherwise, and Baltimore escaped.

It is a splendid city : Market Street is magnificent ; and Washington's Monument is grand and worthy of the occasion ; it is a noble column of white marble : the simple inscription

MARYLAND TO WASHINGTON

pleased me much. It is placed in the highest part of the town, and from the top you have a splendid view of the Chesapeake and the circumjacent country. This part of Baltimore is laid out in terraces and squares : the houses are large and well built. The entire population of the city is said to be about 90,000.

The Battle Monument in Calvert Street is paltry, and unworthy the occasion. Surely

the gallant General Ross having been killed by a bush-ranger whilst reconnoitring, and the licking that Sir Arthur Brook gave them later in the day, make such a record ridiculous. So far as it is meant as a tribute to the memory of the brave citizens who fell on the occasion, I have nothing to say against it.

Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

First Impression produced by the Sight of Washington
 —English Political Blundering — Journey from
 Baltimore—Bladensburgh—Washington, its single
 Street—Cordial Reception of Mr. Daniel Webster
 —Lottery Offices—Colonel Henderson—Visit to
 the War Secretary—Visit to the English Ambassa-
 dor, too Early in the Day—Public Buildings—
 Potomac—Exorbitant Charges—Rapid Disappear-
 ance of Dollars—Dress of the Americans—A slight
 Sprinkling of Male and Female Dandies—Travel-
 ling and Politics the two grand Manias—Probable
 Fate of the Federal Government.

*Washington, the Seat of the Federal Government,
 and Capital of America, October 2, 1840.*

MY DEAR S —,

“*Le vent du bureau est bon !*” and
 the adage may possibly be politically true of
 Washington ; but, morally and physically,
 this place has little to recommend it. It
 impressed me with the idea of a deserted

village in an unwholesome country ; and the low, broad, slowly-moving Potomac, with its marshy banks, must make it unhealthy, particularly at this sultry season. Take the Capitol and government offices away from it, and it is the most forlorn and melancholy place, bearing the name of a capital, I ever was in : and the absence of the members of Congress, who are all at present at their homes, adds to the appearance of desolation.

And is it possible that, by way of conquering America, a great expedition was sent here

“ To beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall ? ”

How the Yankees must have laughed in their sleeves at Mr. Bull’s mistaking the semblance for the reality ! It is true that its streets and squares are marked out, and are to radiate from its splendid Capitol as from a common centre ; but all this is a mere project, never likely to be realised. In the

meantime you can have a day's shooting over its projected streets. Its unwholesome position has hitherto conquered even the pertinacity of this go-a-head nation.

The great Washington was, I believe, the original projector, and the surrounding district was purchased with the public money, and called Columbia. May we not look upon this as almost the one single error of his illustrious life?

But before I expatiate upon this city, it will be quite as well for me to inform you how I got here. At a very early hour we were hurried off from Baltimore, and when we got to the railway the cars were crowded to suffocation; and whom should I espy, squeezed up in a corner of one of them, but the ubiquitous Mr. Daniel Webster himself, who, having concluded his exertions at Willmington, was proceeding, *viâ* Washington, to Richmond.

We held on among the throng as well as we could—I with my lame arm—till we

got to the engine-station, when more carriages were provided, and we rattled off, halting to water close to the viaduct by which the Ohio branch of the railway is carried across the Patapsco. We soon afterwards crossed another branch of the same river, now a tolerable sized mountain trout-stream. The whole country looks a sporting one, and is, I believe, full of game.

We halted for a few minutes at Bladensburg, just long enough for me to take a hurried survey of the battle-field, where my friends the 85th got a pelting. We were soon after disgorged at the foot of the Capitol, and walked up the only street in Washington, in the rear of the great Daniel, who was hailed and shaken hands with by various shopkeepers *en passant*, the principal of whom were lottery office-keepers. As I had once won a *quatern* in France, and was moreover anxious to pay a compliment to what appears to be the staple article of commerce at this place,

I induced Major B—— to go halves with me, and we selected some numbers before we entered the National Hotel, kept by Mr. Gadsby. There we found our very kind friend Colonel Henderson on the look-out for us, who immediately gave us an invitation to dinner for Tuesday next; and when we explained to him that our arrangements made it impossible for us to be with him on that day, he fixed to-morrow for what he termed a *pot-luck party*.

We then got into one of the numerous hackney coaches, which constantly surround the inn doors, and the charges for which are enormous; and went and delivered the credentials with which General Scott had kindly furnished us for Mr. Pounsett, the War Secretary, a very gentlemanlike, amiable person, who received us most kindly; and it is arranged, that after going with him to church on Sunday, he will present us to the President.

We then, as in duty bound, drove to the English Ambassador's. A foreign valet, on opening the door, informed us "Mr. Fox was not up," and that he was a "*leetle* sick;" which I concluded was an amiable way of throwing a veil over his master's habits, which all the people here tell you are of the most owl-like description; as he never appears until twilight, and sometimes not then. I believe, however, he does the business of his country well; and whether by night or by day, I presume does not greatly matter. We left our cards and drove off.

The suburb, where Mr. Fox resides, is called George Town; and is higher, and consequently less unhealthy, than the lower part of the city, if city it must be called, although it has much more the appearance of a pleasing country village, and reminded me of Lucca Baths, or some such watering-place.

The public buildings are certainly magnificent, and the Capitol would have been worthy of Cæsar and of Rome. The Treasury also, when completed, will be a noble edifice. The President's house is finely placed; and, though last not least, the majestic lake-like Potomac spreading its pure and transparent waters round the south of the town, adds beauty to the whole. The bridge across is upwards of a mile in length; and, notwithstanding the intense heat, I had the courage to take a turn on it.

Let me indulge in a few groans as to the exorbitant charges that are inflicted upon you. The hackney coachmen are a race of extortioners. A ride to the Capitol is fifty cents; to Mr. Fox's, another fifty. They have no idea of any thing under half a dollar; whilst a London cabman, honest man! will take you half over London for the sum. Ask for a bottle of humble port, "Two dollars;" a bottle of sour *vin ordi-*

naire of France, which would be dear at three sous, “One dollar.” I entered a shop at New York, and bought the smallest possible bottle of lavender-water, “One dollar, if you please;” at Baltimore, for a pair of gloves, “One dollar, if you please.” It really becomes perfectly *dolorous*.

The Americans generally dress very well, and are always to be seen in their best attire. With them, according to the old song,

“The Sunday’s jacket goes every day on.”

Here, as amongst ourselves and every where else, there is to be found a sprinkling of absurdity—over-dressed ladies and barbarously bearded dandies; and every now and then you meet a nondescript with its hair in ringlets; or, as I saw Murat in by-gone days, *en papillote*. But in general their appearance indicates propriety and good sense. They are fond of all sorts of amusements, but the national mania is tra-

velling ; men, women, and children, they are all a nation of travellers ! and this is only second in intensity to their political madness.

On the subject of politics, were I to venture an opinion, I should say that the Federal Government is doomed ere long to fall to pieces. Such an union as now exists must end in disunion. America is large, but incompact and disjointed. How can she brag of Freedom when she fosters slavery in her very bosom ? and how can she talk of Liberty as long as she permits Lynch-law and mob-law to disgrace her soil ? It is a farce !—Look at her pride of wealth, and her still greater pride of birth ! Look at the discordant elements of which she is composed ! and then say whether she can long hold together as a Republic. It is impossible ! she lacks the dignity and compactness of the monarchical principle. True it is that “ union is strength ;” but then it

must be a real and genuine union ; and how can it be such with America, when her provincial laws are at variance with her federal laws, and mobocracy rules the roast?

Adieu.

LETTER XLIV.

The Capitol—Its Architecture and Gardens—Ill Treatment of White Marble in America—The Rotunda—Basso-relievos—Captain Smith and the Princess Pocahontas—Pictures of Washington Resigning his Power; of the Surrender at Saratoga and York Town—French Lookers-on—Bitter Retribution exacted from them—Congress Hall—Senate House—View from the Dome—Grandeur of the proposed Plan of the City—Portraits of Indian Chiefs—Captain Stevens—Naval Details—Projected Visit to Mount Vernon—European Descents—Approach of Winter—Alterations in the River—Projected Bridge—Thoughts directed Homewards.

*Gadsby's Hotel, Washington,
October 3, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

WE have passed this morning very agreeably at the Capitol and amidst its tastefully laid-out pleasure-grounds; which are

rich in native and exotic plants. I will not attempt to speak critically or architecturally on this splendid building ; but, were I to venture an objection, it would be that the dome, as seen from the front, appears too heavy for the graceful pillars that support it. The statues of the God of War and the Goddess of Peace, on each side of the grand portico, are excellent, and do great credit to the young Italian artist who executed them : and the back-front of this master-piece of architecture, for such it undoubtedly is, is still handsomer than the grand front ; for on this side the Grecian chasteness of the structure is not impaired by the side cupolas or the central dome ; and Ducatur's monumental fount has here a very beautiful effect.

Throughout the whole of the buildings there is an abundance of white marble ; but, alas, it is far from being in a state of spotless purity ! The universal national stain, or

rather the myriads of national stains, disfigure it every where. In every part of the Capitol, go where you will, up-stairs or down-stairs, the traces left by this most expectorating community meet the eye in every variety of disgusting tinge! Oh that the Legislature, among all the bills they are concocting on this very spot, would but pass one to abate this hideous nuisance! but tobacco is the staple commodity of the country; and to check its consumption would probably be considered as unpatriotic. At all events, it is devoutly to be wished that they could turn the tide of their commerce into some other channel.

We remained a long time in the Rotunda, which is under the central dome. It is ninety feet both in height and diameter, and contains many pieces of painting and of sculpture. Among these are four very interesting basso-relievos, illustrating the early history of the Republic. One is the land-

ing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in Massachusetts, in 1620; another, William Penn forming his first treaty with the Aborigines, in 1682; the third, a furious contest between Daniel Boone, the first settler in Kentucky, and two Indians; and the fourth is the Princess Pocahontas, coming forth to save the life of Captain Smith, who was doomed to death by her cannibal father and his tribe.

The Captain had been feasted to excess, after their most approved fashion; and the artist, with more fidelity to history than good taste, has represented him as actually gorged with food; and as he lays prostrate on the ground ready for the sacrifice, his buttons, which appear in superfluous numbers, seem ready to give way. It was, no doubt, the long consultation which succeeded the feasting that gave the amiable and sensitive princess time to contemplate his inflated charms, and to fall so desperately

in love that, when entreaties were in vain, she rushed to the rescue, and, getting his head under her arm, exposed her own to the tomahawk. The king, her father, relented; Smith was saved; they were married in due form, and I had the honour, as I have before told you, of sitting, on board the "Robert Morris" steamer, next to *the produce* of this romantic tale.

Then comes a painting by Colonel Turnbull of the Declaration of Independence, in 1776; and, as a finale to this division of the revolutionary drama, Washington resigning power after having rescued his country. A noble subject I admit; but, Englishman-like, the pictures which most attracted my attention were the surrender at Saratoga, and that of the gallant Cornwallis at York Town; with the little cocked hats and powdered heads that stand round, as the brave warrior delivers his sword to Washington; whilst Lafayette and many

other French nobles are witnesses of the humiliating scene. Oh, that men would but “look before they leap!” Would the proudest and greatest names of France have here put themselves so prominently forward, had they known the seeds they were about to carry home to their own country; and which afterwards sprung up and ripened to their own fearful undoing? Their *fleurs-de-lis*, and white cockades, and exulting faces, had better have been at home! How few of their names remain; and scarcely one, with the exception of Lafayette, retained his fortune! Their crusade in the cause of American liberty prepared a bloodier crusade against their country and themselves. But, peace to their manes! they were a set of gallant fellows, and laboured in what they deemed a noble cause!

The Congress Hall is too large for the human voice to fill; the Senate House is better. “What’s in a name?” as Juliet

asks. Why, this is the House of Lords to all intents and purposes! But I am not going to pester you with an essay on the American constitution. The Library is extensive and well arranged. We mounted to the top of the grand dome, and enjoyed a most extensive and magnificent view of the winding Potomac and the surrounding country. The banks of the river close to the city are flat and low; but both before and after it passes Washington, they are high, and the adjacent hills are very fine.

It was a grand and proud idea to make the Capitol the centre of a circle, from which the streets were to radiate to reach the eastern and western branches of the Potomac, making a length of at least two miles each way. The project, however, will, in all probability, never be carried into

execution. Washington is said to be subject to fevers at certain seasons of the year; at least it has got the reputation of being unhealthy, and we know that nothing can withstand the old proverb, "Give a dog, &c." Its site reminded me of Rome; only that the Tiber runs through, whereas the Potomac skirts this *intended* metropolis.

We drove again to the Treasury and War departments, and were greatly interested with the portraits of many of the most distinguished Indian chiefs, and the details concerning them which were given us at the various offices in the Indian department.

We dined with the Commandant of Marines, and were most kindly and hospitably entertained by him and his amiable family. Many officers were present, and a military band played "God save the Queen" and

several Scotch tunes during the evening. Of the numberless toasts given, our gracious Sovereign was the first.

Captain Stevens, the Commissioner and Director of the Washington Naval Arsenal, was one of the party ; he informed me that no ship was building there at present, and that their principal employment was the manufacture of chain cables. Another of the naval guests was Captain Aulic, a fine, jovial sailor, who had only recently returned from a four years' voyage round the world, and had just been appointed to a new ship, in which he is to make a second voyage of circumnavigation. Captain Stevens pressed me to pay him a visit, and inspect the Dock-yard.

Among the ladies present were some who were particularly intimate with Mrs. Washington, the wife of the lineal descendant of

the great General ; and they obligingly offered to arrange a party to take us with them to visit Mount Vernon,—but it could not be. They have particular engagements for the next two days, and our time here is limited.

That very usual theme of European descent being started by some of the fair damsels present, Colonel Henderson, our kind host, gave us his Scotch pedigree ; and General Jessup, the Quartermaster General of the United States' army, minutely detailed his Welsh lineage. We could have dispensed with the account which this gentleman afterwards gave us of his having taken Sir Phineas M—— prisoner ; his conversation about the Florida war was much more interesting, and certainly much more to our taste.

To our regret we now find that we are

too much pressed for time to take our intended trip to Harper's Ferry, the great manufactory for small arms; and we shall be forced, also, to abandon the view of the junction of the Shenandoah with the Potomac, which every body pronounces to be extremely beautiful. Winter is fast approaching, and the thermometer has varied 25° since yesterday. Numerous species of the finest wild fowl are seeking the Potomac from colder regions. It is seldom frozen over sufficiently for the purposes of transport; indeed, the winters are in general very mild, and it is very rarely that the snow, and, consequently, the sledging, lasts two months.

This river has for years been observed to recede from its banks and to get shallower; and in its best days it was only navigable

to Bladensburgh and George Town for the very small craft. The commercial port is Alexandria, a few miles lower down the Potomac, whence all the staple articles of Virginia, such as flour and tobacco, are exported. Before the change of the river took place and the breaking down of the bridge obstructed the navigation, the *entrepôt* was at George Town.

The bridge was of wood, and used to be periodically destroyed or injured by the breaking up of the ice. It is now found useless to attempt its reconstruction, except in stone; but as Washington gives no promise of increasing either in wealth or population, I presume such an expensive work will never be undertaken across an expanse of water so broad as the Potomac here presents.

Both Major B—— and myself begin to look homewards with anxiety, and hope to enjoy a merry Christmas in Old England, the best country in the world after all!

Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

ALEXANDRIA—Slavery—West Indies—The Glorious 1st of August, 1837—Oratorical Labours—Thanks and Thanks only—Attendance at Church—The President—His Appearance—Visit to the White House—Audience—Mr. Van Buren's Manners and Conversation—Unoppressed by the Cares of State—Illness of Mr. Fox—Dock-yard—Ominous-looking Bed-room.

*Alexandria, Sunday,
October 4, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

HERE we are at Alexandria, and a regular and well-built town it is, finely situated on the right bank of the Potomac. It is a great shipping place for the exportation of flour to the West Indies; and the return

commodity is, I suppose, *niggers* ; for the chief part of the population consists of a series of gradations, from a fine jet black to an elegant brown.

Slavery lords it here in all its hideous vigour ; and I can conceive few things more painfully disgusting to the mind than walking, as we have just been, through the large and systematically arranged slave-marts, where the wholesale dealers in human flesh carry on their accursed traffic.

I have detested slavery in all its shapes ever since I wrote themes against it at school, and got flogged for the false concords in them ; and my labours in the cause of freedom in the West Indies, which have been about as agreeably requited, have not lessened my antipathy to it.

Immediately after the glorious 1st of

August, 1837, and at the solicitation of the Government, I was sent to speak peace and good-will, and to give sage advice, to the young freemen of the West, "how to behave themselves." I well remember that Sir Samford Whittingham, who then commanded in chief in the Leeward Islands, emphatically said to me, "There is the stage!—now is your time!"

Thus urged to the task, I addressed the magistrates, and the proprietors, and managers of estates, together with the whole black and coloured population of Barbadoes, in fifteen different districts, and ran the risk of fifteen *coups de soleil* into the bargain, for negro etiquette demands that you should speak bare-headed, under a burning sun. All the addresses were afterwards published and circulated, and I re-

ceived the thanks of His Excellency the Governor, Sir Evan Macgrigor, of the Executive Council, of the House of Assembly, and last, not least, of Her Majesty's Colonial Secretary. But thanks, without "*quelque chose de plus solide*," are easily digested.

However, this is now an old story, and it has only been brought to my recollection by finding myself at once in the very centre of the detestable trade, and you must forgive me this one *groan*: had it been a military instead of a civil one, I would have kept it to myself. Feeling, however, as every man does in such cases, considerably relieved by the utterance of it, I will, according to my custom, revert back to the adventures of the morning.

At the appointed hour we went to the house of the Secretary at War, and ac-

accompanied him to church, where a humble-looking, unsophisticated clergyman expounded the Scriptures to us in a clear, simple, and impressive manner.

The church was singularly devoid of ornaments,—no cushions, hangings, or any thing of that sort; and, had it not been for the sable tinge of the congregation, you might have fancied that you had been in one of the humblest, and most ill-constructed country churches in England.

Some time after the service had commenced, I observed a well-dressed, middle-aged, gentlemanlike-looking person, attended by a very young man, enter the church, and take his seat in one of the back pews, which had nothing whatever to distinguish it from the rest. Before I overheard Mr. Pouncett whisper to Major B——

“That is the seat of the Pouncett family.”

“That ’s the President,” I had settled in my own mind that it was so, and that we were in the awful presence of the head of the great Transatlantic Republic, the President of the United States !

I liked the cut of his head, I liked the cut of his whiskers, I liked the cut of his coat,—in short I liked the whole appearance of the man ; and, notwithstanding the humble place of worship, his quiet and unostentatious manner, the absence of all ceremonial at his entrance, and the back seat which he occupied, there was something in his air and bearing that well suited the nobility of his position, and there was no mistaking “little Martin Van Buren !”

He had, it seems, come from his country residence, which is at some distance, and this accounted for his being late. The youth who accompanied him was his son.

Service being over, we walked up to his splendid mansion, which commands a noble view of the Potomac. I occasionally gave a glance towards the rear, and beheld the *republican monarch* walking behind us among the rest of the parishioners. The War Secretary, when we entered the grounds, proposed that we should proceed across the front of the building and enter by the opposite gate, in order to give Mr. Van Buren a few minutes' *law* before we attacked him; but several gentlemen, who like ourselves were anxious for an interview, had preceded us, and when we entered the presence-chamber we found the President already holding his *levée*.

We were presented, in due form, and were received with a most cordial shake of the hand, and requested, in a frank and unconstrained manner, to take seats. The

conversation was of a general nature, and related to the great improvements that had taken place in the Union within these few years. He talked on this subject with somewhat of a tone of exultation, but not too strongly marked; and when Major B——, who has travelled over the States before, acknowledged the great improvements that had taken place, it appeared to give much satisfaction to the patriotic ruler. His manner was easy and gentlemanlike, and the visit was a very agreeable one. After inquiring where we were quartered, and so forth, he was proceeding to ask us for political news, when other strangers came in, and the Secretary at War got up and took his leave, and we, of course, followed his example. I dare say Mr. Pouncett thought the subject a tender

one, knowing the political excitement against the President, which we had been witnessing in every part of the country.

Mr. Van Buren's ease of manner, cheerfulness, and robust appearance did not shew that his health or his comfort was at all affected by the great national struggle that was going on around and *about* him; he appeared to me to be as agreeable, spruce, knowing-looking, gentlemanlike a fellow as I ever came across, and his reception of us was most cordial. After our audience, we viewed the building and walked through the grounds.

The Major and myself had felt rather sore at not having our visit returned by our own ambassador, nor any notice taken of our cards; but we fortunately spoke on the subject to Mr. Pouncett, who informed us

that Mr. Fox was seriously ill and confined to his bed; and that his *charge d'affaire*, young Hudson, was also on the sick list, having caught the marsh-fever by exposing himself to the night-air when on a shooting expedition.

Mr. Pouncett was kind and affable in the extreme; and apologised for not being able to entertain us, in consequence of his daughter-in-law, who was residing with him, being in the straw.

We went to the Dock-yard in the evening; called on Colonel Henderson, and took leave of him and his charming family; and then, embarking in a steamer, proceeded down the Potomac to this place; which my *ci-devant* acquaintance, Jemmy Gordon, took in 1814: and whether my good friends the Alexandrians still owe us a grudge for the

damage we did them on that occasion, I know not; but this I know, that the bedroom in which I am now writing is the only miserable and ominous-looking one I have had selected for me since I have been in the United States. But the doctrine of reprisals is strictly military; and if I am doomed to bleed to-night in my country's cause, be it so! In some alarm, I subscribe myself,

Your *probably devoted* friend.

LETTER XLVI.

A Good Day's Work — Pilgrimage to the Tomb of Washington — Slave Establishments — Mount Vernon — Bad Roads — Half-drunken Gardener — Cold Reception — The Tombs — Inscription — John Struthers, the Marble Mason — Summer-house — Black Guardians of the Mansion — Key of the Bastile — Portrait of Washington — Theories nipped in the Bud — Bed-Chamber — Orange-Trees — Return to the Capital — Urbanity of Public Functionaries — Mr. Pouncett, Mr. Forsyth, and Mr. Woodbury — Praises of Mr. Fox — Journey to Baltimore.

Baltimore, October 5, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

AT all events, I have not shewn the vice of sloth to-day. I got out of bed in Alexandria, State of Virginia, this morning,

less mutilated than I had expected ; and I am about to turn into another at the Exchange Hotel, Baltimore, Capital of Maryland, amidst the noise, din, excitement, strife, and rivalry of the Locofocos and Whigs, both of which parties are parading the streets in vast numbers with banners, torches, and so forth ; added to which *pretty considerable* extent of travelling, *I guess*, I have been listening for the last hour to the most violent and infuriating harangues from the speakers on both sides. Surely we shall hear of broken heads ere morning.

This may be considered a good day's work ; but every thing was so well timed on the *route* that not a moment was lost. After swallowing, at a very early hour, a somewhat indifferent breakfast at the City

Hotel, Alexandria,—the principal delicacy at which consisted of *Soarers*, *Anglicè* larks, which disappeared down the throats of the company the very instant they were served,—we started off on our pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon.

Virginia exhibits hill and dale in pleasing variety, well wooded, well watered, and well inclosed. Some parts were apparently out of cultivation, from a lack of slaves; many of the poor wretches having been lately repurchased, and sent from hence to New Orleans. We saw some regular slave-marts as we passed along; and our Jehu pointed out to us the house and establishment of a Mr. A——d, a professional dealer in niggers, whose human paddocks and man-folds appeared to be well arranged.

Mount Vernon, the property of the Wash-

ington family, is a large and totally neglected estate, with innumerable wild deer and wild turkeys on it, and endless flights of soarers and Potomac teal, widgeon, and canvass-bag ducks. Cypress-trees and weeping willows were also most abundant.

The road to it is disgracefully bad ; and, indeed, the family seem to throw as much difficulty as they well can in the way of the admiring pilgrims, who come to offer up their orisons at the shrine of wisdom and of patriotism ; for they have lately debarred visitors from gliding gently down the smooth Potomac, and landing close to the house, which formerly was the mode of approach.

Nor did our cause of complaint end here ; for after undergoing the penalty of this circuitous and diabolical route, we were most ungraciously received by a half-drunken and

marvellously loquacious black gardener, who directed us to the tomb. Notwithstanding we gave our names, and mentioned those of the ladies we had met at dinner at Colonel Henderson's, who were acquainted with Mrs. Washington, we had a wet blanket thrown over our inquiries by all the niggers belonging to this national domain, from the sable florist downwards : and all our fine feelings, which we had summoned up on the occasion, were put to flight; and any attempt at blubbering over the tomb, like the Marquis de Lafayette, would have been a perfect failure.

To speak seriously, I cannot but think that Mrs. Washington and her young son ought to take measures for the better reception of the votaries who come to this shrine of departed greatness. It was not,

however, possible for us to contemplate the urn containing the ashes of this great man without a feeling of awe and veneration. I picked up a pebble through the iron railing that protects the tomb, and I cut a branch from the cypress-tree that waves over his grave.

The sarcophagus is chaste and beautiful, having only a plain shield surmounted by a spread eagle, and inscribed with the one single word—

“WASHINGTON.”

By its side is placed another sarcophagus, containing the remains of his wife, with an inscription equally simple :—

“MARTHA,

Consort of

WASHINGTON,

Died May 21st, 1801, Aged 71 Years.”

All this is fine, and as it should be ; but alas ! alas ! “ what a falling off is there,” when your eye wanders to another part of the marble, and you read—

“ By the permission of Lawrence Lewis, the surviving Executor of George Washington, this Sarcophagus was presented by John Struthers, of Philadelphia, Marble Mason.

“ A.D. 1837.”

How can the countrymen of this illustrious man—this unrivalled statesman, warrior, patriot—who feel and admit that his name is their chief pride and glory, endure to read these words, and permit the gratitude of an entire nation to be engrossed by one stone mason ?

Quitting the tomb, we proceeded to visit the former resting-place of the bones of this wonderful man, before John Struthers' do-

nation led to their removal. A few oak-trees mark the spot, which overlooks the silvery and gracefully bending Potomac, and is far more beautiful than the one where the hallowed relics now repose.

We went, also, to the famous summer-house, which commands a splendid view of the river, and of Fort Washington on its opposite bank, and where the great General was wont to sit of a summer's evening, wrapt, no doubt, in contemplation of the noble deeds he had performed. How different must have been the current of his thoughts from those of a Cromwell or a Napoleon !

We were resolved, if possible, to see the mansion ; and, undaunted by the rebuffs we had at first met with, set ourselves to work to propitiate two sable dames, who

were its guardians. A certain portion of *soft sawder*, blended with a due quantity of *quick silver*, which we administered in the most delicate way imaginable, did the business, and we were led through the principal apartments of the house: they are fitted up very simply and in good taste.

We were shewn the key of the Bastile, which is kept in a glass case. In the same room is an excellent portrait of Washington. The forehead and nose are remarkable, and the curl on his lip indicated a degree of lofty bearing and pride at variance with his known character. Later in the day, however, and whilst Major B—— and I were still theorising on the subject, Mr. F—— explained to us that this expression of countenance had resulted from the General's

having worn false teeth ! What a descent from all our sublimities !

We made many efforts to see the chamber in which he had breathed his last, but in vain. As a great favour, however, we were allowed to peep through the keyhole.

We again encountered our ebony-coloured and talkative friend the gardener, who was now much more condescending and gracious than he had been, our success at the house having greatly augmented his opinion of our merits. He discussed at great length the growth of orange-trees, and shewed us some brought there by the General ; and we plucked branches from the boxwood-trees which he had planted with his own hand. At length we turned our steps homewards, were a second time jolted to pieces over the most iniquitous of roads, and arrived

at Alexandria in time to get on board the steamer bound for Washington; where we landed, after a very rapid transit, and, having much to perform, drove at once to the Government offices, for the purpose of making our *cong  * to the Secretary of War, who again received us most kindly, and walked through the Indian Department with us, pointing out on the splendid map the positions of various tribes. The affairs of this office appear to be admirably conducted.

He afterwards took us to the office of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and I was presented to Mr. Forsyth as the officer who commanded on the frontier during the border feud. This gentleman's reception of us was most gracious, and he exhibited an urbanity and kindness that

“I calculate” would be quite foreign in *some* foreign offices.

After a lively and agreeable conversation, he took us through the different offices of his department, and displayed the Treaty of Independence, bearing the sign manual of George the Third. He shewed us, also, the signature of George the Fourth and of Napoleon the Great, and exhibited all the presents given by crowned heads and others to the naval and military servants of the State—these functionaries not being permitted to retain any of the gifts presented to them, whilst in the service of their country ;—thus rendering the long-established custom of *greasing of palms* totally nugatory.

Mr. Forsyth’s manners were delightful : his countenance is mild, pale, penetrating,

and intellectual; the abundance of curly white hair around his expansive forehead gives it a very peculiar expression.

The "First Lord of the Treasury" also went over his own department with us. Mr. Woodbury is a very different looking personage, and had more of the real *genuine* Yankee about him than any of his diplomatic brethren; but then he is a *calculator* by profession: he, however, was also very civil, and we took leave of the Secretary at War and the other ministers, much gratified by their condescension and kind attention.

All these functionaries were warm in their encomiums upon our minister, Mr. Fox. They said that if he himself slept through the day, he never allowed the affairs of his country to sleep; that he was

always on the alert, and that no British minister had ever more assiduously watched over the interests of England, or conducted her affairs with more ability; and that no ambassador had ever been held in higher estimation and respect by the whole of the American cabinet for the prompt and businesslike habits he always exhibited.

This was all very gratifying to hear; and, like true patriots, Major B—— and I freely forgave him for not taking the trouble to send his return-card to our hotel.

We had just time to take some refreshment at Mr. Gadsby's; and then got into the rail-cars, and were rattled back by the same route we had already traversed to Baltimore, where we took another view of the Washington Testimonial, and beheld the political strife in all its fury, as I have

already mentioned. The din and tumult appear to increase every hour; and I am quite sure that upwards of 20,000 Harrisonians and Van Burenites are in motion; hallooing, screeching, and huzzaing at such a tremendous rate, that I doubt whether sleep will be possible, although my hard day's work desperately inclines me to it.

Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

Peaceable Conduct of Turbulent Crowds — Mystery solved by the Absence of Brandy — Journey to Philadelphia — Rivers — Towns — Chester — PHILADELPHIA — Party at Mr. Cadwallader's — Luxurious Table — Horses — Miraculous Trotters — Illuminated Stable — The Turf.

*Union Hotel, Chesnut Street, Philadelphia,
October 6, 1840.*

MY DEAR S——,

BEFORE I quitted Baltimore this morning, I made especial inquiries, and glanced over several morning newspapers, supposing it to be totally out of the question that the turbulent crowds collected last night could

have separated without performing some of the humours of Donnybrook Fair: but so it was; not a single row — not a solitary broken head, to shew up as a proof of the patriotism of the Baltimoreans! It is really quite melancholy; and any genuine Irishman, peasant, squire, or marquess,

“Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,”

could never exist in so stupidly peaceful a country.

With the exception of the bowie-knife-flourishing at Niagara, I have never beheld the semblance of a riot. No police, no constables meet the eye; and as for watchmen, Heaven help the young gentleman that has a propensity to floor Charleys, — no such animals exist to be floored! It was really provoking, after all the stimulating

addresses I had listened to, to find out, at length, that no heart-rending catastrophe had resulted from them; but the thing is explained in one word. No *alcohol* was called into operation to give passion the upper hand of reason.

We took our seats in a very comfortable rail-carriage, crowded with well-dressed ladies; and after crossing a branch of the Patapsco, we passed over Gunpowder River by a bridge on piles, of more than a mile in length. Near this bridge is pointed out to you the first harbour reached by the Maryland Settlers.

We soon after crossed the Bush River, another formidable stream; and arrived at Havre-de-Grace, where we embarked on board a magnificent steamer, called the *Susquehanah*, and crossed the noble river

of that name very near its confluence with the Chesapeak.

This steam-boat plies both summer and winter ; and, notwithstanding the ice in the latter season, never fails to make a clear and safe passage. The river is at this place extremely beautiful ; and its rich banks shew you that it is a land “ flowing with milk and honey.” A small town, picturesquely situated at a distance up the stream, adds much to the beauty of the scene.

We now left the north-west river to our right, and coasted along the Christina Creek for some distance ; then taking again to the rail-road, we arrived at Willmington, a large town with the Brandy-wine River — what a name ! — running through it ; and the Christina Creek keeping up the water-com-

munication with the Delaware. It is a wealthy city, and owns 12,000 tons of shipping : its whale-ships are numerous. Moreover, it is a fine sporting country ; and you may kill with ease your twenty couple of jack snipe of a morning.

We stopped at Chester ; but were not so fortunate as to see our friend the American Captain, although we had written from Washington to advise him of our passage through this town ; which is celebrated as the place where William Penn held his first legislative assembly. The growth of mulberry-trees seems to be encouraged on this line of road. After crossing the Schuylkill River by a well-constructed viaduct, we were dragged through the suburbs of Philadelphia at a snail's pace by horses, much to our annoyance. The sudden transition

from flying to creeping at the end of a railroad journey is an absolute misery.

When we arrived at the Union Hotel, we found a pressing note of invitation from our kind friend Mr. Cadwallader ; and dressing as speedily as might be, we drove to his mansion, where a party was assembled to meet us, and where our reception was most kind. If his splendid residence, well-appointed household, elegant dinner arrangements, admirably cooked viands, and choice wines may be taken as a sample of the internal economy of an American private gentleman's establishment, I can only say that the New World is not a jot behind the Old. Fifty years' old Madeira, which was absolute nectar — old East India Sherry — Champagne, Mousseaux and still — sparkling Hock and Hermitage — with delicious Châ-

teau Margaux were on the table from the commencement of the feast, and within the reach of all the guests, and not paraded round the table at half-hour time, as you and I have sometimes seen it in very pompous places. The first course was excellent; the second superexcellent, consisting of pheasants, quail, partridges, rail, and teal, dressed in a variety of ways, and followed by soufflets, and all sorts of correct things. The whole was wound up by a profusion of ices of various kinds. The cloth removed, still older and still more nectar-like Madeira was produced; but the *real business* of the evening was transacted in glorious Château Margaux, twenty years old.

The exploits of horses were one of the principal topics of conversation. Mr. Cad-

wallader is the fortunate possessor of two of the fastest trotters in the world. They can do five-and-twenty in the hour, and are part of a team of four which he has trotted twenty miles an hour. The portraits of the two wonders were produced.

When the fair hostess retired, coffee and cigars were introduced ; and, at my request, at a very late hour of the evening, we all paid a visit to the stud, which our early arrangements for to-morrow's journey would otherwise have prevented our seeing.

The stables were very promptly illuminated to receive us at this unusual hour ; and the good points and special merits of each of the noble animals were pointed out to us in the most scientific manner. The two best trotters, which had won several cups and matches, were in loose boxes. From the

tenour of the conversation, it was evident that the Americans sport their coin freely on the turf; and a bet of 20,000 dollars, which two of the gentlemen present made on a race which was soon to come off, appeared to attract little notice. The stud-groom, as well as several of the under-grooms, were English.

It was close upon the morning when we bade adieu to our kind host and his convivial party; both of us greatly delighted with American cheer and American hospitality. If this is to be taken as a specimen of first-rate Transatlantic *spreads*, then long life to the *spread eagle*, surrounded by its stars, of which we pronounce Mr. Cadwallader to be one of the first magnitude!

Adieu!

LETTER XLVIII.

Alarm of Fire—Early Rising—Journey to New York
 —Steam-boat Cautions—American Honesty and
 Liberality—The Delaware—Cultivation of Silk—
 Château of the Ex-King of Spain—Prince Achille
 and his Luggage—Political Vicissitudes—Towns—
 Brighton—The Astor House *in statu quo*—Exhi-
 bition of Indian Warriors—Reflections.

Astor House, New York,

Oct. 7, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

OUR festivities at Mr. Cadwallader's, our previous journeyings, and, more than all, the political tempest of the preceding night, had made me not a little desirous of a comfortable snooze at Mr. Jones's; but I was

doomed to be balked of it, being suddenly aroused, before I had been half-an-hour in bed, by an appalling noise almost close to my open bed-room window, and by the tolling of the deep-sounding fire-bell. Soon after came the rushing noise of passing fire-engines in full gallop, with the screaming accompaniment of the mob. This agreeable confusion lasted for an hour or two; and I had scarcely composed myself again to slumber, when that most detestable of all visitors, the hotel-porter, came to call me. At the moment, I most devoutly wished all the steamers, and rail-roads, and hotel-porters, at the bottom of the Atlantic; and serious thoughts crossed my mind of moving and seconding a twenty-four hours' postponement; but I heard the cheerful voice of the alert Major, and up I started, resolved that he

should not have the whip hand of me. We were soon on board a steam-ship, called the "New Philadelphia," and proceeded to mount the Delaware.

The first objects that attracted my notice on entering this vessel were placards stuck up in all directions, bearing the ominous words, "Beware of pickpockets:" and this reminds me of a dilemma in which my friend and fellow-traveller had placed himself.

At Mr. Gadsby's hotel, at Washington, a printed injunction was posted up in all the chambers, "Travellers are recommended not to leave money in their trunks." Notices of this sort are frequent in many of the towns. At New York you are commanded never to leave the key in your bed-room door, and always to bolt yourself in at night. I have never attended to either of these orders, and

have never lost a single article belonging to me.

Anxious to profit by the admonition of Mr. Gadsby, Major B—— had, previous to our crossing the Potomac and visiting Mount Vernon, consigned nearly all his cash to the innkeeper's safe custody; but we were so hurried on our return to Washington, that he set out for Baltimore without recollecting that he had done so; nor did he discover his omission until we had proceeded some distance. The conductor of the railway-carriages has promised to get it forwarded to him; and the hotel-keeper at Baltimore was extremely obliging on the subject, and guaranteed the restoration. I mention this as a proof of the civility and good faith we have experienced throughout the country.

We stopped at Burlington, New Jersey,

to put out a part of our living cargo ; but their places were supplied by nearly an equal number ; for, go where you will, there appears to be no limit to the rage for travelling !

The Delaware, which, to my mind, had hitherto been rather a melancholy affair, now becomes narrower, and somewhat more picturesque.

New Jersey abounds in mulberry-trees ; and the rearing of the silkworm is now much attended to ; as it is, also, I am told, in many of the other states ; the local legislatures of which give handsome premiums to the cultivators of silk. Not only is the price of labour in this branch of industry very high, but it has another advantage, as it gives employment to the younger females, who are able to reel off in a day from a

pound to a pound and a half of silk ; which, from the nature of the climate, promises to be exceedingly fine, and is already much sought after. The cocoons are eagerly bought up ; and the present price of the silk is about eight dollars the pound.

We landed at Bodminton, and took to the rail-road : the cars halted opposite Casa Murat ; and we next came to the Ex-king of Spain's château. It is in a delightful situation, surrounded with a great deal of wood and a long enclosed chasse. Nevertheless, I cannot but wonder at His Majesty's having fixed his tent on the banks of so uninteresting a river as the Delaware.

We halted a short time at Hidestown, half way to New York ; then at Spotswood ; and, at last, after rattling along the right bank of the Raritan, we embarked at Amboy

on board the “Independence” steamer, which proceeded up a narrow passage between New Jersey and Staten Island.

Amongst my shipmates I observed a tall man, of a dark and sallow complexion, and with a countenance decidedly Italian; he had a bundle in his hand, and was pointed out to me as Prince Achille, the son of Joachim Murat, ex-king of Naples! I absolutely started when I was told this; for I well remembered him in former days, when I had the honour of assisting at a grand review of Murat’s army on the Champ de Mars at Naples in 1814. He was then a fine, dashing, well-mounted stripling; and I recollect his riding up to me to express his regret, “that his *own* regiment of Black Horse was not on the field, but quartered at Capua, as he would have been proud

to have charged at their head in my presence."

How like an exaggerated and overcharged romance does every thing connected with Napoleon's crowd of kings now appear! Murat was the only one of the set whom my fate brought me into contact with. Poor Murat! he was the bravest of the brave,— "*Le sabreur* of the French armies,"— the best cavalry general in Europe! Owing to my intimacy with Lord W. Bentinck and the beautiful Lady O——, your humble servant was at that time brought upon the stage; and made to take a part in the political drama which Murat was then enacting, to save his kingdom and his life; and now his son is his own luggage-bearer!

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

But to proceed with our route. Staten

Island is undulating and picturesque, studded with country residences in every direction ; and as we passed we had a fine view of Elizabeth Town and Newark on the New Jersey side, and of Brighton on the other, with its bathing establishment and splendid hotel. To this place the over-worked New Yorkites come in summer and autumn, to shake the dust of the city from their bodies, and the drudgery of business from their minds. The houses are tastefully built, and are placed round “ Old Sailor’s Harbour ” and “ Old Sailor’s Hill ; ” on the latter a splendid naval hospital has been erected.

From this place New York looks large and grand, although at some distance ; and the Narrows, with Fort Lafayette, were seen to great advantage under the refulgence of the setting sun.

We found the Astor House, as usual, crowded to excess; and although I went through the usual American ceremony of shaking hands with all the proprietors, I was shewn into a small room — a thing I detest. So I have made up my mind to be off to-morrow, as soon as we have visited West Point.

We have been this evening to the Museum opposite the hotel, to see a large company of Indian warriors, accompanied by their squaws, exhibit the various modes and ceremonies of savage life. They gave us representations of the councils, revels, war-songs, dances, &c. of the Esquimaux, Sac, Fox, Camanche, Winnebago, and other distinguished tribes. Never in my life did I come in contact with such a disgusting set of savages! — screeching, hooting, howling, shouting, tomahawking, scalping, crouching

in ambush, &c. &c. &c. However, the exhibition-room was crowded to excess, and the performances appeared to give general satisfaction.

What a difference have a few generations produced! To see the rightful owners of the soil exhibiting the former prowess of their race to gain a paltry pittance at the hands of their despoilers! But change, change, change, is the universal law; and we could not get on, I suppose, without ex-kings and ex-savages.

Adieu.

LETTER XLIX.

Disappointment—Visit to West Point given up—
 Sight-seeing at New York—Meeting with Kind
 Friends—A Phrenological Lecturer—A New
 Science discovered by him—Mr. Colt's Rifle—
 New Mode of Imitating Old Paintings—Niblos
 Gardens now an Exhibition of Arts and Manu-
 factures.

Astor House, New York,

October 8, 1840.

MY DEAR S—,

WE are doomed to be *balked* in our
 desire to visit the Military Establishment
 at West Point. This morning we got up
 at a very early hour for the express pur-

pose of going there; but the stupidity of the people at the Bar caused us to be too late for the only steamer that would take us.

There was no help for it, and we were obliged to put up with this second disappointment; and so, having a long day upon our hands, we resolved to turn it to the best account we could, by again visiting some of the objects of chief interest at New York, and calling on our friends Dr. Wainwright and Dr. Bartlett, the talented editor of the "Albion" newspaper; the latter is a great enthusiast about the regeneration of Lower Canada. I also saw my friend General Miller, who read me a very clever and instructive paper on the defence of our North American possessions, and the formation of veteran battalions. Dr T—— and

Judge M'Clean also renewed their kind attentions to us.

During the day the political promenade in the passage of the Astor House was not neglected. There I met old friends, and was introduced to new; amongst others, to a phrenological lecturer, who gave me a learned exposition of a new science discovered by himself, which embraces the formation of the body as well as the construction of the head, and which takes in the structure and muscular motions of all the component parts of the human frame. This personage proposes soon to visit England, to enlighten, and lighten, John Bull, and probably to put his bump of credulity to the test.

A Mr. Colt called upon me. He is the inventor and manufacturer of a rifle that

receives eight charges, and fires them with great facility in quick succession. This invention is also applied to pistols and fowling-pieces. I visited his manufactory, and minutely inspected the arm, which I think is good: he has already received a considerable order from the American government.

I came in contact also with another very intelligent person, a Mr. Burne, who has discovered a new art of colouring on canvass, by which he imitates very successfully the tints of the old masters.

In the evening we went to Niblos Gardens, which are now fitted up as a kind of national gallery for the exhibition of the arts and manufactures of this thriving community. It is an annual display, and contains many very interesting models and spe-

cimens. Still it is easily to be perceived that the arts and sciences are, comparatively speaking, in their infancy in America. Indeed, with such an extent of country still to settle and cultivate, it might be bad policy in the government to give too much encouragement to them. A certain number of medals and premiums are, however, periodically distributed.

The collection occupied a large space, and was crowded to overflowing by anxious, eager, and admiring spectators. Amongst other things, one of the directors, who was very attentive to us, pointed out a brass four-pounder on the same principle as Mr. Colt's rifle: it is, I am informed, to be sent to England. Whether it will succeed better than Perkins' steam-gun, time will shew.

To-morrow we start for Boston, and there will end my peregrinations in the United States.

Adieu.

LETTER L.

Leave-taking at New York—Voyage to Boston—
 Scenery—Sailors' Yarns—Indian Names—Con-
 trast between Boston and New York—Meeting
 with a Schoolfellow—The Importance of Frequent
 Intercourse between the Old and New World—
 Voyage to St. John's, New Brunswick—Retrospect
 —Preconceived Ideas of the United States—
 Change of Opinion—Grateful Recollections—
 American Feelings towards the Mother Country—
 General Scott's happy Illustration of this—Ce-
 mented Union between the Two Countries—Dan-
 ger which hangs over the United States—England
 and America, if combined together, Invincible.

St. John's, New Brunswick,

October 14, 1840.

MY DEAR S —,

THE date of this letter will tell you that
 my wanderings are over, and that this is the

last epistle I shall inflict upon you in the character of a traveller through the United States.

My adventures since I last wrote to you from New York on the 8th of October may be very briefly told. At my departure from that city on the following day nothing could exceed the kindness with which my friends there bade me adieu ; their manner was not merely warm, it was affectionate, and will long dwell upon my memory. There are few things which I more dislike than the ceremony of leave-taking ; it is a bore if you do not like the people from whom you are parting ; it is a misery if you do : but if you have the good fortune to form agreeable friendships, it is the penalty which must be paid.

My valued and most agreeable fellow-

traveller, Major B——, accompanied me on board the “Norwich” steamer, by which I was about to proceed to Boston. There we shook hands and parted in the hope of a speedy and happy meeting in Old England, to which he was to proceed, direct, on the next day by the “Great Western;” whilst I am constrained to make a circuitous route, being obliged, in the first instance, to rejoin my regiment at Fredericton.

Exactly four-and-twenty hours intervened between my embarking at New York for Boston and my embarking at Boston for New Brunswick. In the passage to Boston we passed by a succession of interesting river and coast scenery; and long and numerous were the yarns told upon the deck of the steamer regarding the wonderful adventures of the early settlers, and the

(Continued in the next)

still more wonderful adventures of their Indian predecessors. These I will spare you, and content myself by giving you one specimen of the Indian taste in names.

There is a certain huge duck-pond, which lay not far from our course, the margin of which was the favourite residence, in former days, of the Nipmuck Indians : it is sixty miles in circumference, studded with beautiful islands, and abounds with fish and game ; and being supposed, from its possessing all these good qualities, to be the residence of the “Great Spirit,” it was called, and indeed is still called, “Chargoggaggoggmanchogagag Pond !”

Is not that a glorious mouthful ? I can pledge myself to the critical accuracy of the spelling from one extremity of it to the other ; and does not the word *pond* come after it in beautiful taste ?

At Boston I was warmly greeted by my old friends, and I found various letters awaiting me, amongst others an extension of my leave of absence ; but I was anxious to get to head-quarters to make my arrangements for returning to Europe without delay, as I hope, if possible, to cheat an American winter, the gloomy and protracted horrors of which I have no wish needlessly to encounter ; besides, urgent family considerations require my presence in England.

Every thing in this world is by comparison. . . . When I first landed at Boston, coming as I did from the retirement of Fredericton, and before I had witnessed the noisy, giddy, bustling scenes of Broadway, I thought Boston a little Paris ; but, after visiting New York, it appeared only a beautiful city and a quiet retreat ; and the Tremont hotel, after the Astor with its tem-

pestuous politics, reminded me of the tranquillity of the cloister.

At the dinner-table at Boston, to our mutual delight and surprise, my old school-fellow Moreland and I recognised each other. He had taken a trip across the "Steam Bridge" to judge for himself about Yankee men and Yankee manners ; and was now waiting for the departure of another of Mr. Cunard's splendid, safe, and speedy vessels, "The Caledonia." He has done a wise thing ; and most sincerely do I hope that the number of visitors between the two countries will now be multiplied a hundred-fold. Nothing but this is wanting to unite us as we ought to be united.

Mr. Moreland and two or three other friends saw me safely on board the steamer, "The North America," a well-appointed and

sea-worthy vessel. We quitted Boston on the 10th at five P.M., and landed at St. John's on the 14th at two A.M.; a longer passage than usual, but our old and prudent pilot, not liking the weather, anchored us under the lee of Mount Desert on the night of the 11th.

And thus, my dear S—, have I redeemed my promise to you, and have brought to a close my very desultory and very imperfect account of one of the most interesting and agreeable journeys I ever undertook. In a space of less than two months, I have travelled a distance of between four and five thousand miles; and, thanks to land and water steam power, without risk or danger, and, comparatively speaking, without fatigue.

I set out, prepared to find much in the

United States to admire and much to condemn; but, at the same time, especially anxious to judge of men and things temperately and impartially. The impression which this tour has left upon my mind—and it is a most decided one—is, that we of the old country underrate the merits of the new. We know the strides which American enterprise, foreign and internal, is making; but we do not know, or at least we appear to be unwilling to admit, how nearly her people approach us in their social system, and how rapidly refinement and intelligence have increased and are increasing among them.

From the first day of my abode in the United States to the last, the conduct of the Americans towards me was one uninterrupted succession of attention and kindness; and I know how difficult it is for any man to prevent his estimate of a people being

biased by his own personal feelings; but making the most ample allowance for this, I have left their shores with the fullest conviction that the more the mother and daughter, as the gallant General Scott so happily termed them in his speech at Lake Saratoga, become intimately acquainted with each other, the more will the elder dame find that she has cause to be proud of the relationship.

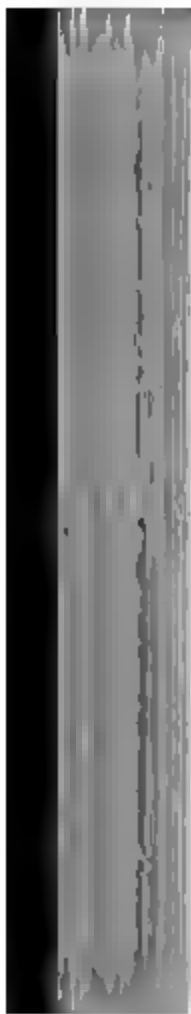
There is, I assert it for the tenth time, a feeling of love and veneration for the land of their ancestors inherent in the breast of every American; and it is strongest with those who are the most eminent for talents and learning: it is their pride and their boast; and let but England meet these generous sentiments in the way they merit, and the union between the two nations must be indissoluble.

A great danger hangs over America,—the danger of breaking into parts, not only from the discordant interests of the Northern and Southern States, but from the vast and still increasing extent of her territory. If she weather this, and continue to hold together, she must become one of the greatest and most powerful countries in the world: and England and America united, as they ought to be, with the same common lineage, the same language, and the same faith, might bid defiance to all the kingdoms of the earth!

Adieu, my dear S.—

THE END.

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